5-2

1903 - 1904
4034+
2 mi-1

1903.

ne 22. Camp opened: at 11.45 arrived. via Waiuhop.
Andrew Reinad Johnson Cook
John Bruce
at 2.57
Henry Richards
Alice M. Richards.
Rosalind Richards.

Everything working well, except the brown sugar, which
this next The rats had mined (more is coming, though). The
piazza. hanging platform worked splendidly, nothing
six pence having been touched that was on it. A dead
boat-house chimney-swallow found in one of the tall vases;
could'nt spread its wings to get out.

Mr. Stevens was very ill in the winter, with
typhoid pneumonia, but has recovered entirely, and
the rest of the family are all very well. (Clinton
was poisoned with paris-green in April, and
lost twelve pounds). The Old Horse, Frank, had
to be shot this winter; he was twenty-seven.

Two tents got up today, the platform cleared,
some unpacking done, and a small but happy
family sat down in front of the fire to scrambled
eggs and hot biscuit.

une 23. Cold and cloudy; windy.

The water, we understand, from the shrieks
of the fair bather; was not warm. A fire in
the big room felt very jolly.

Great work today; all the tents in Sunshine

Avenue got up, the painters got a good start on the boats, boat-house cleaned out, shelves in big room washed, much more unpacking.

June 24 Cold, with slight drizzle Thermometer 54

Float brought round this morning, to the best mind we have ever had for it. Boats finished, oars and paddles varnished; South dormitory washed. Oh, forgot to say that there was fishing yesterday; R.R. caught two bass from the point, and five when out in the canoe, H.R. and A.M.R. paddling. We had them last night for supper, otherwise not much in these days but eggs.

R.R. went in town via Winthrops at 2.57.

June 25 Thermometer 59. Light drizzle almost all day.

Great work continued. Float & ships finished, the former re-planked. With dormitory washed, and No 1 & 2 tents got up.

A.M.R. went in town at 9.17.

At 2.57 arrived, with the guitar, and other things, several of them.

H. H. Richards.

June 26. Clearing, new moon.

More work. R.R. came out again at 9.17., and at 2.57 arrived

Laura E Richards

J. E. Richards 2d

Gordon Grant

A lovely evening, the first sunset we have seen.

ne 27. Clear, Northwest wind.

A little delicate trifling with mosquito-nets this morning. Gordon found a Thrush's nest with four eggs.

At 4.55 arrived -

Barbara Bennett
F.M. Barton
George L. Moore
John Richards
Charles W. Hubbard Jr.
Otis D. Russell
Roger W. Bennett
Charles P. Burgess.
Lyneham Crocker
William A Lawrence
Henry Ten Eyck Perry
Jack Coolidge
George Pearson.
Clifton Swift.
Samuel C. Bennett Jr.
Arthur H. Shaw

ne 28 Sunday -

. 73° All arrived the night. First bath today, and
n. bright swimming class unusually promising. Only two
clear. half-past risers so far, Arthur Shaw and
westerly Charles Burgess.

First Sky Hx hips in the afternoon, crew a little odd; expedition of Boy Trotters to the Big Swamp for orchids brought back two pogonias. Hymns in the evening.

June 29
77°
Clear & shel
in a.m.,
light southerly
breze about
11 a.m.

Sly Fox expedition to the mills, for syrup, of which they found but little: crew even odder than yesterdays. but both promising.

Gordon Grant and Otis Russell passed their swimming examinations.

Scout in the afternoon. Sports on the hill and Potion in the evening.

June 30.
70°
Clear and
Shift in a.m.
ending up
with a
southerly wind
and rain.

Jack Coolidge, Lyneham Crocker, Ten Eyck Perry, and Dr. Morse, passed their swimming examinations just after swimming came guests across the pond:

R. Bayard Cutting
Arthur H. Woods

who stayed to dinner, and will, we hope, return.

6 Bass, 2
pickerel.

fishing in the afternoon, 6 smallish bass, and two mighty pickerel, one caught by Ten Eyck Perry, $2\frac{5}{8}$ lbs, the other caught by Clifton Swift, $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

Practice for sports on the hill by the non-fishers, and at 5. To our great joy, arrived;

James H. Morse, J.
R. Hoguet.

July 1.
T. 75°
B. 29.26
Fog in a.m.
clearing about
10 o'clock. Slight
southerly ripple.

Two crews, in the Abel and the Ebenezer went up Billing Brook. Jack Coolidge and Lyneham Crocker explored the lagoon, finding a good many nests; the rest fished, catching one small bass. The Squamacook and the Rat Roy made short excursions, the former tracing in two inches of water between the Camp and Oak Island.

At 5 p.m aired :

John Philip Hartt.
Henry Reginald Carey.

First Sing-Song
Programme.

1. Overture, Chopsticks, (very grand, with lots of fixings)
J.T., F.M.B, L.E.R. 2.
2. Stunt, Arthur Shaw.
3. Trio, Melissa, H.H.R, F.M.B., J.T.
4. Choruses, The Bell), Forty Years On, The Camp.
5. Banjo Solo H.H.R.
6. Songs, The Elephant, & Turn Orer Mr. Morse.
7. O'Grady's Goat, Mr. Barton.
The Camp Songs.

any fog
night.

July 2.
T. 80°
B. 29'.
clear, strong
west wind.

A heavy thunderstorm disturbed most of our slumbers about 4. a.m., the first of the season. The morning began with a light southerly breeze, which freshened rapidly, shifting to the west. Till at noon it is blowing strong, with good surf and racing white caps.

Williwaw!!

Right after dinner, the wind and surf increasing all the time, some one noticed that one of the moorings of the float had given way, and immediately there began to be doings! The float pulled at the supports of the slip so hard that it was evident the slip would go in a few minutes unless something was done. Mr. Wick flew to the rescue, and worked the float past the slip with a pole, so that it was out to leeward, holding by one anchor only. He let the boats loose one by one, and the heroic Life-saving Crew, Mr. Morse, Mr. Barton, John, Arthur, and the Hunsdons stood up to their shoulders in the surf (with all their clothes on!), and caught and hoarded them, one by one.

Next came the more difficult rescue of the float. The wind was blowing a steady gale, so that orders had to be waved through the megaphone; the surf was increasing fast. Mr. Wick tied the anchor rope round his waist, and struck out through the waves to try to get a turn around the anchor. This proving impossible, the gallant Life-Savers sprang again into the breakers, and we, amid roars

of applause, plunged in, accoutred as he was, to help in the rescue. They waded the float along, holding it off the shore. Andrew and Mr. Wicks working with poles, and the rest up to their shoulders in water, till they got it safely round the point, and reached it. We all cheered, and then cheered the dripping rescuers with a glass of Mild Tonic all round.

In the middle of the face-ball practice, which was a little wild, owing to nervous strain of the excitement, the Fox, who had ridden out the gale most gallantly till now, the last of the fleet, twice broke loose, but was caught and reached by the Skipper just as she was lifting on the third roller from the shore.

uly 3.
710
29.3
n. Brisk
th west wind.

The gale has lessened a good deal, but is much too high for any chance of putting out the float, and we are left rather high and dry, with no boats.

A Sly. Fox expedition to the mills for fire-crackers, but that large metropolis had only nine packages!!

Mr. Cutting and Mr. Woods came to dinner, and are coming again tomorrow to spend the night. Just before dinner there was a shout of joy, and the Captain appeared, three hours before we hoped for him. We feel very grand to have an H in camp.

John Howe Hall

At 5 came what we have been waiting longer than we care about for.

Julia Ward Richards, after strange voyages over seas.

A joyful and jubilant game of Boston. A celebration getting on Superior, and the Captain, back safe again.

JULY 4

B. 79.5
T. 75°
Wind NW.
Briez.
Clear & light

Cadets and torpedoes began promptly at 6.30 a.m.

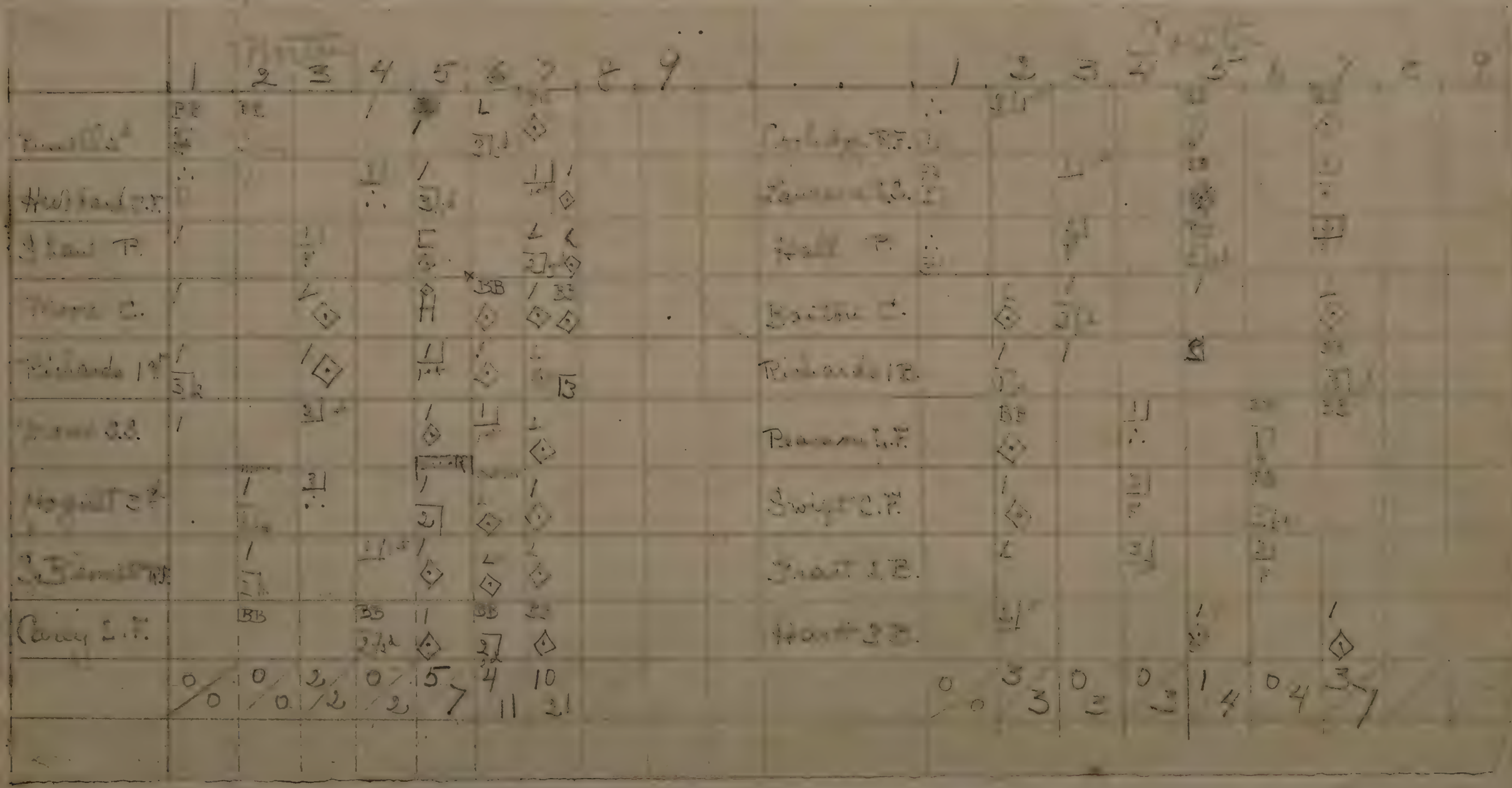
After heart Part we had the Declaration of Independence, and all sang America, and then dispersed for firing on the hill.

At 3 p.m. came the 1st dormitory game, which after brilliant playing on both sides was won by the North 21 – 7.

North Dormitory		South Dormitory	
Russell,	2nd	Coolidge,	r.f.
Hubbard,	c.f.	Lawrence,	ss.
Shaw,	p.	Hall	p.
Moore,	c.	Barton	c.
Richards,	1st	Richards,	1f.
Morse,	s.s.	Pearson,	l.f.
Hoguet	3rd.	Swift,	c.f.
S. Bennett,	R.f.	Grant	2r.
Carey,	l.f.	Harris	3r

In the evening we had the most Brilliant and Dazzling display of Pyrotechnic Art ever seen in these regions. An illustration, by one of our far-famed artists, follows on the next page but one. Nothing went wrong, and everything was in absolute contrast to the misfortunes of last year. After the fire works on the hill, Lyneham Cadets set off a delightful set of water fire-works, which were a huge success; and at 9.45 we sang the Star-Spangled Banner, and had a double circle to sing Taps. Mr. Woods and Mr. Cutting spent the night.

Fireworks.



The Distinguished Artist has illustrated the beautiful order and symmetry of the fire works this year. (Compare the Log of July 4. 1902!)

ly 5. Sunday

. 29.5
. 73°.
. S.W. light
lear. clouding
at sunset.

Mr. Woods and Mr. Cutting went away at 4 p.m.

Picnic at Hoyt's Island. The Fox landed at Dry Dock, the other boats on the beach. We found the ashes, partly of an Indian fire, still warm in the fire-place, but the Enemy had fled. We picked raspberries where the old house was, getting enough for all hands. We had singing, all but the Foxes, who had to start early for Dry Dock. The Old Ark was sung by the original quartette.

John and Kar-Kye

sp stinging
rodier's ear.
of wasp by
mate at the
ment.)

Hymns in the evening, and ghost stories for the half-past niners.

ly 6. Monday.

29-5
67°.
North
hr rain in
rning.,
aring in
n.

Fishing in the afternoon, 8 bass, 3 horn-pout. Mr. Barton's boat caught 3 bass, L. Crocker 1, Mr. Barton 1, and Phil Ward 1. Mr. Barton's boat, 4 P's, and Mr. Moses stayed out to supper.

Mr. Dick, Charles Hubbard, and Rex Carey went pickerel fishing, but Charles felt a little queer, so they returned empty-handed.

Half-past nine ghost-stories in the evening.

Bass, 3
rn-pout

July 7.
Tuesday.

B. 29.5
T. 79°
W. N.W. W.,
Light, clear
in a.m, cloudy
in P.M.

Sly Fox expedition in the a.m., to the Mills, for syrup, but when they got there, the cupboard was bare, and so the poor Foxes got none, and had to put up with a little candy and other light refreshments.

The First Camping Trip, for Long Pond and other points, got under way at 3.5 p.m., Mr. Wick in command. Yammerschmen, Mr. Wick, Corlidge, Burgess, Wiltwaw, Laurence, Pearson, and the Mudhen as captain.

Baseball game in the afternoon, a lively match between the Baboons and the Apes, the latter beating 18 - 10. The score follows on the next page. After the game, on account of the heat, the two teams had a swim.

Singing on the water in the evening.

General Grant finds a water-snake:

The fireworks on the 4th; design by J. H. Moss, R.A.

. 29. X July 7

. 69°

. N.W. almost

un.

owers in the

ght, and a

d one in the

iddle of the

oming.

aring at noon.

Mr. Morse's Birthday!!

July 8, cont'd. B.29.4 T.69.° W. N.W. almost Calm. Showers in the night, and a grd one in the middle of the A.M.

Owing to a mistake, the Ape-Baboon score was put in Today's record.

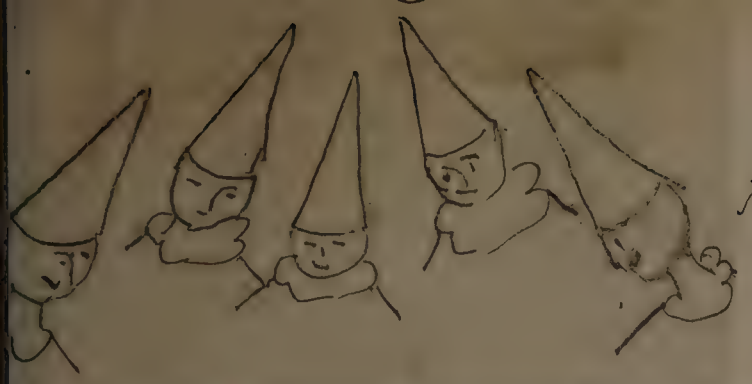
In the afternoon there was an expedition to Philip Mountain, all hands going but L.E.P., P.P. H.P., and F.M.B. They went in the Sly Fox, the Ebenezer, and the Identical; had a grand climb, and sang Yum-Oro, at the top. with living illustrations. The Campers returned in great form about 4 p.m. Their report follows on page 18.

2nd Grand Concert

Orertnre, Chopsticks, (with Dirge) F.M.B., L.E.P.2., J.P.
A Stunt, The Ass-h.h.D, Mr. Morse, A.H.S., J.T.C., H.P.C., W.A.h.
(This was a Truly glorious production, The best we have had yet.)
Song, Killaloe, Mr. Dick.

Choruses, John Peel, The Merry weather Boys.
Song, Mush-mush, Mr. Barton.
Duet, Marching Through Georgia, Mr. Barton, J.C.,
Choruses, October, the Camp Songs.

In the middle of the Concert there was, considerably against the will of the Principal Personage, a fitting celebration of this joyful occasion. The Celebration Committee consider that they have manifested consummate skill And tact (called by some duplicity) in finding out, and paying a proper tribute to, This great day.



The A.S.S., double L.D.

Characters—
- Lycurgus L. — J.H.M.
- Erazmus — — A.H.S.
- Solon ..... J.T.C.
- Socrates ..... H.R.C.
- Huxley ..... W.A.L.

The learned society introduced themselves in chorus. Some of their wise saws are here presented—

This had a little Sam
It's fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that This went
The Sam was sure to go.

Sing a song of reading
Breakfast now is o'er
Four and twenty campers
Stretched on the floor
When the huge tureen over
The boys were all asleep
The boys were all asleep,
Wasn't that a sight to make
a dietonary weep!

General and Farmer were Two bretty boys,
They never gave trouble nor made any noise,
But sat in the corner & studied their books
And pleased all the Camp by their elegant looks.

Erazmus:- Suppose Mr. Barton was in the water 27 ft from the float, Mr. Dick 15 ft, Dr. Moore 17 ft, Mr. Richards 34 ft—what would happen?

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle
Dr. Moore jumped over the moon
Miss Betty she laughed to see such sport
And Mr. Dick ran away with the spoon

Poor Charlie Hubbard
He went to the cupboard
To get his poor self a doughnut
But Andrew, the cook,
Such pain he had took
That our suffering Charlie found no nut.

Report of trip to Camps Willy-schooner.

At about 3 o'clock Mr. Dick, W. A. Lawrence, John Coolidge, George Pearson, and Charles Burgess left the float in the Williwaw and Yammerschoon bound for Long Pond. The day was pleasant and not too hot, so that we enjoyed our row to Belgrade Mills where we had to carry our boats around the falls to Long Pond. We landed on the western shore of the pond, about three miles from Belgrade Mills, Mr. Dick and Phil Hartt were the only experienced campers among us, so they set up the tent using the boats' anchors in place of tent pegs to secure the flap. After a supper of bacon and fried potatoes, we smeared our faces with pennyroyal to keep off the mosquitos which averaged an inch in length, and were as

H.H.P.
Hartt.
Burgess.
Lawrence.
Coolidge.
Pearson.

thick that it was difficult to walk through them; the pennyroyal kept them about six inches from our faces, where they buzzed all night making sleep difficult.

We got up early in the morning, and after breakfast which was the same as our supper the night before we fished in between the showers, of which we had three, until dinner time, when we ate the five bass we had caught. The weather cleared up about noon and it grew very warm, which made it unpleasant for our row home in the afternoon. Because of the heat it was necessary to stop and rest at Belgrade Mills; we therefore did not arrive at the camp until about five o'clock.

lovely!

July 9
B: 29.51
T. 82°
W. S.S.E

A horrid hot day.

Ox noon arrived.

Ellen Vaughan

Sam Vaughan.

We had reading on the print, and some fishing.
9 bass in all (fried fish tomorrow for breakfast!),
9 Bass. but it was too hot for the fishing to be good.
Some of the half-past miners canoed, and H.P.
drove with Lyncham, Jack Corbidge, and Rex Carey,
to the bog for orchids.

Boston in the evening.

July 10
B. 29.3
T. 76°
W. S.S.E,
light.
Cloudy, and
rain a good
deal of the
afternoon.

John departed at 8.30, for a week with
Naniff, and Mrs Vaughan went at noon, Sam,
we rejoice to say, staying with us over Sunday.

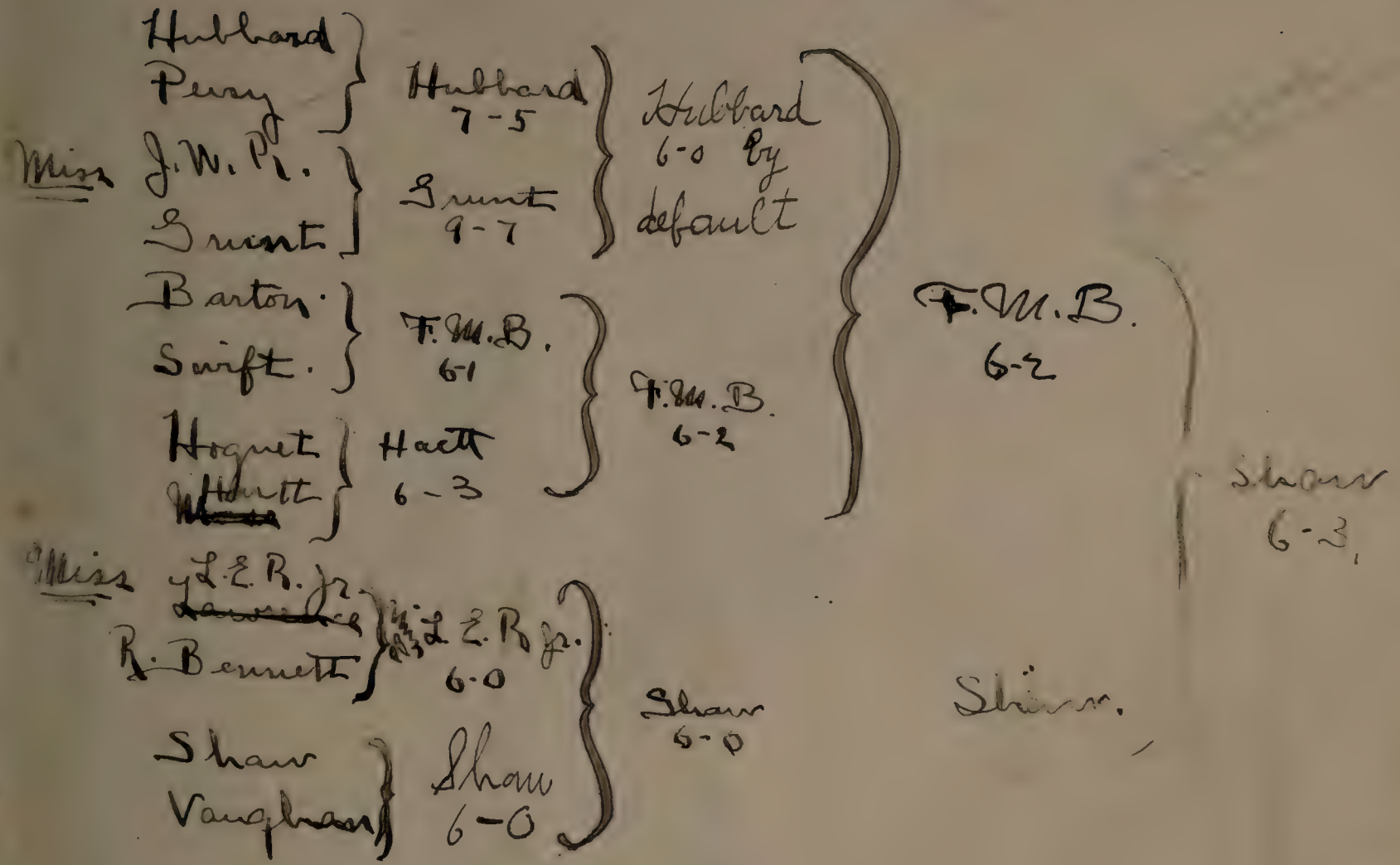
It rained most of the afternoon, and there
was a ping-pong tournament, won by Arthur
Shaw. Later we went out in the boats.

In the evening we partook of delicious refreshments,
an unparalleled concoction of the Old Manis Soup.

The Ping-Pong Score follows on the next page.
In the afternoon arrived:

Alice M. Richards.

Score of Ping-Pong Tournament



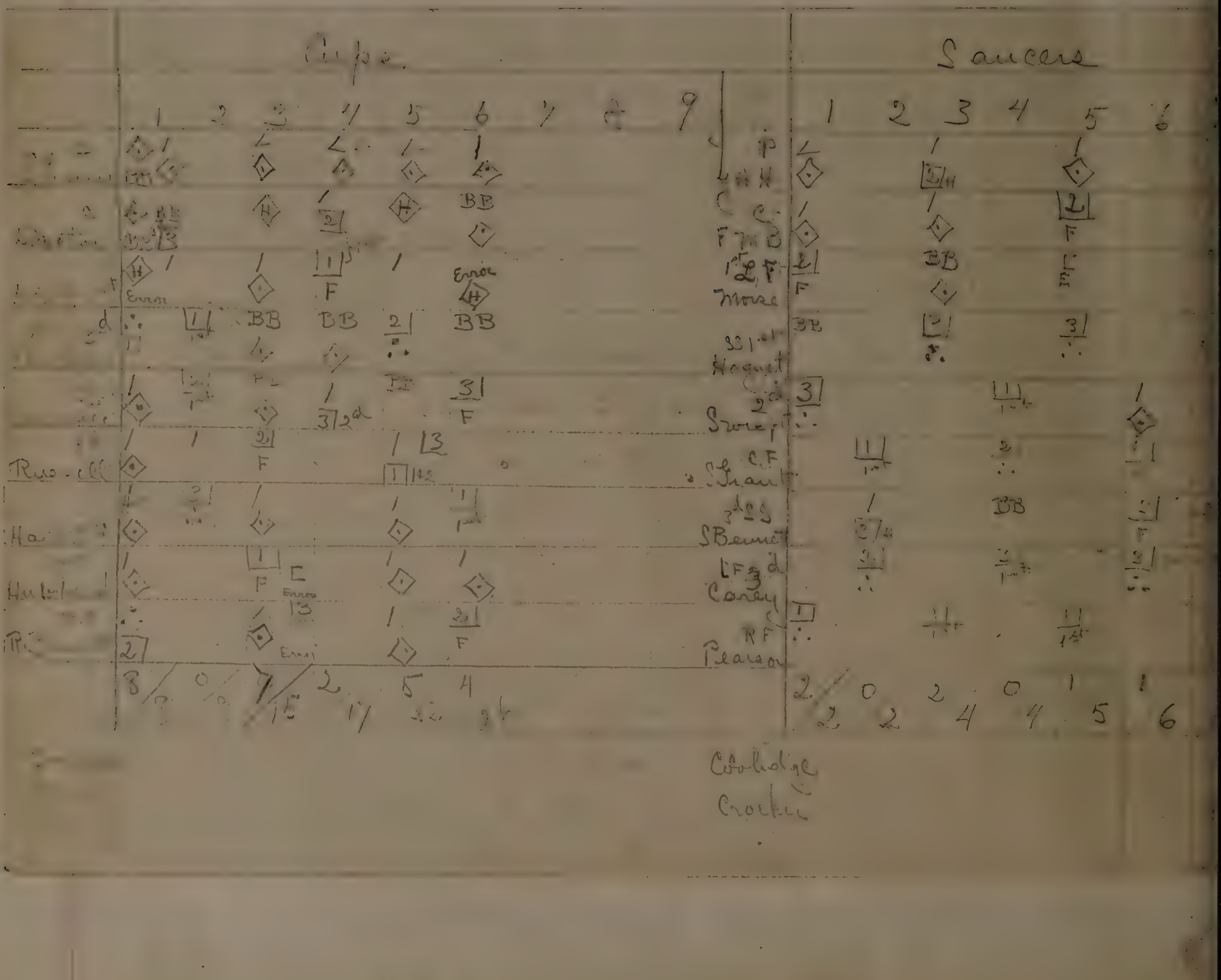
The winner is to play Mrs. Morse, the winner of last years' tournament, the next time.

22
July 11
B. 29.21
T. 82
W. S.E.
light

In the afternoon there was a glorious base ball game between the cups and saucers. The score follows below.

Miss A. Richards went with Charles P. Burgess and Yen Eyck Perry on an expedition for the washing and mending. Jack Coolidge and Lyneh Crocker went to the pine grove on a search for wild flowers.

In the evening there were charades and singing for the half past niners.



uly 12
.29.13
78
W, light
ariable,
ndy & clear
nally

Sunday

Picnic at Monkey Point, where there was tremendous climbing in the big hemlocks, Mr. Vidal, the Doctor and Mr. Morse climbing like three grey apes.

"Now we're going to - never mind!
Brother, they tail hangs down behind!"

And all the little monkeys climbed up after them. Mr. Vidal and Captain Jack broke two trees in trying to "bend over."

The custom of reserving milk can-ish has been abolished by the faculty, owing to the undue haste of some of the brethren.

Jasper Coolidge and Van Eyck fell in* off the shore, and went home early to get dry things on.

July 13.

29.21
73°
Calm, S.E.
ith cloudy

S. Vaughan left us at 8.30.
Start of 2nd Camping Trip — how about their tent?
Who was that stealthy figure seen stealing up from the beach about 4 p.m.? He had red stockings!

H.P. went to Waterville, returning in the afternoon.

art of 2nd
ping Trip.
. Barton.
ucham,
e.
ger.

Setting-up exercises started, in the fifteen minutes before swimming.

An Expedition, in the Sly Fox and the Squannacook, to the head of Hoyt's Island, where there were more monkey-shines. H.H.P. & Mr. Morse climbing hemlocks 75 feet high, from which they could see Long Pond.

x (the Chicken) First game of Three In A Row after supper; redeeming
eral Grant of forfeits, and a fierce half-past nine Still-Calm. The Professor narrowly escaping broken bones.

* Jack didn't fall; I shoved him accidentally O.C.

J. W. T.

July 12 - Doings on Monkey Point. (named from the Doings, and in honor of Harriet's birthday.)

July 13, at 4 p.m. arrived
Anna L. Gardiner
William Tudor Gardiner
Francis Rawle, Jr.

29.2
77°
S.W., light
in a.m.,
ning at noon.
, light summer
s.
Bass, 2
nport

July 14

Tragging & fishing in the afternoon, 15 bass, & 2 pickerel; Charles Hubbard & m. did getting 11 bass. Practice for sports on the hill. Just about 5.15 by the triumphant return (with their tent) of the adventurous forget-me-nots!

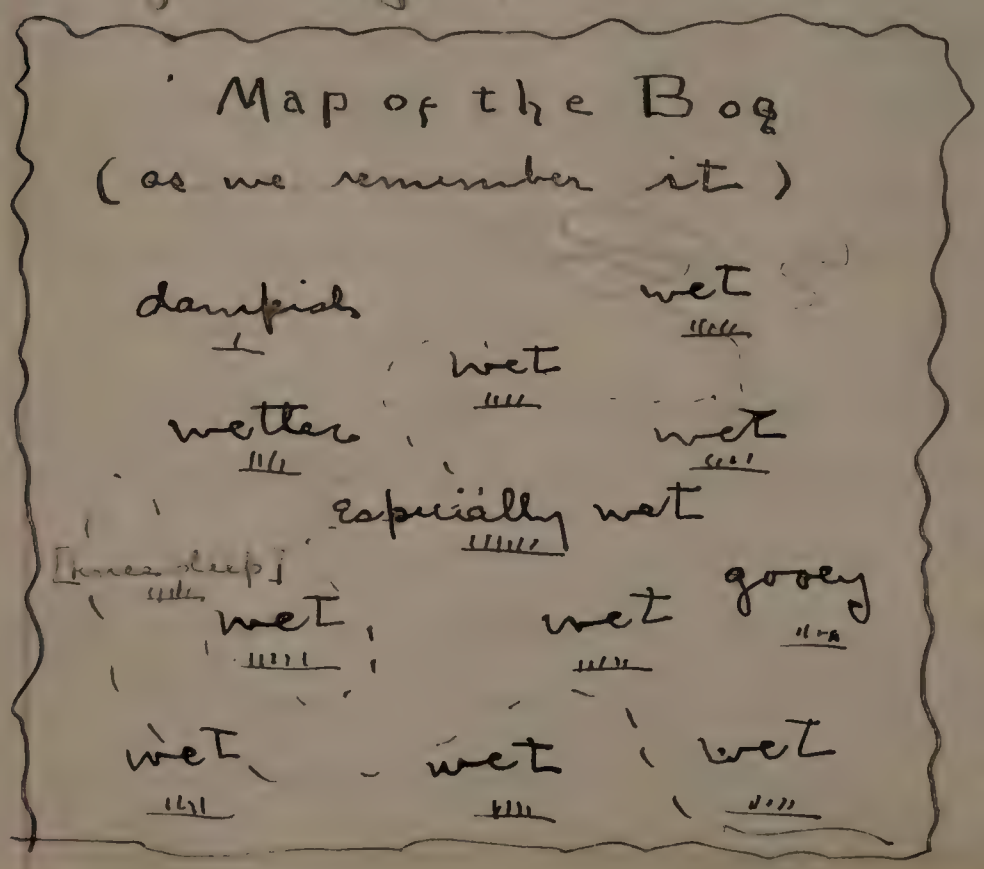
Report of the Forgetmenots

As our space is cruelly limited to this book, we cannot tell the whole of our story. But we will copy the accounts given in the Gardiner papers.

Five fine fellows and a man left the camp on Monday July 11 for parts unknown, and succeeded in finding three parts. They were fully equipped except for a tent and a frying-pan, which will not be mentioned again; their packs were filled with potatoes, crackers, raisins, salt, cocoa, bacon! and the unbelievable amount of cord. When half way to Austin's Bog, they discovered that they had no tent! Mr. Barton called for volunteers, and Mr. Carter, Mr. Carey and Mr. Barton responded. It is a small military job to cut out a tent, but they cut followed by the taunts and jibes of an Amazonian horde.

The camp was in the delightful grove at the south end of the lake. Wood a-

rounded, and fish was a-frowning: the
part ate, drank, and were merry. The
camp fire was superb, the stories went
round. and owing to the fine sight
of the ladies, the mosquitoes were,
to say speak, not in it. The hair of
General Grant was seen to stand erect
during one of the fierce stories, but they
(the cannibal) have reason to believe that it lay
down in time to go to sleep. After
a while (11:00), the boys went to sleep too.
At 4 o'clock, Alta Russell and Mr. Barton
were off shore and caught two fat
bass which made up an important
part of the breakfast. The cocoa, sus-
tained by thrills and with no too
much sugar in it, was a treat. But
the bacon!, and the mush! (with the
sugar syrup on it).



At 9 o'clock, the
fosters left the
camp and started
for the heronry in
the bog. After an
interesting journey up
the brook, they
left the boats and
struck through the
bog-land for the
herons' nests.

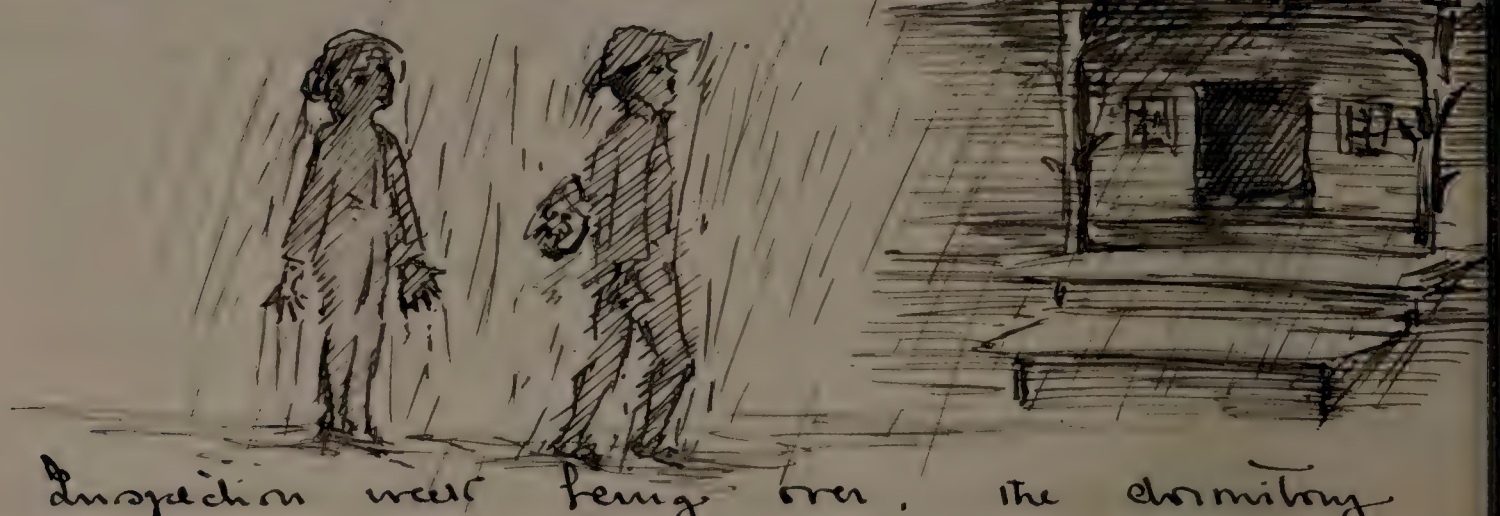
We have a vague idea that the heronry did not come up to our expectations. The birds had flown and the nests were perched very inconveniently on the tops of the deadest trees alive. We photographed one of them which turned out to be the lair of an interesting though rather distant hawk; and after that we lost all interest in the nests. On the way back we lost our trail and, after a rather difficult walk to the Nor' east, reached a stream which showed violent symptoms of flowing in both directions. Ate struck out into mid-stream, and the rest of us went half monkey-, half fishy-wise along the bank of the stream. But where were the boats! We struggled on down stream, till finally, from a tree-top, we discovered the lake only a short distance ahead. After a short council of war, we decided to divide and make for the hills to the east. The four water rats stripped to the waist, leaving only their shirts on us, and started down stream: Rogers and Mr. Bartons, with the superfluous clothing, and cameras more superfluous started across the bog.

[After much very wet toil we have succeeded in getting out of the bog on Page 32]

July 15.

B. 29.2
T 72°
W. Calm
in a.m., sw.
freshening
at noon, several
heavy showers
in the
afternoon.

Mr. Richards went to Waterville and back.
There is grief and sorrow in the Camps. for
Jack Coolidge went away after breakfast.
The base ball practise was interrupted by a
heavy showers, so we had a lively game of
hop. Jenkins. Yuden and Lyncham went for
the mail in the Port. and got caught
half-way back in the heaviest of the showers,
arriving in a sopping condition



Inspection week being over. the dormitory
prizes were given out at the end of Sing-Song
1st prize. Arthur Shaw.
2nd prize. Jack Coolidge. (alas, that he was not here to
3rd prize. Phil Wardt.
Faculty prize. Mr. Dick.

The Inspection Committee have reported that
the standard set in the care of the cubicles
has been much higher than that of last year,
in fact, it was so good throughout that
it was exceedingly difficult to award the
prizes, and there was only one pig. on one day.

Inspection week is over, but of course the dormitories
will be inspected from time to time, and the
Committee hopes there will not be untidiness in
the care of the cubicles.

North

ursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesdd
Shaw	1. Shaw	1. Shaw	1. Shaw	1. Shaw	1. Shaw	1. Shaw
Crocker	2. Crocker	2. Crocker	2. Crocker	2. Hubbard	2. Hoguet	2. Hoguet
Hubbard	3. Hoguet	3. Burgess	3. R. Bennett	3 S. Bennett	3. S Bennet	3. Crocker
- Carey	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig-Carey
culty.	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty
.H.R.	1. H.H.R.	1. H.H.R.	1. H.H.R.	2. H.H.R.	1. H.H.R	2. H.H.R

South

Perry	1. Lawrence	1. Hartt	1 Coolidge	1. Hartt	1. Coolidge	1. Lawren
oolidge	2. Coolidge	2. Coolidge	2. Hartt	2. Coolidge	2. Hartt	2. Swift
awrence Hartt	3 Hartt	3. Perry	3. Perry	3. Lawrence	3 Lawrence	3. Pearso
—	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——	Pig ——
aculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty	Faculty
Barton Richards Hall	2. Barton	2. Barton	2. Barton	1. Barton	2. Barton 3. Hall	1. Barton 3. Hall

July 15

July 15

III Sing-Song

1. Piano Solo - Miss Alice
2. Song - Mr. Dick
3. Stunt - Messrs. Shaw, Hoguet, and Hartt.
4. Chorus - The Bell.
5. Stunt - J. W. R. and L. E. R 2nd.
6. Stunt - The Forget-me-nots.
7. The Merryweather Minstrels.
8. Distribution of Prizes.
9. Chorus - Camp Song.

Oh, what's de matter, Andrew ?
Oh, what's de matter now ?
Well, dem boys been stealing doughnuts,
And dere's goin' to be a row.

Chorus. Oh, we're going to the xducking,(bis;)
We're going to the ducking of the boys, ofthe boys;
And we'll meet you in the water,(bis;)
And we'll do our best to make a jolly noise.

Oh, the Doctor he was pretty,
A pretty man, I swear;
And he stole Charley Burgess's curling-tongs--
(Spoken;) What did he steal poo'old Charley's curling-tongs for ?"
Whym for to curl his lovely hair!

Chorus. Oh, we're going to the curling,(bis;)
We're going to the curling of the hair, of the hair;
And we think.that when we see him,(bis;)
We shall find him quite the fairest of the fair.

Oh, Mr Barton's stockings,
They were rubicundly red;
And they dyed his pretty toe-toes,
(Spoken;) "What did his pretty toe-toes look like after they was dyed?"
Why, just like Johnny's head!
Chorus. Oh, we're going to the swimming,(bis;)
We're going to the swimming at the float, at the float,
And those rosy-posy toe-toes,
And those itty pretty toe-toes,
We shall find the most attractive things to note.

Oh, a party went a-camping,
To see what they could find;
But the very first thing they found, sir--
(Spoken;) What was the first thing they found ?"
Why,they'd left their tent behind!

Chorus. Oh, we're going to the camping,(bis;)
We're going to the camping on the shore,on the shore;
But we fear we'll hurt their feelings,(bis;)
So we can't pursue this subject any more;
What a bore!

[Reports of the Forget-me-nots
Second Bloom.
sprouted from Page 27.]

Yes, leaving the quartette of aquatic rodents to blood-seekers and water snakes, the two boggers cut across a villainous stretch of muddy sticky, skeatchy country to the hills beyond. When they reached terra firmer, Roger's legs ~~had~~ a wonderful pattern engraved on them: in fact they were the living simage of the only and original Old Scratch. But he (Roger) had never gibbed, showing the most astounding exhibition of grit on (this) record. On the way, the boggers discovered an extensive patch of pogonias (Arethusa Bogonius) The Quartette, with Otis and Chick for an advance guard, and Linehan, and the General in the rear, paddled down stream and along the shore. The advance guard hurried on ahead, and after an exciting game of tag with a (wild?) horse, reached camp by ~~a~~ circling the shore to the east. The rear guard were met on the edge of the bog by Mr. Barton, and conducted to the shore. Not to be out-done by the advance guard, they were pursued for over ~~twenty~~ feet by strange creatures, which the found to be very harmless steers. Further on, they were joined by R. Bennett: the meeting was

most affecting; pictures were taken till there wasn't a dry plate in the throng. Then after a tramp through a second marsh they arrived at the Camp. After two long hours were were once more united. To be sure, our boats were in the bog brook, and many of our garments in the boats; but we were happy; and cared very little for the scarcity of sugar so long as the cocoa was hot! Otis and Mr. Barton then went out in search of a boat etc. They found the boat, which fortunately belonged to a good-natured sportsman. Crowding into this, we started again for the brook. Roger stayed behind to strike camp. The journey up, and down, the brook was made in record time. After a half hour's well earned rest, we set out for home at 4:30 o'clock. The wind was favorable so we used it, and arrived at camp in very good season.

After careful selection, the following names have been placed on the roll of honor:

Gordon Grant
Otis Russell.
Rex Carey.
Lyneham Crocker
Roger Bennett.
F. M. Barton

July 16

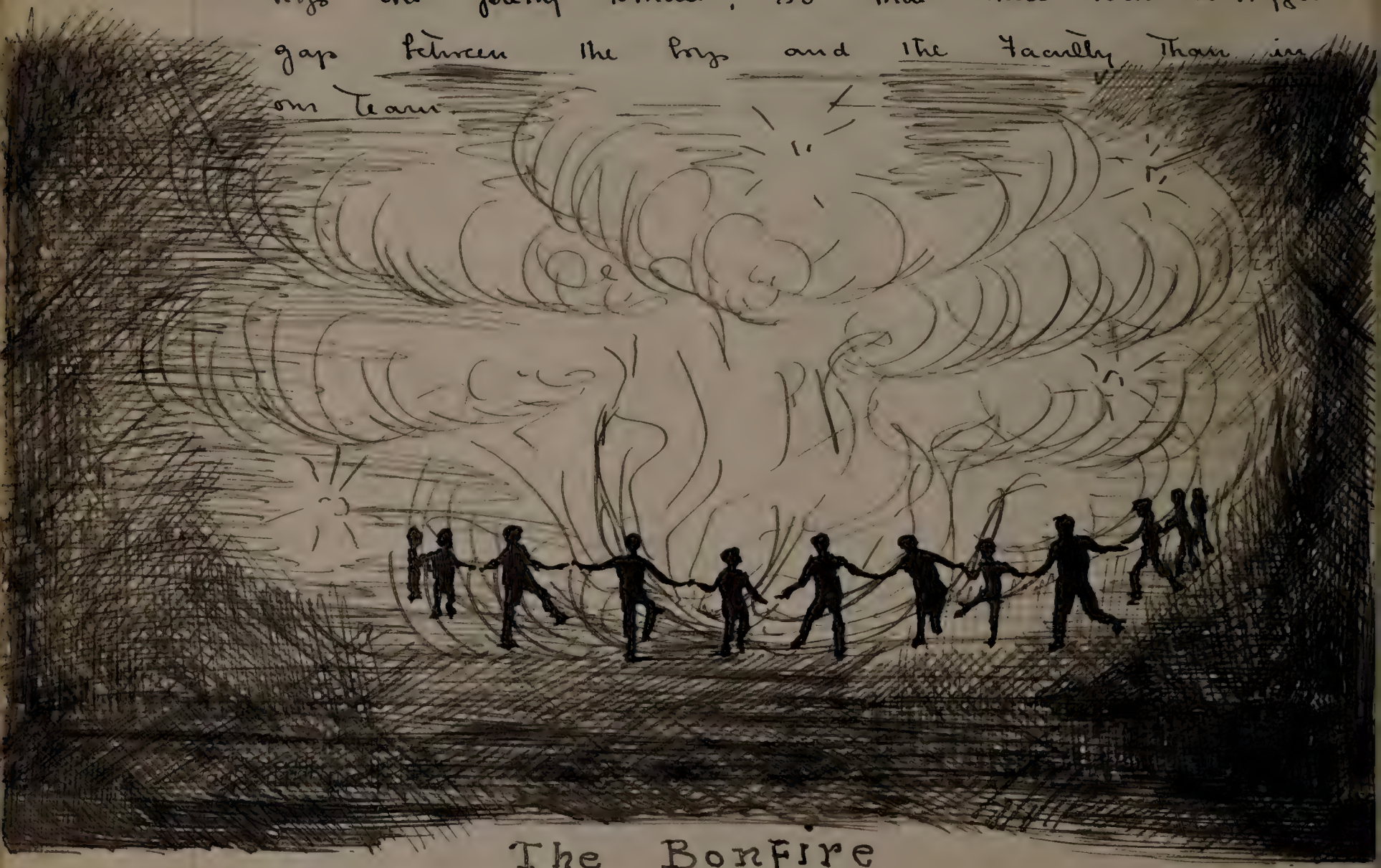
B. 29.21.
T. 68°
W. S.W. strong,
Clouds 91
and on all day,
one slight shower.

July 16.

This great day is to be remembered 1st. as the birth day of Hon. Chas Jermey Russell (speech!), and 2nd. on account of the first Pine Island Game.

Early in celebration of this glorious victory, we had the belated bonfire, well studded with fire-crackers, not to mention the last Roman candle, in the evening. and afterwards the half-past nines had a walk (well studded with pop-corn.)

The Pine-Islanders played well, especially in the out-field, where one of the boys, one of the smaller ones made a splendid catch. They had had very little time to practise, and their boys are pretty small, so that there was a bigger gap between the boys and the faculty than in our team.



The Bonfire

Merryweather

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Lawrence 3B									
M. Morse SS									
Hall C.7									
Shaw P									
Richards 1B									
Moore C									
Barton 2B									
Hoguet L.F.									
Swift RF									
	0/0	2/2	1/6	3/9	0/9	3/12			

Pine Island

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	0/0	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	1/2	1/3		

July 17.
B. 29. 41
T. 75°
Clear, light variable winds

In the afternoon there was an expedition to Austin's bog for orchids in the Sly Fox. There was also field practise.

In the evening we played French cricket and Throw the bar.

Start of 3rd camping trip.

This day being Mr Richards birthday there was great rejoicing in the camp.

Mr. Morse.
A. Shaw.
Jas Eyck.
C. Swift.
C. Hubbard.
S.C. Bennett

July 18
B. 29-41
T. 76°
W. SW calm in early morning strengthening at 11 am.

A great day 7 anivals.
at *.30 p.m.
Frank H. Whitmore
at 5.
Graham Robinson
Harold Robinson
at 5.*5 the glorious Camp Dodgers. whose report will follow.
at 7.*5 a
? 4 1/8 POUND BASS, caught by Otis Russell.
there were 11 bass caught in all, J.H.H., 3, Tudor, 2, T.M.B., 1, Appy 2, and Otis 3.
at 9 p.m.
J.R, and five salmon.

11 bass

Report of the Camp Dodgers.

At 2.35 P.M., Fri. July 17th, the Camp Dodger outfit were under way. We didn't leave anything behind. In 5 minutes the crews of the Pinks and Gammerschoner were at the mouth of Meadow Brook, and the fun began. The course after that was N by E, ~~NE by E, NE, E by N~~ E by N, S by E, E by S, W by S, S by W ½ point W, when the Navigator lost count and sailed by dead reckoning. If you want variety of occupation and scenery, paddle up Meadow Brook. It reminds you of golf, navigating meadow brook,-with snags, and fallen trees for bunkers. when the oars are fuddled in reeds and bushes, you may paddle, or poke the banks, or pull along by hanging branches, or the excellent method of stepping out into the water and towing. There are some 44 other methods, for which consult Jen Eyck. The scenery varies. There are waving grasses, maples almost tumbling into the water, deep dark pools, sunny pools, thick woods, or matted underbrush - ask Sam or C. Hubbard or A. Shaw - they were in the Pinks & had time to notice it all. We were thinking about supper when we came out of Meadow Brook. North Pond was welcomed with a shout of joy, and the sun was nearly setting when the boats rounded into Little Pond, and headed for a white sand beach, at once picked out on the otherwise wooded and rocky shore by the eagle eyes of the Camp Dodger Outfit. The boats grated on the shore, and once more the foot of man marked the white sands, untracked before save by the hoof-marks of wild and aboriginal cows.

Camp Dodger soon sprang into lively existence. The work of pitching the tent, starting a fire, and other varied duties, was greatly facilitated by the skill of

A. Shaw in cutting tent pegs, S. Bennet in collecting fire-wood, and Chas Hubbard in watching the water boil. At 8.30 the fisherman, Farmer & Jen Eyck, returned to camp, having performed their duties with great skill (but they didnt get the fish). Supper was now in order, and all hands fell to on bacon, pilot bread and cocoa. Meanwhile the new potatoes boiled merrily in the pot- with their jackets on, though the heat was intense. A fine dish of fried potatoes, cooked by A. Shaw, and corn dodgers by Mr. Morse, followed.

At 10.45 the outfit rolled up in their blankets, and listened with interest to a story which C. Hubbard thought he must have invented. The silence which followed was interrupted by the Farmer's snores.

Sat. July 18th. This morning the Farmer caught three white perch. A morning plunge and a fine breakfast followed. as the water was very soft inviting the outfit soon struck camp and set out in the boats. The great event of the morning was a swim from a great rock near the entrance of Little Pond. It was sometime before the outfit turned their prows towards the mouth of Meadow Brook, from whose circuitous waters it did not emerge until 2.15 P.M. During this trip the Jellyfish distinguished himself by remarkable feats at bow-paddling in the Gammerschooner. Now came the rub, there was a strong head wind blowing from Stony Point. The outfit went ashore and cooked a hasty meal. It was a tough pull to Stony Point, and equally tough the rest of the way. The Pinke & Gammerschooner crews both arrived at the float together at 5.45, rather wet, and the adventures of the Camp Dodger outfit

July 19. Sunday
were finished

3.29.2x
63°
N. E. light-
ain, & light
rizzle. All
nd on all
ay.

On account of the rain & on Great Grief (Prof. Fudge), there was no picnic, but we did the best we could without it. There were two canoe crews, which did a good deal of practising in quiet bays, spurts, etc, and a Sly Fox for trip. The Commissariat Department thought it a shame for Andrew and Mike to lose their holidays, so two gallant crews volunteered to get the supper and do the dishes. There was "Snappy Work", all round, and everything went on, and off again, finely. In the evening there were hymns, and two exciting stories, His Duty, and The Pavilion On The Links.

July 20

3.29.3x
67°
N.N, light.
ouds, but
ooks like
learing.

The 4th Camping Trip (Camp Grizzly), started off in in good form, if in pretty uncertain weather.

There was an expedition to Blueberry Hill; the Ebenezer, the Alcantra, and the Prince went to the left of Chute Island; the Sly Fox to the right, landing her crew in a bay east of the hill. The two parties met at the top, the west side crowd doing some good pioneer work, and after a joyful celebration took their respective ways down again, and all came in close at the finish.

art of
th Camping
rip.
H.H. Lyncham,
s, Appleton.
ippine, Indo.

July 21.

B. 29.50
T. 64°
W. strong light.

Rain! A horrid, steady down pour of rain, which was of course delightful for the poor Campers, and for ~~R. I~~ L. E. P., R. P. and J. P., who drove to Oakland, the two former going on to Gardiner. R. P. came back at 9.5%, L. E. P. comes Tomorrow.

Work on the boats, and fishing in the afternoon

3 Bass,
1 Chub.

July 22.

B. 29, 52
T 65°
W. S, very light

Hurrah for Jackson! At 5. p.m. Arrived, Robert Amory Jr (He has grown at least four feet!) with L. E. P.

Yesterday we received a challenge from a pick-up nine from the Salmon Lake House. The game was today, and was out and away the best we have ever had - so thrilling that the spectators nearly fainted! when it came to the end of the 9th inning, with the score still tied it was almost more than flesh and blood could bear. The excitement kept straight through the 10th, when Appleton's fine hit brought us in the two runs that saved us. Our adversaries were "all right", and we hope for another game Tomorrow.

Merryweather

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Morse SS			1 F			3 F					1 FF								
Shaw P							1 F				2 F								
Hall c7	2 F								3		BB								
H. Richards 1B			2 F				3				4 F								
Moore C.								BB 1											
Hoguet 27 J. Richards								BB						BB					
Barton 2B						BB													
Hartt R7 Robinson																			
Lawrence 3B									BB 1										
	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	4/5	1/6	0/6	0/6	0/6	2/8	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	3/5	2/5	0/5	1/6	0/6
12																			

Sing-Song (July 22nd '03)

1. Overture - Chopsticks

2. Song - Mr. Dick

3. Piano Duet - A.M.R. and Hubbard

4. Choruses. - The Bell. The Merryweather Boys.

5. Piano Solo - The Goblin Hunt - A.M.R.

6. Toodlepipe Duet - Mr. Dick and Mr. Barton

7. Stunt - Messrs. Morse and Barton

8. Choruses - October. Base Ball Song. Camp Song.

9. Stunt - Messrs. Amory, Richards, Hartt, and Shaw.

Farmer Extinguished with
the Water-melon
by
Mr Morse

July 21

Camp Grizzly Log.

H

= Flag of MP Grizzly

The weather being, as already set down in this log, rather uncertain, our two ~~recruits~~ from the Log Pond trip looked forward with joy to another raving camping trip; nor were they disappointed, as this log will presently show.

Six lusty campers started in two Rangeley boats, armed with a ~~tent~~ tent, a ~~frying pan~~ frying pan, and ~~all~~ the fishing tackle needed;!! the said fishing tackle came in very nicely in catching a dozen undersized bass and countless landlocked salmon, (all skillfully hooked and landed.) Camp was pitched with neatness and despatch on the old spot on the West Shore, and an uneventful evening was spent in listening to authentic tales of the bear, the wolf and the catamount. Crockery's high jump when Cliffy gave the catamount yell was the only feature of the evening. Just before we got up it began to rain, and it did it till we broke camp. After an unsuccessful attempt to fry the nice mush we cooked in the ~~evening~~ morning, we had a good breakfast. The morning was spent in "Homed Toady"; at which Tucker achieved 21 bonus stunts in a baked potato; and in another fine fishing trip by Capt. Jacks, Alvis, & Crockery. A swim also enlivened us considerably, Cliffy's touching bottom being again a feature. A consultation lunch closed our stay, as rain still fell, & the tent began to leak. We struck camp early, & rowed home again

B. 29.33
T. 64°
W. N.E
fresh
RAIN

July 23.

Rain again! It is a "horrid night". for now we can't have our game with the jovial Salmon-Lakers. It rained mighty all day, clearing at sunset, but a splendidly run Ping-pong tournament carried things through splendidly.

We can now have perpetual patent moonlight of our own, as the Jumbo Lantern arrived by express. At 6.30 - a Saleness, owing to flooded roads, arrived

J. R. Coolidge III

Singles (Faculty)

Amory } Amory 7-5
Dr. Moore }

Barton } Morse 6-2
Morse }

Morse 6-0

Hall } Hall 6-0
Rawle }

~~J.R.~~ J.R. } J. R. 6-3

Morse 6-0

Doubles. (~~Faculty~~)

Dr. Moore
Mr. Barton

Amory
J.W.R.

J. R.
Morse

Hall
Rawle

Singles (Unfaculty)

T. Gardiner
Lawrence
—
Lawrence
6-0

Hoguet
G.M.R.
—
Hoguet
6-0

Lawrence
6-1

R. Bennett
Crocker
—
R. Bennett
6-4

Perry
H. Robinson
—
Perry
6-0

R. Bennett
6-3

Lawrence
6-0

Grant
S. Bennett
—
Grant
6-2

G. Robinson
Hartt
—
Hartt
6-0

Grant
7-5

L.F.R.JR.
Shaw
—
Shaw
6-0

Shaw
6-2

Shaw
6-1

Russell
J.W.R.
—
Russell
6-2

Carey
Hubbard
—
Hubbard
6-3

Russell
6-4

Pearson
Swift
—
Pearson
6-3

Burgess

Pearson
6-0

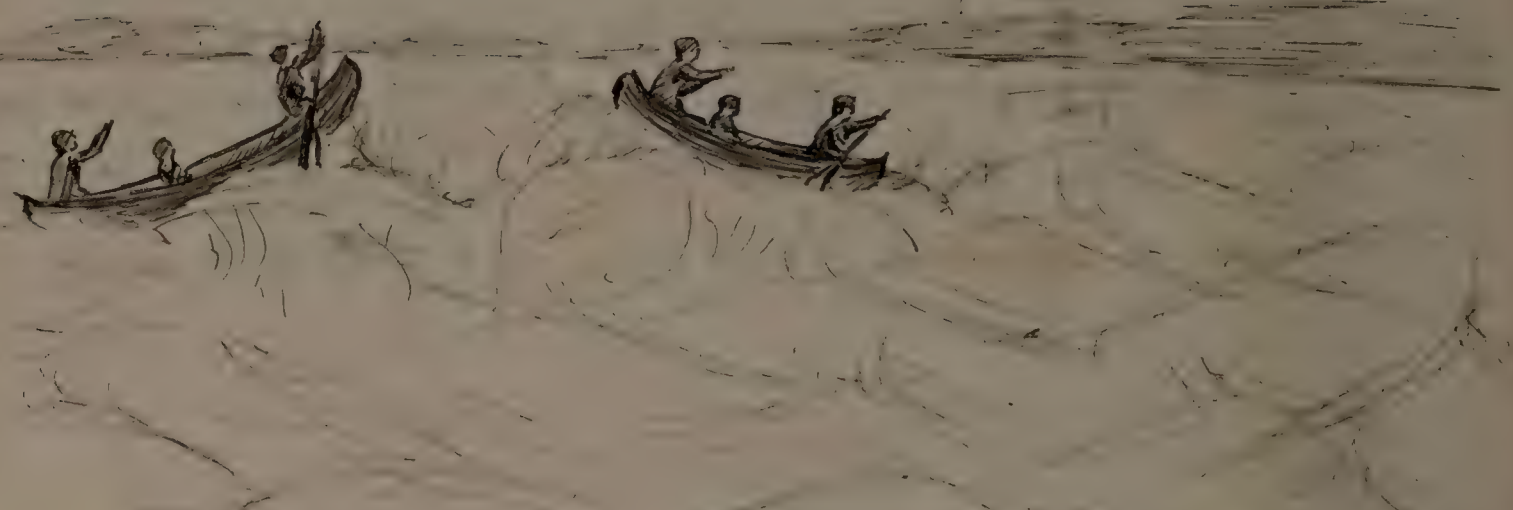
Russell
6-0

Shaw
6-1

B. 29.3x
72 ½°
W. N. W.
fresh.

July 2x.
a.m. T's birthday. Start of fifth camping expedition.
Fishing in afternoon, and expedition to the bog.

5th camping expedition
J. H. Hall
J. Richards.
R. Armory.
A. Shaw
R. Hoguet.
P. Hartt.



1 bass.

Start of Camping Trip

July 25. Celebration in the evening of the Doctor's birthday.

B. 29.40
T 76°
W. SW fresh
partly cloud

Glorious return of Camp Pontaxle! at 4 p.m.

Lobsters

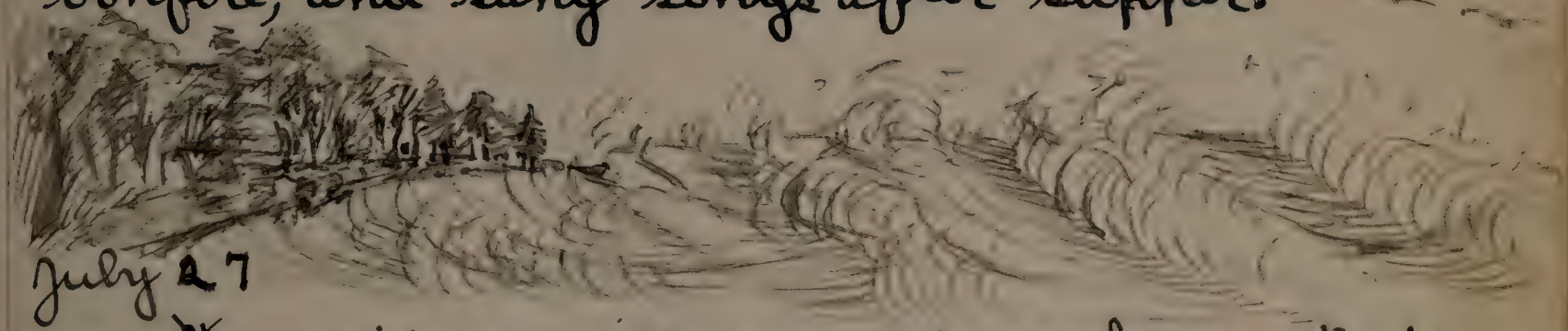
Gaze

July 26
29.20
71°
W. S.E., very light. Rain in the night, and the early morning.

Sunday.

Bob Amory having a special appointment with U.S.S. Kearsarge at Bar Harbor left us this morning.

The weather was very erratic, it rained most of the early morning clearing at about ten a.m.; it was calm all morning, freshening at noon so that returning from the usual Sunday picnic we had hard work rounding the point. Our picnic was on Stevens' shore, where we built a bonfire, and sang songs after supper.



29.20
61°
SW
miles per hour.!!!

July 27

It wasn't a Williwaw today, but a steady gale, with tremendous surf. The tents cracked and flapped all night, and all the stays of the float broke but one chain, but though we expected it to go every minute, it held. The gale kept up fiercely all day long, and we had to run all the boats on shore. The Pine Islanders were not so fortunate, as their float got a-drift.

1st Day of Field Sports.

The field sports lasted all the afternoon. But as they are not nearly finished, they will be worked off tomorrow.

We were very much shocked to hear that the young Mexican who played with us in the Salmon Lake game was drowned this afternoon while canoeing in East Pond.

Mr. Dick's Song (Sing-Song = July 22nd)

Oh Bryan O'Lyn was a man of ~~renowned~~ renown,
The most pugnacious person in all Dublin town;
If you wanted a substitute for O'Grady's goat
You just tread on the tail of his mush mush mush coat!

As I was a-walking in the pasture to-day,
Two lusty young calves I saw far away;
I thought they must belong to Clint, but begobs,
When they came somewhat nearer I saw they were Bob's.

Pine Island came up here to play us baseball:
As the innings went by they weren't in it at all!
And the principal item that helped us to win
Was that lovely professional cap of the Hen.

Captain Jack is a corker, 't is needless to say,
We see him do wonderful things every day,
But none can approach him, so no one need try,
When he's vainly endeavoring cold mush for to fry.

But the Captain and Andrew together have got,
And you'll presently see them if you're on the spot,
Captain Jack with the smoke making tears in his eyes,
And Andrew trying to teach the young idea how to fry.

Oh Johnny departed to Woods Hole one day,
The most popular portion of all Buzzard's Bay,
But when he got there he was four hours late — —
— But that couldn't be helped, for he travelled by freight.

Two genial young lads have come out of the West;
We think old Missouri has sent us her best;
There's Graham and Harold, one dark and one fair, —
— You can tell them apart by the curl of their hair.

When Harold arrived so much water he drank
That we called him the Great North American Tank;
Nine glasses at once, I could hardly believe,
I guess he concealed one or two up his sleeve.

Friend Graham is warlike, you'd better look out,
And do not annoy him whate'er you're about!
In his cubicle yonder he has endless hoards
Of boxing gloves, shot guns, knives, pistols, and swords.

Mr. Morse and the Doctor were up in a tree
Each tried to go higher than the other you see
Said the Doctor you'll see me go higher right soon
For I think I'll go hire a fire balloon.

Oh Clinton took Andrew and Mike to the dance
They thought they would go there to caper and prance
But Mike was the only one got to the floor
For both of the other ones got stuck in the door.

July 28.

B. ?
T ?
W. N. W.
fresh. clear
& bright.

The Editors have to confess, in sack cloth and ashes, that they forgot their weather !!!
So that beyond saying that it was just as it ought to be. The sun out bright and clear, and the gale having blown itself out to a good fresh breeze.

Second Day of Field Sports.

The second part of the Field Sports, the Running High Jumps, and Pole Vault were worked off with great glory this morning. The Hop-step-and-jump, and the Potato Race will come tomorrow.

Pine-Island Ping-Pong Tournament.

This afternoon was the Ping-Pong Tournament with Pine Island. We went down in a flotilla of six canoes. We had a delightful paddle, and Mrs Colby and Mrs MacElwee were very kind and hospitable, and we had a delightful paddle back again. The result of this very imminent Event (I confess we would not have been greedy enough to win the Tug-of-War and ping-pong both) follows below; but we will say that we defended ourselves well, and that the Camp Doubles, 20 – 18, was as gallantly fought for as a game could be.

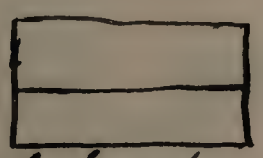
Faculty Singles, Mr. Morse, Mr. Colby — Pine Island
Un-faculty Singles, Shaw, Cady — Pine Island
Camp Doubles, Mr. Morse, Shaw, Mr. Colby, Cady. Pine Island.
Un-faculty Doubles, Shaw, Laurence, W. Cady, A. Cady, Pine Island

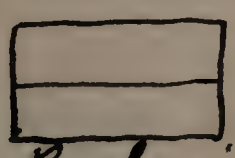
July 29 - Rain all day long!!

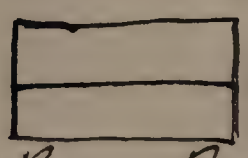
Another rainy day! But we managed to keep our spirits up — even to the roaring point — with a Progressive Game scheme, the outline of which follows below. We began at 2.45 sharp; at 3 the bell rang, and the inside couples moved up one to the right game ("The Hatter: 'Let's all move up one place; I want a clean cup:'"); at 3.15 the bell rang again, and the outside couples moved to the right, and so on till 5.30 when the games had to be stopped to set the table. It worked well, and the afternoon went off with a snap. At 5 arrived:

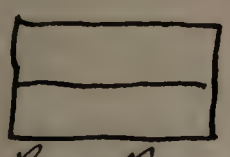
Mrs. John A. Robinson Kansas City - Mo.

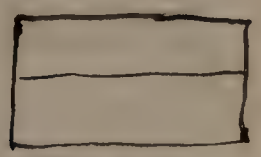
Plan of the Games.

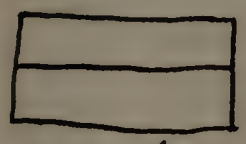

Crokinole.

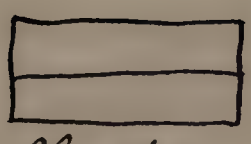

Parcheesi.


Bean Bags


Ping Pong.


Carom.


Up Jenkins.


Hearts.

Sing - Song (July 29th)

1. Overture - Chopsticks

2. Stein Song - H.H.R.

3. Acrobatic Stunt - Dr. Moore (assisted by Barton and Hall)

4. Choruses - The Water Rats, Forty Years On.

5. Piano Solo - A.M.R.

6. Stunt - Mr. Morse, Shaw, and Hoguet. (with assistants)

7. Stunt - The Pantasotes

8. Choruses - Old Towler, Sly Fox, Camp Song.

Song of The Pantasotes

These Campers are from Pantasote, which is on Johnny's Isle,
And if you want a hully time you'll camp there for a while

Chorus:

At Pantasoty,
At Pantasoty, -
The greatest camp that Merryweather knew!
So democratic,
And energetic,
Was panty - panty - panty - panty - sole!

At lunch that day the lovely Shay performed a little trick;
He thought his conduct, I am told, most beautifully chaste;
He took the biggest slice of beef, at which the campers howled,
And then he put his paws on it, bit in his teeth, and growled!

Chorus.

At Smithfield lived a miller old, ~~and~~ in a mill as old as he —
We rocked his mill, and he came out as mad as he could be.
"You needn't trouble, boys," he said, "to remove the old mill in" —
"No trouble at all!" said Captain Jack, with his fascinating grin.

Chorus.

As we were doing Meadow Brook we met a large canoe,
A man of muscle in the stern — a lady with him too;
They paddled on until they saw the Captain's dishabille, —
The mutual flush that tinged them both was pitiful to see!

Chorus.

When Pantasotes were all asleep, and tucked up snug and tight,
The horror on dear Arthur's face was an awe-inspiring sight —
In dreams he fled from slimy beasts which followed him with roars,
And woke a dummy, quivering mass — to find 'twas Mud-hen's snores.

Chorus.

Just as the Etheneezer's bottom grated on the ground,
Phil Hart began to squawk and flap, and said a friend he'd found;
He thought he'd found a Mud-hen's tracks upon the beach, you know,
And then was filled with deep disgust to find 'twas but a crow.

Chorus.

Across North Pond on Thursday Shay lay flat upon his back,
And took a bath in his canoe — of water he'd no lack!
But Annie and Captain Jack did ~~not~~ bulrushes espy,
And thanks to these their jolly crew reached Smithfield warm and dry.

Chorus.

B. 29.19
T 76°
Calm,
Light, very
variable
winds, with
no smart
flow about
3 p.m.

Thursday, July 30.

Very hot, close, muggy air.

Ice Coolidge, to our house, left this morning, and Mrs Robinson after dinner.

THE GREAT REGATTA.

Entries:

Jollly-cum-pop	J.W.R.	Hay-seed	Carey
Sure Thing	C. Burgess.	Chow-Chow	A. Shaw / R. Amory
Wash Tub	G. Pearson	Dear Me!	R.R.
I'd Know	T. Gardiner	Narcissus	C. Hubbard
Mush. Mush	S. Bennett	Dutchess Trousers	J.H.M. jr.
Sky-lark	G. Grant	Jelly-fish	H. Perry
Fierce Thing	L. Crocker	Ping-pong	W. Lawrence
Portland Star	J.H.H.	Ponderosa	J.R.
Cumorabody 2nd	H.R.	Baratoosa II	J.P. Hartt.
Ivory Soap	B. Davenport.	Ventura	Dr. Moore
N. or M.	A.M.R.	Jay-bird	Jack Coolidge / Otis Russell
Micawber	J. Coolidge	Pomme de Terre	F.M.B.

Flying Spud L.E.R. 2.

The race was sailed in three heats on Thursday, with a final heat on Friday between the first three boats in each heat. All the heats were in light winds, the third in almost a calm. The order of finishing follows:

	First heat.	Second heat.	Third heat.
First,	Ventura	Wash Tub	Jolly-cum-pop
Second,	Sure Thing	Chow-Chow	Ponderosa
Third,	Ivory Soap	Flying Spud	Baratoosa II

29.33
69°
IV.W.
h.
ght and
n.

July 31 -

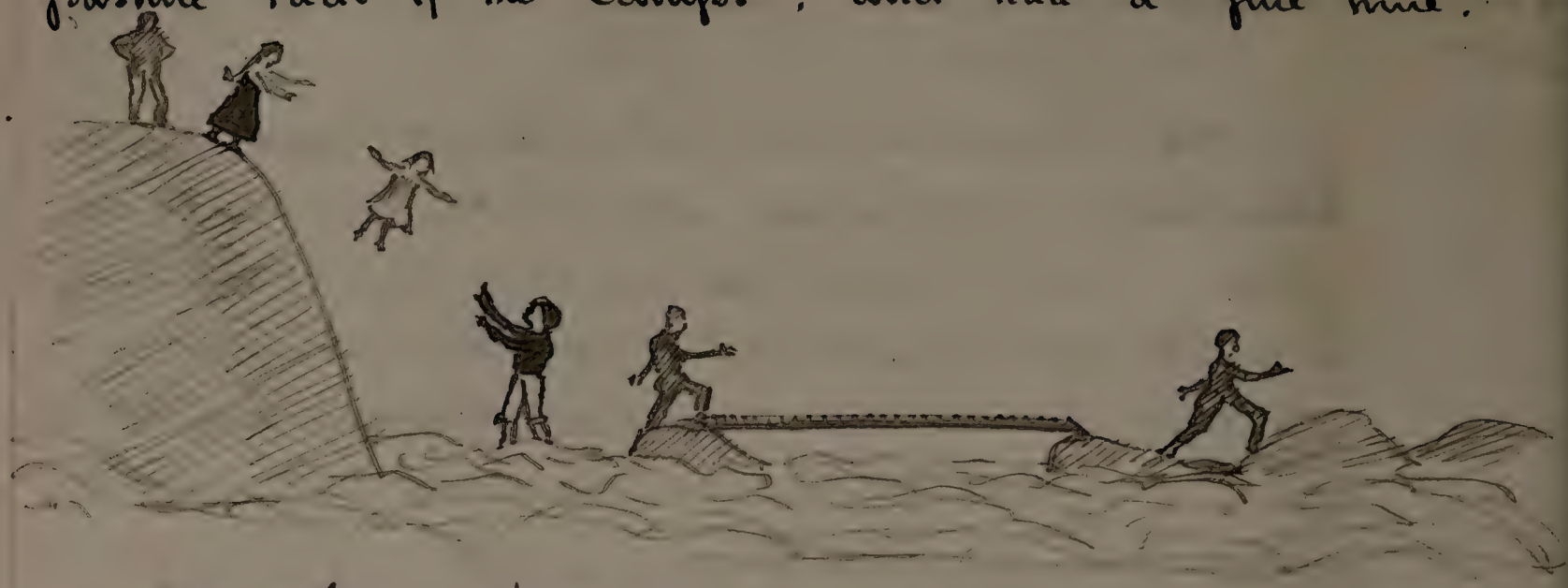
Mr. Richards' foot, which got inflamed from a small cut, and has been exceedingly painful for the last two days, is much better, though he will have to walk on crutches for several days, probably.

A glorious Shy-Fox expedition in search of Ridden Pond. They did not find it, but report "the best trip yet"; they lunched at Beaver Spring, climbed Musk-rat mountain, and discovered Musk-Rat Pond. When they got home, though, we sang this little song to them:

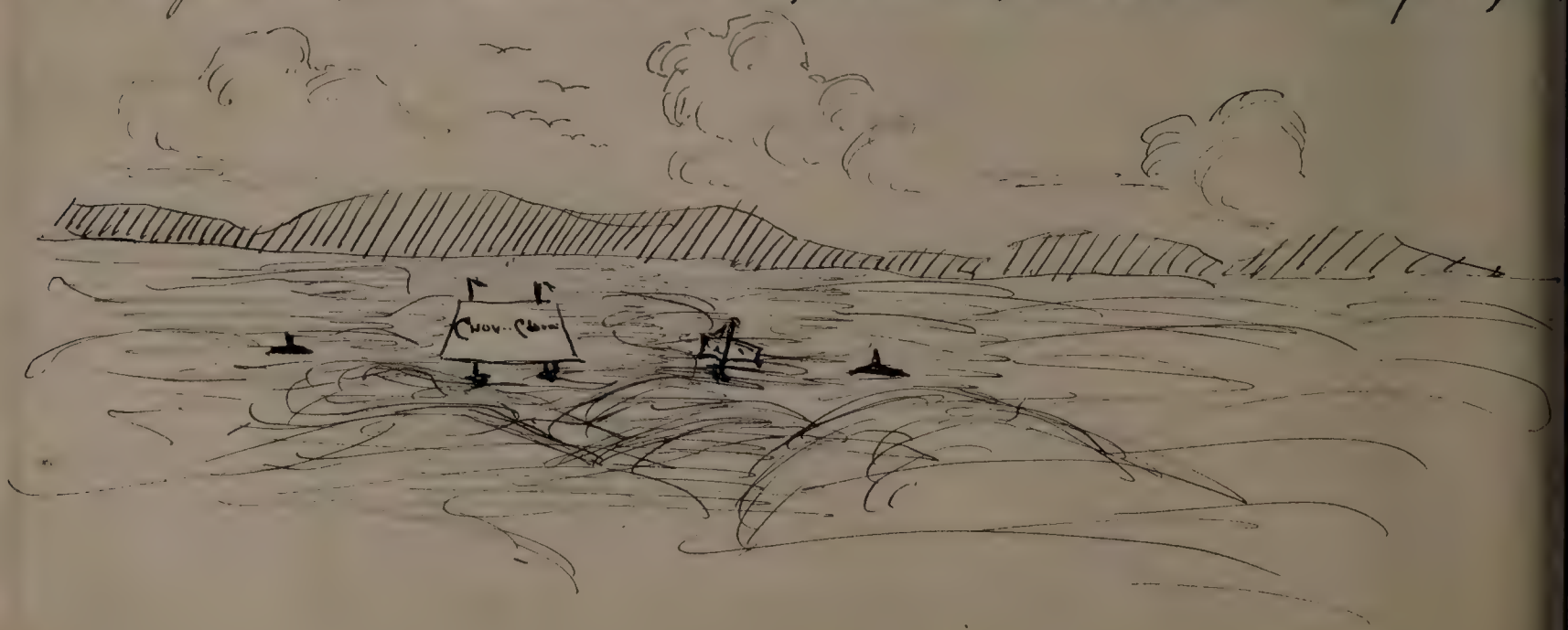
"Oh, when last we saw the Shy-Fox,
She was sitting in the water, -
- Sitting in the water with her crew;
And when we tried to join them,
They paddled off and left us, —
— Now wasn't that a horrible thing to do?
Weren't they horrid?
Yes but they were!
They said they'd never leave us!
And we'll never love the foxes,
We'll never love the foxes,
We'll never love the foxes any more!

- The Stay-at-homes were not to be beaten, and had a fine, if somewhat exciting, expedition for the mail. Expecting a peaceful walk along the shore, they had to find fierce streams, carry the ladies across ~~the~~ rushing torrents, and rescue the Jelly-fish from a watery grave, but they wound up with chocolate and I Spy in the

pastime part of the Campers, and had a fine time.



× The third heat was sailed in a moderate breeze, but the waves left over from a strong wind in the afternoon caused fears of the boats to capsize, and wet the sails of some others. The Jolly-cum-pop took the lead at the start, and had opened out a big lead, when a sudden puff of wind capsized her, this was very hard luck for the old defender, as it practically put her out of the race, the Chow-Chow winning, with the Flying Spud second. The Ivory Soap, Baratoora II, and Ponderosa capsized.



29.62
67.°
N. W.
esh.

August 1 -

The day began with sorrow and mourning. Lyncham, Appleton, and Otis, The Iden, (oh dear!) Under and Anna left us, for Gardiner, Boston. Bar Harbor, etc. Gerge Pearson left in the afternoon, for Price Island. We were left forlorn till 6. when To our joy the August Fullness came over the hill.

Francis H. Appleton Boston, Mass.-
Frank H. Whitmarsh
Wm. DeLord Beal
P. W. Carter
Charles Read Nutter
Leander Allen Plummer Jr.
Sam Dale Stevens Jr.
Henry S. Appleton
Abbott Stevens

Field Sports, July 26 & 28

	First	Second	Third		Points N	Points S	Record
Junin 100 yds	R. Bennett	Gardiner	S. Bennett	14 4/5			
Jr 100yd, 2nd heat	H. Robinson	Lawrence	Perry	13 3/5	4	5	
Sr 100 yd	Harrt	Shaw	G. Robinson	12 4/5	1	8	
Faculty 100 yd	Hall	Barton	Morse	11 3/5	1	8	
Jr. Shot Put	Lawrence	Swift	S. Bennett	29.75	9	0	
Sr. " "	Shaw	G. Robinson	Hogner	28.2	8	1	
Faculty " "	Moore	H. H. Richards	Barton	32.8	3	6	
Jr 100, Final	H. Robinson	R. Bennett	Gardiner & Lawrence	15 1/5	6	3	
Jr. Broad Jump	S. Bennett	Swift	R. Bennett	13, 15	9	0	
Sr. " "	G. Robinson	Shaw	Hogner	16.35	5	4	
Faculty " "	H. H. Richards	Hall	Barton	17.75	3	6	
Jr. Three-legged	Swift & Lawrence	Russell & R. Bennett	Gardiner & Grant	23 2/5	5½	2½	
Sr. " "	Shaw & Harrt	G. Robinson & Hogner			8	1	
Jr. High Jump	S. Bennett & Carey		Lawrence		9	0	
Sr. " "	Shaw	Hogner	G. Robinson	4' 9 3/4"	8½	½	
Faculty " "	H. H. Richards	Morse	Hall, Moore	4' 8 3/4"			
Jr. Pole Vault	Russell	Gardiner	Swift	4' 3"	9	0	
Sr. " "	G. Robinson	Shaw	J. R. Coolidge	5' 10"	8	1	
Faculty " "	Richards	Moore	Barton	7' 6"			
Jr. Hop, Step & Jump							
Sr " " "							
Faculty " " "							
Jr. Potato Race							
Sr. Potato Race							

B.29.80 Aug 2. . Sunday. - Eliot's Birthday. -
T 72°
W. N.W. The best picnic day this year. All hands but
fresh, clear the Skipper. who is still on crutches. and T.T.,
and bright went up to the foot of Blueberry Hill. on the
West Side. where "an enjoyable time was had".
There was a good race coming back. all the boats
close at the finish.
- Eliot thought we had forgotten the day. but
we hadn't. and cheered him at breakfast.

B.29.81 Aug 3.
T. 69°
N. N.W.,
moderate.

Second Salmon Lake Game.

Salmon Lake 9.

Merryweather. 7.

The Score, has unfortunately met with an accident. in the
shape of a collision with an iron pillar in the Second
Game this evening. Their team was a little
better all round than ours (They had filled all
their weak places with stronger men since the
last game). We went last to the bat. and
made one run in the first inning. but
could not score again until the last half of
the ninth. They having made seven runs in
the meanwhile. In the ninth we made a
gallant rally. and got six runs. tying the
score. They made two more runs in the
first half of the tenth. and though we very
nearly brought on three men in in the last
half. we just failed. and they had the game.

Their pitcher. "Dutchy", was very swift, and showed a good jolly spirit all through the game. It was unfortunate that some of the new men they got in did not have such a good spirit as all their first nine did, and were dispersed in order, which made it difficult for Mr. Colby, who very kindly umpired for us, and who had an unusual number of unusually close decisions to judge; the batting order follows.

Merryweather.		Salmon Lake.	
Carter,	ss.	Townsend,	c.
Whitmore,	c.f.	Reynold,	s.s.
H.H. Richards,	1b.	Warner,	l.f.
Moore,	c	Levine (Dutchy)	p.
Barton,	2b	Van Houten	c.f.
Hall	l.f.	Warren	2b.
Morse,	3b.	Green	1b
Marsh,	r.f.	Hayden	r.f.
Shaw,	p.	Read,	3.b.

Race.

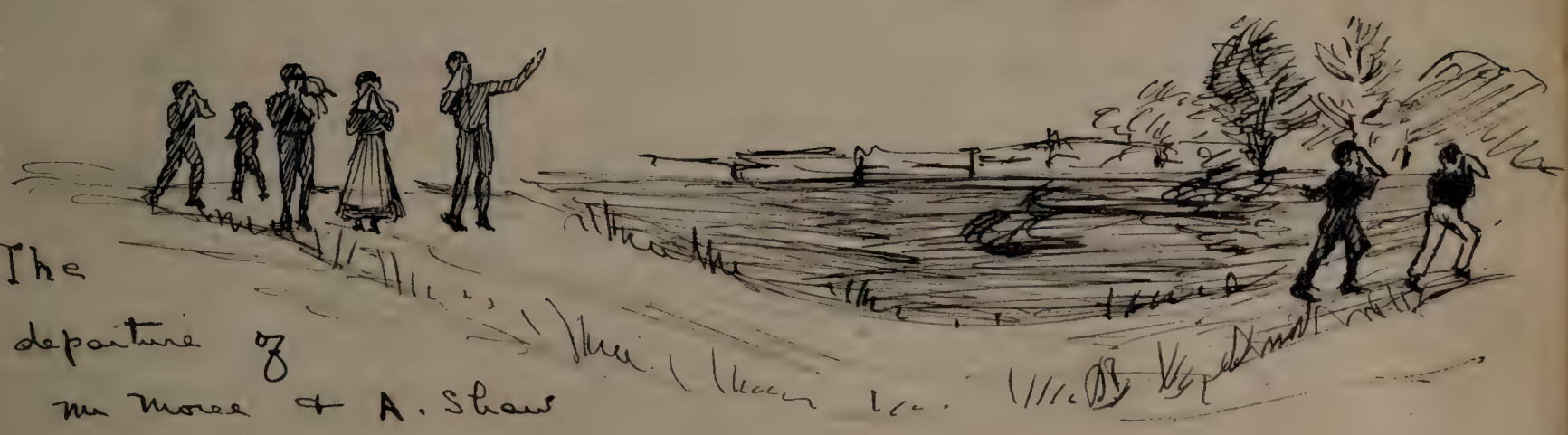
We had an informal race in the evening between the Jolly-cum-hop, Chow-Chow, Flying Spud, Sure Thing, Ponderosa, and Portland Star. The wind was very light just before the race, so all the boats had their big sails on; but as the race was starting it suddenly began to blow hard, which proved very disastrous, all the boats except the Jolly-cum-hop capsizing. The Portland Star was keeping abreast

of the Jolly-cum-pop, and might have beaten had she not capsized.

Aug 4.

The Sixth Camping Trip got 71 very well at
9.63 10 a.m.
69° We have heavy news to chronicle. Mr. Morse
w. fresh. and Arthur started on their walking trips for
w. clouding Mount Bigelow and parts unknown, at 9.30, and
in noon. Christ at noon. God hold go with them.

We have our first invalid today, Charles Hartford being in bed with a headache and a slight cold.
ver of 6th Much fishing in the afternoon, but unfortunately only
uping Trip. one fish; Mr. Miller caught a small bass, and
. Barton, just saved the day.
next Afr. In the afternoon we were cheered by two arrivals:
ster, William Amory Gardner.
old Robinson J. F. Gray.
ickers,



The departure of Mr Morse & A. Shaw

August 5.

B. 29.60
T. 69°
W. S. E
Fresh.
Cloudy. some rain in the night.

Farmer passed his swimming examination: Awirals;

Mr and Mrs Gray, who stayed to dinner, but we unfortunately forgot to get them to sign their names.

There was a game between the Sixes and ~~the~~ Half-dozens. The latter winning, 16 – 14.

In the afternoon Mr. Gardner and Mr. Nutter and T.T. fished off the south end of Chute Island, catching one very fine and large characider, a rare and beautiful fish (for description of the which see the Compleat Angler); and two bass. We met with an unfortunate accident to our anchor, so that in spite of the gallantry and address shown by the entire ships' company, we were late to supper. and were received in a most cold and unkind manner!

Start of the Bigelow Pilgrims.

In the evening we had the pleasure of hearing a good letter from the mountain climbers. Mr. Morse and Arthur. They had got only as far as Madison, having found the miles in that neighborhood uncommonly long and sandy ones.

Sing - Song.
August 5.

1. Chopsticks . . . . . F.M.B., J.P., L.E.P.x.
2. Mandolin Solo . Graham Robinson
3. Piano Solo . . . . . A.M.P.
4. Choruses, Lyon of Preston, Song of the Sly Fox, John Peel.

=

5. Song, ... John Marsh.
6. Duet, ha ci darem, ... A.M.P., H.H.P.
7. Fishing Song. . . . . Quartette & Chorus.
8. Choruses . October, Merryweather Boys, Camp Song.

=

From the Fishing Song:

==

- But now came Mr Gardner,
  And Mr Nutter too,
  They said, "My boys, we'll show you how
  At Groton School we do!"
  And did — oh yes, they showed us!
  But what — well, there's the rub!
  They might not live it if we said
  They caught — a monstrous CHUB!!

July 31 An account of the trip to Muskrat Mountain, carried over from page 55 -

At 10.10 A. M. the Sly Fox left Camp, with the following campers on board. A. Gardiner, T. Gardiner, passengers; Pearson, Crocker, Hartt, Lawrence, M. Morse, L. E. Richards jr. J. Richards E. Farley, paddlers: H. H. Richards coxswain. With a fresh westerly breeze against us we proceeded without any particular accidents or incidents to the mouth of Beaver Brook on Long Pond. There we found ~~a~~ unexpected accomodations in the ~~shape of wooden~~ benches and a table for picnic parties and a delicious spring with benches round it and a roof over it. We got there about 11.45 and ~~she~~ stayed about an hour and a quarter during which we ate our dinner and tried to comfort Crockery, who was greatly terrified by hornets. By the way, we found that a deep, flowing rhubarb pie is a difficult thing to eat gracefully without plate, knife, fork or spoon - But we did it! After dinner, at one o'clock we started up the brook, which was so full of stepping stones that we could get along very easily and quickly by jumping from one stone to the next. After fourth of a mile we left the brook, swung to the right, and found better going in a pasture - Near the house which belongs to the pasture we joined the brook again where it crosses

the road and went up the bed of it for some distance through very fine woods until we finally came out on a small pond, full of lily pads and surrounded by low boggy woods. This we called Muskrat Pond - It is next to Beaver Pond and looks like a good place for muskrats, so why not? We worked along the west shore of the pond, finding the going very hard, soft underfoot and full of thick bushy undergrowth. We soon gave up going to Kidder Pond and as we caught glimpses through the trees of a great green hill rising up to the northwest of us, we decided to climb it, and did so - Not far back from the pond, in the woods, we found a path running north & south which led us to a deserted farm near the north end of the pond. There we struck up through the woods and came out on the side of the hill, in a green pasture - A hard climb brought us to the top where we enjoyed a very fine view, lakes to the east, mountains to the west of us - We came back in a hurry, had some luck in finding paths in the woods and got home in time for supper. To reach the Mountain, follow Beaver Brook up to Muskrat Pond. Strike <u>west</u> to path, follow path <u>north</u> to deserted farm - Path towards mountain goes into the woods at S. W. corner of barn -

Report of Camp Avalanche.

Trade {Excelsior} mark

The camp ~~I~~ was named neither for the speed displayed on all occasions nor for the speed with which it went from the top of our bill of fare to the bottom, but for the discovery of a real down-to-date avalanche {"!" and also the fine tree's withered branches}.

We put out from camp at about ten o'clock of a ~~Monday~~ Tuesday, August 4. The row to the north end of Long Pond was done easily with a stop for lunch on a scrubby point not far from our destination. Before lunch we went in swimming and took turns on the sole surviving towel (two had been left behind to dry at the mills, and are still drying perhaps). Out of consideration for the fine row of blisters on Butler's hands, we rigged up a beautiful Venetian sail out of a blue & red blanket, and simply flew (almost), to the mouth of Rocky Mt. Brook. We worked hard for two hours after we got up camp, and in that time we constructed a wonderful bed of fir boughs. Butler, in the mean time laid himself out to give us the best food ~~in~~ yet. At eight o'clock we were more than ready for bed.— All But Jelly Fish and Curly who were loth-and-waiting all over our wonderful feather bed. We watched them from a safe distance; ~~and~~ when

they had created a perfect chaos, the voice of authority was heard and the two sciapers had to re-make all the beds. Curly was heard to say several times in a soft tone "It don't pay," and it didn't. The stories told about the camp-fire were of the usual blood curdling variety, but we all slept very soundly from 10-11:00 to 5:30. It rained in the night, but that did not prevent us from having a fine breakfast. The bill of fare was somewhat as follows.

Hasty Pudding (repeated several times)
Bacon " 3 "
Fried Mush " several "
Cocoa " many "
Fried potatoes " " "
Super-luscionsness

(Receipt: Mush, add syrup, add cocoa.)

After a weak attempt to digest breakfast, we cut Alpine-stocks and started up the brook for the mountain. There was the usual number of falls; and wettings before we left the brook, but they were nothing to what came later. Climbing S.W., we reached a spur of the mountain not found on any map, and then after a steep ascent, we reached the top of the mountain.

B. 29.70
T. 68°
S.E, Moderate
Cloudy.

3 Bass
2 Perch
1 Pickerel

August 6

Cloudy, and cold, with occasional rain all day. Fishing in the afternoon. four boats staying out to supper, with, however, sadly small results; Mr. Bartois boat did finely, getting ~~eleven~~ nine fish, so there is enough for chowder tomorrow night. but no one else got any.

Boston in the evening.

A.M.P. went to Gardiner, to return on Saturday.

29.81
T. 70°
W. Trying to clear all day, wind every which way, one good shower in afternoon.

August 7.

Great game between the North and South dormitories. the first dormitory game we have ever had, the North winning 18 - 15, after a glorious rally from the South, who brought their score up from 10 to 14, against fearful odds, in the 8th Inning.

During the afternoon there was a catastrophe. The Postmen, there being a lively breeze and white caps. Tied the Pet Boy with a piece of Bartaris rod worked (This is not strictly True) and were grieved and shocked to find her gone when they returned to the shore. Finding her about to be dashed to pieces on the rocks, they flew for aid to the camps along the shore, and hurling into the

	SOUTH										NORTH								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
H Robinson Grant RF	K 3/3									RS RF	1/F5	2/F7-2	3/1-2		1/3	1 3/5-4	3/1-3		2/3
J. Richards 1B	1/F-1		1 3/4-3		2/F-1		3/4-3			Mon P.	K	BB		1/F-6				K	3/F-5
Hall P	2/F-1			1/	3/FF-2				1/F-1	Moore							K		
Swift CF				2/1-3		1/FF-2		1/F-3	2/1-3	H H... 1B	K	K		2/1-2			K	K	
Barton C			K	3/1-3		K			3/F-1	Hon... 2B	2/5-3	3/5-3		K				1/P-3	
D. Stevens 2B	3/1-3				1/3-2	2/1-3				J.F... 3B	BB						K		
Carter SS			K		BE	2/1-3				S.J... 3B	3/3			3/2-3	3/F-3		1/3	2/5-3	
A. Stevens 3B		1/F-3	1/1-3				1/F-1	2/1-3		Hun... CF		1/1-3				1/5-3	BE	3/1-3	
Plummer LF		2/F-1	2/F-3				2/F-4	3/5-3		B... LF		K				2/F-1	2/		1/
	1/1	0/1	6/7	0/7	2/9	1/10	0/10	4/14	1/15		2/2	2/4	1/5	3/7	4/11	0/11	4/15	3/18	0/18

afforded Mr. Gallagher's establishment. got that worthy to come to their aid, and at last got safely launched. No were these all their troubles. The wind, and the General's Sash, increased rapidly, so that between the two they were forced to run the boat up on Stevens Beach, whence they were rescued with dash and courage by the crew of the Wilkinson.

August 8 -

Expedition to Little Pond.

Clear T 56° at 9. a.m. Clear, still and bright

All hands but E. P. who is on sorrow would not come, got off in good time, the Canoes at 9. a.m., the Fox and the Rangeley following at 10. The Canoe fleet were the Bird, flag ship, H.P. and Margaret, the Ebenezer, the Commodore, Samuel, and R.P., the Hearta, Mr. Miller and Nick, the Squannacook, the Dodo and Rex, and the Pine, Captain Jack and Sam. The day was almost too perfect to believe, crystal clear, and all bright colours and sunshine. The Canoes, who formed the Meadow Brook half of the expedition, had a very beautiful, if a little strenuous, trip up the Brook and across North Pond. (The Skipper has left off his crutches, and after his recent illness was so reduced in strength that the other boats were kept hot and dripping behind him, and could scarcely keep him in sight at that!)

Little Pond was looking very lovely, and just about half way down it we heard cheers from the

foxes. just arrived from their walk across from the North west Bay. via Robins Brook. An account of this trip follows.

The Sly Fox and the Williwaw and Yamemerschooner started for Northwest Bay at 10. a. m., the Fox had a rather light crew, but they all arrived at Robins Brook without any adventure. The expedition tried to go from Robins Brook to Little Pond in an almost straight line, and in consequence got into a bog, through which they had to walk for more than a mile. On returning a longer but much easier route around the bog was taken. A strong head wind was blowing up the lake; but it was much easier for the Fox and Rangeleys to go against it, than it was for the canoes.

Seen on this trip:
2 eagles.
18 duck.
1 Fistern
1 Blue heron
1 Wilsonis tern.

A. M. C. returned in the afternoon.

I should think it was a head wind! We sneaked all the lee we could (at least the wise ones did!). But it was a long fight straight into the wind from Stony Point down. The whole fleet behaved with great gallantry, but the Captain and Sam in the Pinic deserve special honorable mention, and still more the Dodo and the Chicken. The Squamacook is the worst boat of the fleet in a sea, and they carried her through it nobly. It is a Goose Chicken. The expedition ended with a lively race between the Owl, with three paddles, and the Elen with two, the Commodore and the Clam winning by about a foot.

29.40
69°.
W. E, light
Rain in
afternoon
and evening.

August 9. Sunday.

It clouded thicker and thicker through the morning, and just as we were starting on the picnic began it rain. Everything was packed and ready, though, and we could not bear to give it up, so the walkers, all hands but E. T., H.R., and T.C., started for Thrush's point at 3.30. The waggon with E. T., T. T. and the luncheon, started half an hour later. It only rained lightly, and the walkers had a splendid fire, fine going by a fire, wood on the beautiful point, so we had a very jolly time, and a lot of singing, also hot buttered toast, toasted over the fire. Just as we were coming home the rain began in earnest. It

Picnic at Thrush's Point.

passed, but the walking party came swinging home in splendid form, singing one chorus after another; they drew up in line and saluted as the carriage passed them, and finally marched into camp, two and two, to a chorus which filled the house. There was a splendid fire going, and everything looked warm and bright, so after Campbell fell to those who needed them, and dry clothes all round, we settled down to hymns, and a story for the half past nine.

B. 29.80
T. 71°
Clearing in the morning. Wind N. strong & light. Hot in afternoon.

August 10. Full Moon.

John and Mr. Butler left us at 8.30, the former for the Grotin Camps, where he will return next Tuesday with Hamill.

At noon arrived:

S. E. Pope.

and in the afternoon,

Eleanor Haydee Heyde.

The third and last Salmon Lake Game was called at 2.30, and was won by The Salmon Lakers, 15 - 6. They had clearly the better and stronger Team, but we were able to hold them down in the 2nd and 3rd innings, and in the 4th, and in the ninth we almost succeeded in running the score up as we did last time. and ev it was made a very good rally. John Marsh pitched very well, indeed the Team did well all round. The most dramatic thing in the game was a wonderful running catch of Warner's, which brought instant applause from both sides. The score card follows on the next page.

This is the first evening we have had for a long while that has been warm enough for the water. The full moon was very beautiful, and all hands went out in the boats, and later had singing on the water.

Merryweather

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
c.s. Carter										
3d. Pope										
c. Moore										
1st. Richards										
l.b. Marsh										
r.f. Robinson										
2d. Barlow										
c.f. Hurst										
p. Hall										

Salmon Lake

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Gilman										
2d b. Warner										
1st Ramsey										
Ryan										
p. Lawrence										
3d Reed										
c.f. Van H.										

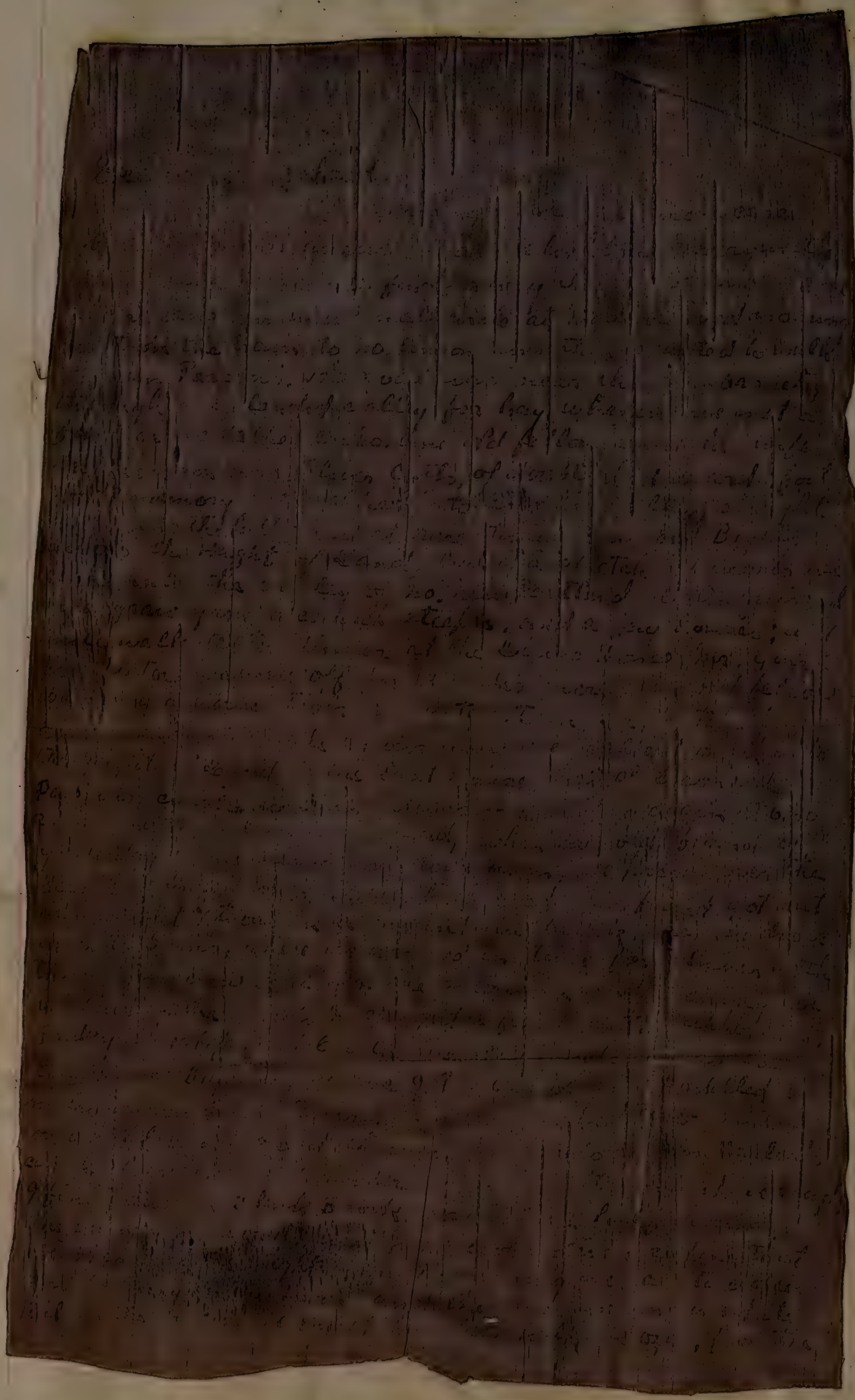
B. 29. 41
T. 68°
W. E., very light. Rain. Start 9 7th Camping Trip.
The Wodo. Graham. John Bog. Sammy, Farmer, Dr. Moore, Capt. (See p. 85)

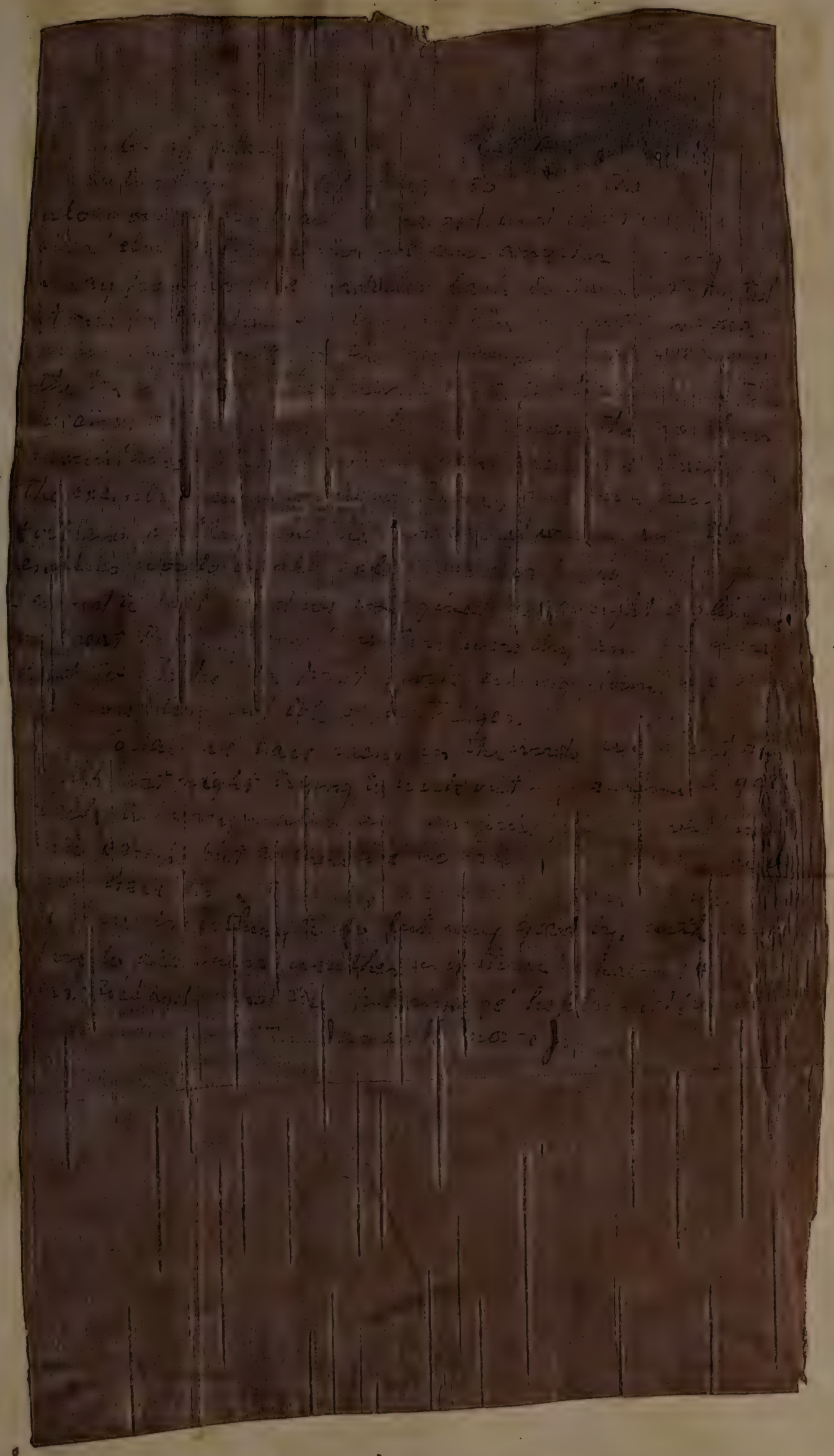
August 11.

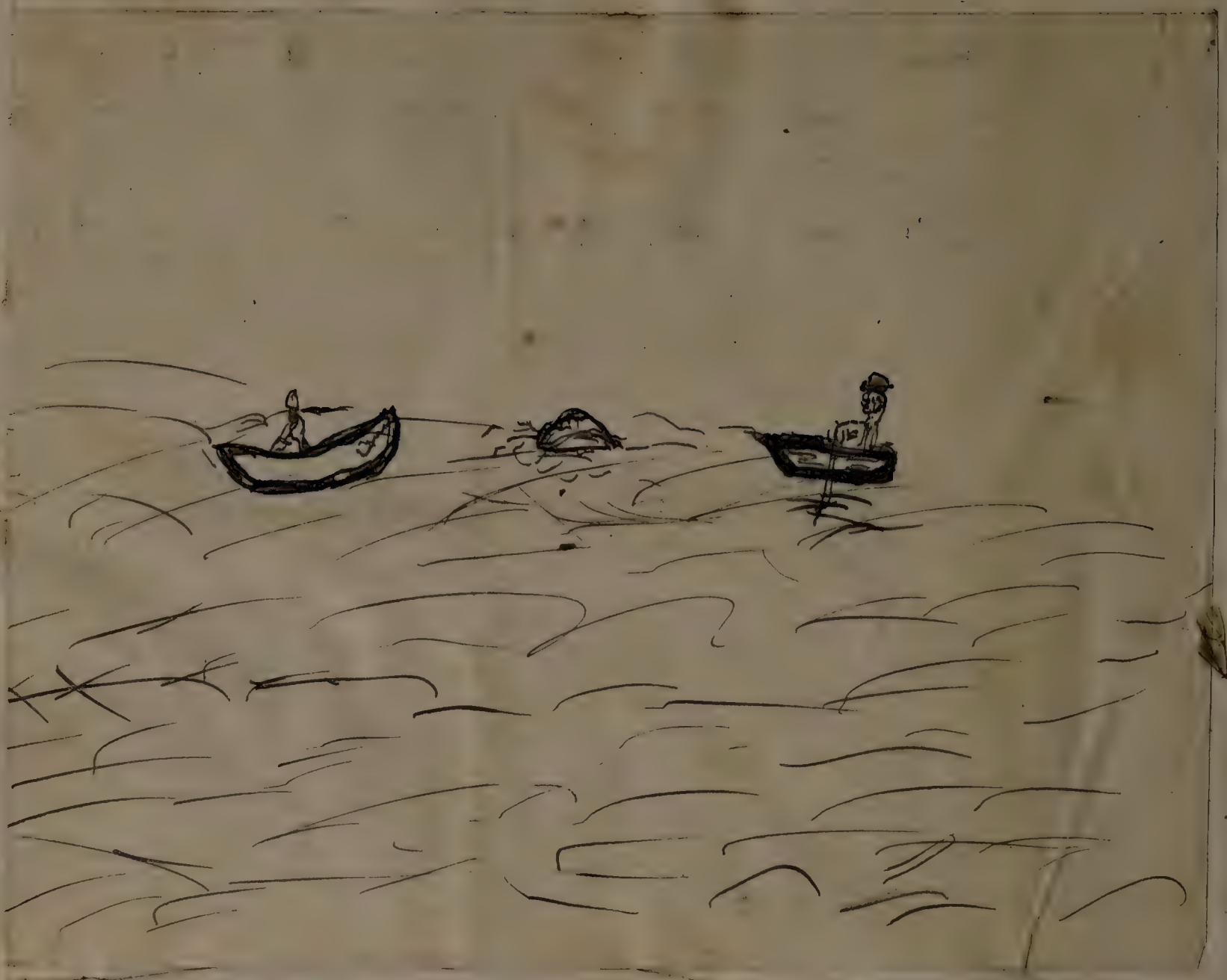
The early morning was lovely, but it clouded early, and by dinner time was raining. It rained slightly, and all the Brethren (& almost all) got out for good canoe practice in the afternoon, and there were some very pretty manoeuvres and short races in front of the Camps. There are getting to be many more good canoeists this year than last.

Last night we were cheered by good letters from John Wagstaff, written on the steamer, and posted as he was starting from Scotland, and tonight we have good news from Lyncham and the Happy Hooligan, and best of all, a letter from the Pilgrims, which follows below.

The Campers got off this morning reading in good time; it is hard lines that they should have rain.







General Grant passing his canoe test, by my youngest artist, B.B.

29.3* August 12
72°
S. light, Leander passed his canvening test this morning, and
th e showery Hoover Abe and Mick unfortunately did not. better
a.m. clearing that next time.
noon. Fishing in the afternoon. 4 bass only being caught.

* Bass.

Jumping off Place

Sing Song
August 12.

1. Piano Solo — A.M.R.
2. Song, The Pale Young Curate, — H.H.R.
3. Songs, — Miss Hyde.
4. Stunt, — The Avalanches.
6. Choruses, Old Towler, The Water Rats.

=

7. Verses, — Mr Gardner.
8. Duet, — Mr Diar & Miss Hyde.
9. Sextette, The Eggs And The Ham.
10. Dramatic Stunt, Lord Ullin's Daughter,
Mr Gardner, R.R, H.H.R, Burgess & others
11. Choruses, The Bell, Forty Years On.
Camp Song

==

"Come back!
Come back!!"
He called in grief

When the humble bee is humming
And the Summer is a coming
And the grasshopper is hopping in the meadows once again
Then away with work & worry
O my merry men, & hurry
To the Camp of Merryweather in the good old State of Maine.

We take our swimming garments
Worms & frogs & other varmints
Bats & balls, canoes & paddles from the lairs where they have lain
And from morning until nightfall
We engage in sumpi frightful
In the Camp of Merryweather in the good old State of Maine.

We indulge in peapod shellings
Mixed with readings & with spellings
And the cry of Second Helpings never greets our ears in vain.
Be it Camping, be it Fishin'
Or an all Day Expedition
From the Camp of Merryweather in the good old State of Maine.

And when days, alas, grow shorter
And when colder gets the water
And sadder thoughts assail us now of Parting's tender pain,
We pile the logs the higher
And gather round the fire
All things are transitory
So just one more grand ghost story
And farewell dear Merryweather, may we all return again.

William Amory Gardner.

August 13th.

W. and S. E., fresh. The principal event of the day was a sad one, the departure of the Gardiner. The whole Camp became a collective Calypso, crying "Oh, stay with us!" But the dear and delightful Odysseus was firm, hoisted his sails, and departed for Ithaca — New Jersey! With him to the station went R. R. the Chief Logger, on a two-days' trip to Gardiner.

Base ball in the afternoon, the Ones vs the Twos. The Ones won, 13 — 10.

Oh, they were the ones that won!
Oh, they were the ones that won!
Their brothers the Twos
Had terrible bothers
Because of the Ones that won!

After tea, J. W. R. took out a great crew in the Surf, all Great Big Things! and they had a glorious paddle. This reminds me of something that should have been chronicled before, namely, that in the morning J. W. R. passed the canoe test triumphantly, as did also John Marsh, otherwise known as Johnny Bogs.

John Bogs he was a carpenter
Of credit and renown;
He put us up some noble shelves
In Morningside Town.
Now we have fleece for our mark,
Our inkstands and our Logs;
And all the Camp in rapture cries,
"Hurrah for Johnny Bogs!"

Batting	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
[illegible] RF	1 L 5-4	/ E4 ◇	1		1 5-3		1 ∴		
[illegible] 3B	/ ◇	L 3 ◇ F5			2 ∴		1 1-6		
[illegible] P	/ ◇	L ◇	/ 3 3-2		L ◇		L		
[illegible] C	E ◇	E6 ◇	1 1-3		BB 3 1-2		2 H-1		
[illegible] SS	BB ◇	L ◇	2 2-3		/		BB BB 5-2 3		
[illegible] 1B	2 4-3	/ T H		/	1 ∴		1 ∴		
[illegible] LF	4-3	/ ◇		1 1-2	2 1-3		2 H-1		
[illegible] 2B		E5 / ◇		2 1-3	3 4-3		/		
[illegible] CF		/ ◇ 2 4-3		3 2-3			1 ◇		
Score	3/3	8 / 11	0 / 11	0 / 11	1 / 12	0 / 12	1 / 13	0 / 13	

	Batting	1	2	3	4	5	6
12	[illegible] CF	1 4-3	/		2 F3		2 2-3
	[illegible] SS	1 ◇	1 1-3		2 F-1		3 ∴
	Barton C	E ◇	3 1-3			L ◇	
	[illegible] 1B	L ◇	L ◇			L ◇	
	[illegible] LF	L	1 1-3			1 1-3	
	[illegible] P	2 ∴	2 5-3			2 1-3	
	[illegible] 2B	3 5-2	3 1-3			E-1	
	[illegible] RF		1 ∴		E1 T 6-4	3 H-2	
	[illegible] 3B		1		1		1 4-3

	A	F
3 H-1		
	1 8-5	
E ◇	1 H-8	
1 ◇	3 H H-2	
1 ◇		1 1-3
1 ∴		4 E3 ◇
1		1
1		2 9-3
2 1-3		3 1-3
3	0	1
9	9	10

August 14th. Perfect Weather.

B. 29.61
T. 67°
W. N.W.
moderate.

"And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more,
All hopping through the frothy waves
And scrambling from the shore!"

Sky Fox expedition around the Horn, S. Bennett Perry Swift H. Robinson Carter Capt. Jack R. M. R. Plummer H. R.

A morning of departure! First, at 8.15 precisely off went the Sky Fox, bound for the Horn, manned on five margin. Next went our nightingale guest, Eleanor Hyde. Finally, after morning reading, a Camping Party left us, also marginally indicated.

Behold us, a small but thumpt Remnant, holding the fort against all comers!

-. Later: The party from round the Horn returned with great glory. beating the record by one minute.

Start of 8th Camping Expedition.

Camping expedition, R. Bennett Hubbard Grant D. Stevens. Gray Mr. Barton.

Report of Camp Dodo (Aug 11–12)

This trip should have been in care of Jim Barton but he had met with a painful accident and could not go that day. The list of campers may be found on page 75. Jim's boats left the float at 7:30 for the foot of Kenduskeag Stream. A stop of a few minutes at Lucerne to get fish bait for dinner. The trip over was otherwise without remarkable incident. Camp was placed at the head of Long Pond close by the foundation of Camp Aroostook, at the mouth of a small brook. The morning weather had given great promise. During dinner it began to rain so about 3 P.M. all except Boy + Jim went fishing. Fifty half an hour or so Beaver Brook we struck the mouth of Beaver Brook and decided to follow it up to Beaver Pond if possible. Briefly owing to the lack of skill of the Dodo, who got wet up to the knees (so did we all) we had to turn back before reaching the pond. In taking a short cut back the Dodo went [illegible] before reaching camp we caught two bass, on spoon-hooks, in the pitch[illegible]

Camp Dodo.

Rain

giving us a nice fresh bit for supper. Much rain during the evening but our quarters were ~~too~~ so comfortable that it bothered us not a bit. In the morning (early) Farmer and Graham got 4 bass (Farmer rather, and Dr Moon got one bass and a pickerel. The Dodo men also out and caught some pickerel grass. In winding up his line he found a small bass attached to his hook. After breakfast we started for the top of Rocky mountain which we reached in about an hours. Great fun in rolling stones down the slide. Then we slide down ourselves to a little pond at the foot of the mountain. Here we found a boat with a large hole in it in which (the boat) Farmer ventured out. The boat began to fill with water and Farmer grew desperate. But by the inducement of a quarter of a dollar he was induced to swim ashore with all his clothes on. This was the sensation of the trip. Having learned by experience that the Dodo was a trifle slow we gave him strict injunctions to keep to the brook which we were about to follow back to camp. So we (Dodo excepted) reached camp in 1/2 hr. and had a good swim before our friend reached us. We pulled camp about 2.30 & rowing easily reached home about five o'clock. A most enjoyable trip.

more bass
1 pickerel

Dodo is left in

Top of Rocky.

Start & finish slide

Farmer has a stunt

Brook

Swim.

Splendid trip

		Running Time	Carries & rests
State	8.15		
Mills arr.	9.02	--- 47	
" dep.	9.14		12 m carry
E. Mt. Vernon arr.	10.51	.. 1.37	
" dep.	11.00		9 m carry
Dinner arr.	11.11½	- - 11½	
" dep	12.42		1 h 29½ m rest
Pond arr	2.08	- - 1.26	
Pond dep.	2.15½		7½ m rest
N. Belgrade arr.	3.07	- - 57½	4.53
" dep.	3.28		21 m rest
Glenwis arr.	4.09	- - - 41	
Glenwis dep.	4.44		35 m rest
Camp arr	5.01	- - - - 17	
		5.10	

Elapsed Time 8.46

Aug. 14. '03

weather August 15. Perfect weather Again !!

n, owing The whole ships round the Horn, as follows
ndisposition got off at 9.30. had as
record perfect a chance as could
, but possibly be, and beat the
a record by twenty-five minutes,
s clear up stream, too.
n summer R.R. returned in the
this afternoon.
dy, a At 3.5 arrived:
nothing. Mary Hooper
and at 7.55
Richard A. Carter

We had, for the first time
in weeks, weather just
right for going out on the
water, still and warm.

In the afternoon
Camp. Royal
returned with flying colors:
Their report follows below.

Sly Fox - Round the Horn

August 15th

Carey	A. Stevens
Bull	Burgess
Marsh	G. Robinson
L.L.R. jr.	J.W.R.

N.N.R

~~4.~~

4.28

Report of the Royalists.

Without doubt, we were the most contented crowd that ever went a-camping: five in number, as Jupiter Gray missed our train. At the Mills we bought a LEMON which accompanied and cheered us on our perilous trip up the mountain. We reached camp for dinner. It was a very comfortable spot on a point just south of the bridge on Long Pond. As we landed, a great fierce sign stared us in the face.

> Parties are requested not to molest the trees.

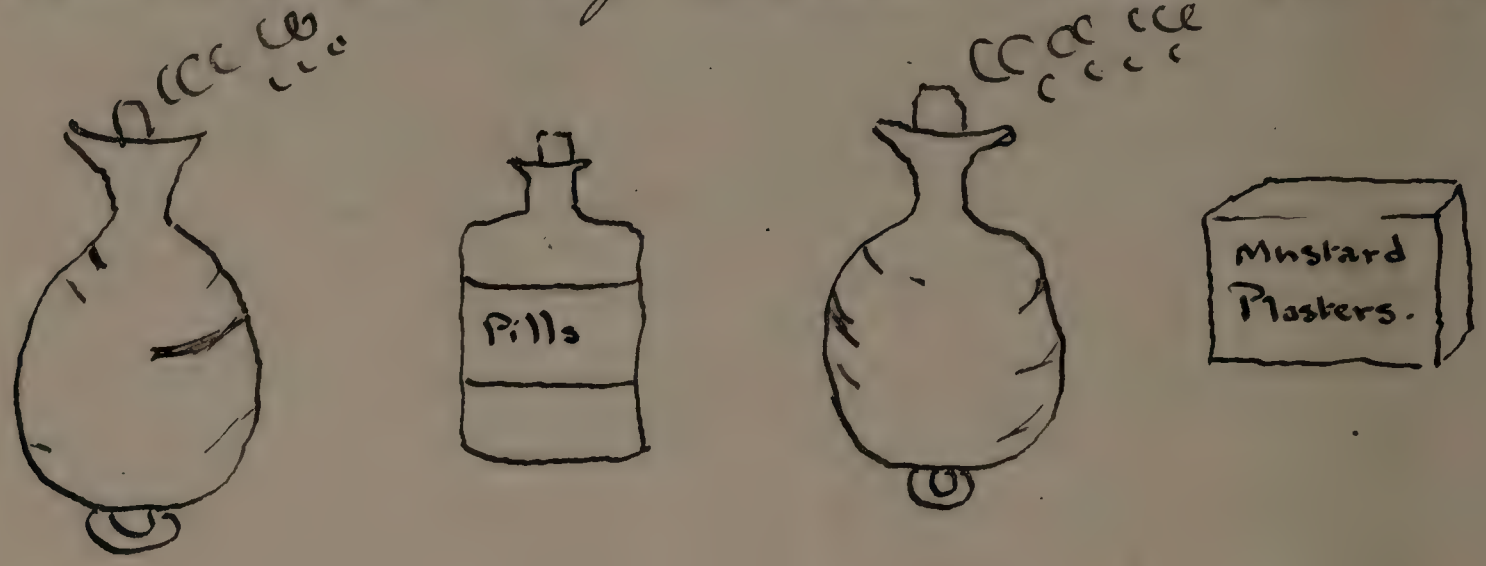
We tried very hard not to molest them, but several times we heard the pines murmuring.

The afternoon was lazily and happily spent. General, Roger, and Mr. Barton fished (and caught five good ones) while Chubbard and Dale went exploring in the swamp near by. Roger caught his first bass on a hand line, and General did the same thing on his rod; the fish were very tame, of course.

The supper was a grand feast, and when we stopped (for lack of room), the fish were gone and our "grub-basket" had shrunk considerably. Too full to move, we shopped into a boat and floated out onto the pond. Then we sang and talked

[illegible] or so; General was very much startled by the appearance of a great light in the south, which remained a mystery never to be solved.
On returning to camp we had — — — FIRE-WORKS of marvelous beauty, told the usual round of stories, and went to bed. It was a clear quiet night and we all slept well.
Early the next morning, Mr. Barton went out in search of news. To be sure, there was a small hill to climb not far from camp, but there also to the south and was Mount Royal, looking so very tempting that we were all anxious to make the climb. The search was as successful as we could wish: the mountain was within reach, and in some mysterious way, a dozen eggs found their way back to camp, and not much later, to our eager stomachs.
At nine o'clock, we set out overland for the mountain. Our chief baggage was the Lemonade [and a bag of crackers] and even to the last, it cheered us on, like the noble lemon it was. The walk was a pleasant one, across country to the mountain road, and thence through the woods to the pasture above. The General's eagle eye detected the presence of a rampant bull, and at the same time a farmer appeared with a pitch-fork to help if the animal, who he feared, was "ketchy"

B. 29.50 August 16th. Sunday. The Sash Picnic.
T. 73°. The air and water were about the warmest
Cadish we have had this summer. The picnic on the
warm!! sand beach, near the mouth of Meadow Brook
Wind calm. was marred by several dashes in the party
clear.



29.40 August 17th. Mr. Parlin went away at 4.53 A.M.!!
T. 75° In the afternoon there was a tremendous
Calm. and lowering Thunder shower, in fact three savage
quite hot storms one after another, not very much
in the A.M. wind, but hammering rain, and very
Heavy shower black clouds.
in p.m. The 9th Camping Trip started after breakfast.
in perfect weather, in the April and the
Start of Ebenezer. We hope they did not get dreadfully
9th Camping wet this afternoon!
Trip.
Three parties of shipmates, a fearing to
John Boy, be shipmates, fisherman and women came
Graham, in for shelter from the storm.
Clam, Mrs Richards went to Gardiner in the
Nick afternoon.
Butter, Fishing: 5 bass caught. The fishers were caught in the
Mr. Wick. storm, and built a good fire

9.50
9°
alm; clear.

August 18. Charles Hubbard's birthday.

We had a good day for Charlie's birthday which was celebrated in due form with cake and candles, and good wishes all round.

In the afternoon we had great races, between Charles Burgess and Farmer. the former winning. Charles Hubbard and Grant. the former winning. and Charles Burgess and Sam, " " " .

Lalin In the we had a fine set of Rubber Field Sports, as follows:

Running Broad Crawl.

Farmer. 1
Curly } . 2.
Rex }

Nicknames are given, to show that these sports are not strictly Formal.

40 yds Dash. 1st Heat.

Curly. 1
Podge. 2
Dale. 3

40 yds Dash. 2nd Heat.

Chicken. 1.
Sam 2.
Abe 3.

40 yds Dash. Finals.

Curly, 1.
Chicken. 2.

Nose and Toe.

Jelly. 1.
Grunt 2.
— 3.

Rubber Field Sports, Cont'd.

Wheelbarrow Race.

Chicken
Chub } 1.

Abe
Grunt } 2.

Sam
Jupiter } 3.

40 yds Skip.

Podge, 1.
Curly, 2.
Abe, 3.

Heel & Toe.

Chub, 1.
Farmer, 2.
Grunt, 3.

40 yds Hop.

Podge, 1.
Curly, 2.
Sam. 3.

Obstacle Race.

Sam, 1.
Abe, 2.
Curly, 3.

Quarter Mile,

Hobby,
Abe, } Tie.
Curly,

August 18. Continued.

Mrs Richards returned in the afternoon.

Just before supper Camp HALLELUJAH returned in triumph.

We hoped for the two mighty ones from Holderness, but as they did not appear in the afternoon, we gave up as best we could, hoping, to better things next day.

About 10.45, however, just as the Skipper was going his last rounds to Lights Out, two stealthy forms were seen dancing below the Jumbo Lantern. They was them!! They had come to Waterville, then to Oakland by Trolley, driven across, then left the Team at Stevens, and stolen down so as not to wake a soul.

August 19.

B. 29.3 N
T. 76°
W. S. W.
Strong.
"Snowy Southwester".

In the morning shouts of "Red-Legged Dogs", & other sweet familiar strains, together with mighty splashings, told the whole camp the joyful news. We are very glad to have their names below.

Henry Howard Taylor.

John Richards (I forgot he had written it before, so I forge it.

This afternoon was the game between the Quacks and Fairies, the score of which follows on the next page. It was a very good game till the 3rd inning, when the Dodo hurt his arm badly; the Quacks had to shift, putting Hogsy in as catcher. The Dodo at first (he ought not to have used his arm at all), Didi as pitcher, and Nicol short stop, which change of course broke the Team up badly.

August 19. Continued.

At 11.57 p.m., To the regret of the whole camp, John Boggs left us having made in these two weeks a place not easily filled.

Mr. Barton went to Portland in the a.m., returning at 3.54 inst.

William Barton Marsh.

who looks so much like John that it does on hearts cord.

[redacted]

Quacks Fairies

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Co. F	1 F-1	BB		BB		BB 2 F-6	2 F-6	1		J. Grant 33	BB		BB 2	2	BB			
# Ft. 12	1		2 1-3			1	3 5			I. Sumner 1-7	1 1-3				2 1-3			
H. Co.	1	2 1-3	3 1-3			1	2			Jones	3 3-2		1 F-1	BB	BB	3		
Bloom C.	BB									Rivals 1B	2			BB				
Sgt Robinson										Hall P	1	2 1-3						
D. C. 13	2 1-3						1 F-4			Hubbard 2B	BB		1 4-3	BB				
	2 1-3									A Stuart 3B	2		2 1T					
Tent										# Sumner CF	1							
Dining F.C.										J. Grant P	1							
	2	3 2	1 6	0 1	1 7	2 9	4 13	1 17			3 3	3 6	8 14	4 18	5 23	1 24	0 24	

The Sing-Song was tonight. but owing to a slip of the editors pen, it wasnt put in.

.29.21
68°

nthern
ds in the
li evening
wost.
ht.

August 20. Rain!!

Just a good steady soaking rain all day, clearing off. However, in time to give us a most beautiful evening. We got along very cheerfully with carpentering, team tags, and hy-jenicing, though we missed the July Fathers.

At 3.5 arrived to tea us

Alice Gardiner

and in the evening the following brilliant programme was given by Local Talent:

Sing Song

1. Chopsticks. The Old Originals.
2. Solo, A.M.T.
3. Quartette, The Sly Fox, H.H.T., J.H.H., J.T., F.M.B.
4. Choruses. The Merryweather Boys, Lyon of Preston.

5. Duet, "When Johnny and I begin to sing". J.T. H.H.F.,
6. Duet, "Oh Agony, Rage, and Despair!" A.M.T., J.T.
7. Stunt, The Hallelujahs.
8. Choruses. October, The Camp Song

The words of the Hallelujahs, and the Sly Fox, follow on the next page.

We are sorry to say that the Doctor's injury, about which he made very little, has turned out to be a broken arm.

De SLY FOX.

---

1 Jest listen to me, and I'll tell you 'bout de Sly Fox;
De Sly Fox a-moverin', a-moverin' along!
2 De Skipper thought he'd take a crew round de Horn in de Sly Fox,
De Sly Fox a-moverin', a-mpverin' along!

---

3 He took along a Clam, and a Jelly-fish and a Farmer,
Chorus.
4 De fust two dey was good, but de third he was de charmer!
Chorus.

Full Chorus.
In case she might ship a sea, he took along a Curly Mop for to mop up de water,
Chorus.
2 And Miss Alice and Cap'n Jack and Sam Bennett and de Old Nick went along, 'czuse dey thought dey oughter,
Chorus.

---

3 Dey left de Old Fox on de shore, and home dey come a-roarin',
Chorus.
4 And dey spent most of de evening both a'sleepin' and a-snorin',
Chorus.

Full Chorus.

1. Next mornin Mr Dick he took anothef crew and to git de Fox departe
Chorus.
2 And dey had a great time, when once dey got a-atarted,
Chorus.

---

3. Dey was a Hog and a Bog and a Graham Gem and a Chicken,
Chorus.
4. And Uncle Abe and de Doctor took de Butter along, 'case dey felt de hunger prickin',
Chorus.

---

1 Cap'n Jack he went agin, and he drove his paddle right in,
Chorus.
2 Says he, "I'm de spi't and image of Paul Jones, and I've just begun a-fightin',
Chorus.

Full Chorus.

3 Now when dey all come back, dey gathered round de table,
Chorus.
4 And every single Fox ate jest as much as he was able,
Chorus.

---

1 Now hooray for de Fox, and de jolly crews dat run her!
Chorus.
2. She mayn't be quite as light as de Squanny, nor yet as handsome as de Wobbler, but give her a good crew and de Elephant Spanker in de stern, and I tell you what, she's a stunner,
Chorus.

Full Chorus.

After the Sing-Song the distribution of Winning Prizes was made. As was the case last month, the decision was very difficult, as all the entries were really beautifully kept, but after reckoning the were up. The committee finally awarded the prizes as ~~follows~~ follows:

1st Prize. P. W. Carter.
2nd Prize. H.T.E. Perry.
3rd Prize. S.D. Stevens.

Honorable mention:

R. Hoguet.
R. Bennett.
L. Plummer.

The Hailelujahs.

I.

On Monday morn we started out to search for Meadow Brook
It took some time to find it, though most careful we did look,
And a little distance up the stream we found a shady nook
As we went paddling on.

Glory, glory Hailelujah, etc.

II

On an old dead tree we saw a heron's nest,
Mr. Vide and Bob went after it, but it was a fruitless quest,
They cut the tree, the nest got smashed, but still they did their best
As we went paddling on.

Glory, glory Hailelujah, etc.

III (In the good old summer time)

Oh the curves of Meadow Brook,
Oh, the turns of Meadow Brook,
It turns and twists for miles and miles and endless it doth seem,
We loafed along and most went to sleep, but we soon were roused from our dream,
For the rain came down and soaked us as we went up Meadow Stream.

IV

Then the rain it turned to hail, and the hail it turned to rain,
Lightning, Thunder, wind and snow, upon our heads they came.

Wetting us through and through
Till we didn't know what to do,
And we got very wet, you can easily bet,
But we got there just the same.

August 21. Perfect weather.

B. 29.35
T. 69°
W. N.W.
light & fresh
clear and
bright.

This afternoon was the first day of the field sports, the senior and junior hundred yards, senior and junior broad jumps, senior and junior three-legged, shot put, and junior relay mile race being run off.

The Pine Island yacht race was to have been to day; that is, they challenged us for either to day or tomorrow, according to the wind, we were ready for anything, but no sheet appeared on Pine Island at one

A wonderful Aurora.

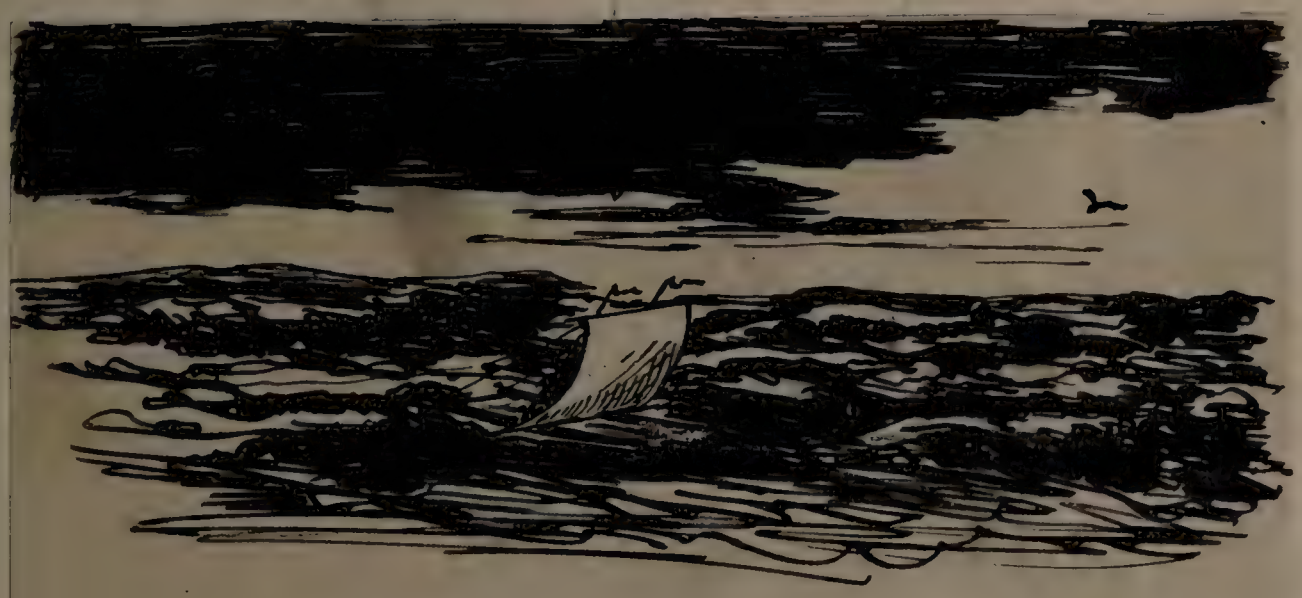
o'clock (the signal agreed on) so we had field sports instead.

Mr. Vidal went to Boston, for the night only, on the evening train.

This evening there were wonderful northern lights. The Aurora appearing in the south as well as the north, in a perfect arch of small white streamers. In the north the white rays shot up to the zenith, and were very brilliant, with flashes and waves like flame crossing them every little while, and the whole thing quivering more or less.

August Field Sports.

Event.	Winner	Second	Third	Time	Former Record	Record	Points Worth	Points South.	
100 yds	G. Robinson	Plummer	Carter	12 2/5	12 3/5	12 2/5	5	4	
" "	H. Robinson	Carey	R. Bennett	14 3/5	13 3/5		4	5	
Broad Jump	G. Robinson	Hoguet	Carter	17'3 1/2"	16.35	17'3 1/2	8	1	
" "	Swift	R. Bennett	A. Stevens	12' 8' 3/4"	13', 8' 1/2		3	6.	
Three Legged	G. Robinson Carter	Hoguet Plummer		21 1/5	18 3/5		4	4	
" "	H. Robinson Grant	Carey Hubbard	Swift A. Stevens	19 1/5	22	19 1/5	3	6.	
Shot Put	Plummer	G. Robinson	Hoguet	27.25	26.15	27.25	4	5	28.50, Exhibition Plummer.
" "	Swift	Beal	S. Bennett	29.6	29.75		4	5	
Relay 1 mile	H. Robinson	S. Bennett					3	6	
High Jump	G. Robinson	Hoguet	Carter Plummer	4'9"	4'9 3/4"		8	1	
" "	Swift	S. Bennett Hubbard		4' 1"	3'9 3/4"	4' 1"	4	5	
Pole Vault	G. Robinson	Carter	Plummer	6'10 1/5	6'4 1/2"	6'10 1/5"	5	4	
Hop, Step & Jump	Carter	G. Robinson	Hoguet	33'4"	31'6 1/2"	33'4"	4	5	
" " "	H. Robinson	Carey	Hubbard	29'		29'	4	5	
Potato Race	H. Robinson	R. Bennett	A. Stevens				3	6	
" "	Plummer	Carter	Hoguet				1	8	



CHOW-CHOW, Winning The International Yacht Race

PINE ISLAND YACHT RACE.

B. 29.01. T. 9. Wind Southerly. Showery, cloudy, clear. Grey kind of weather.

August 22. We are sorry to say this Regatta went at 9.17 About the most peculiar day we have ever had. In first we had the biggest drop of the barometer on record. In the morning it was blowing hard from the south, heavily clouded, with dark grey water and white caps. It blew clear soon after breakfast, and stayed clear, but hot, with a strong hot wind. In the afternoon two Tremendous showers came up threatening, and at supper time pretty close to a white squall. The first we have had this year. So much for the weather.

J.P. and H.H.F lead the battledore record, making 1079, former record 537.

No Pine Islanders appeared in the afternoon, and no wonder, as the pond was running white caps, so we ran off the rest of the sports. Just as we had got to the potato race, however, our Gallant Foes appeared, having taken up against quite a fierce squall in their sail boat, and when the sports were over the

GREAT RACE

was sailed. The Pine Island champion, the hackney, did well, but from the first second the Chow-Chow simply flew away from her, absolutely out classing her. Both boats capsized once and were righted, but it did not affect the Chow-Chow in the least. It was almost unbelievable, the rate at which she flew, giving two strong rowers all they wanted to keep near her.

The Chow-Chow wins.

The Price Island crowd were very nice about it. On one of us saying "Hard luck", one of their boys said "There was no luck about that! Your boat is a bird!"

We had great rejoicing in the evening, with three cheers for the winner of the great event, Charles Burgess, and for the Robinsons, who between them won 28½ points in the sports. Three cheers were given for the Kansas City Stars!!; and A.M.P. wrote the following verses for the victory of the Cup Race.

Oh, when last we saw the Chow-Chow
She was skipping o'er the water,
Skipping o'er the water in a squall,
And though she once tipped over,
She sailed away and left them,
And caused us all to loudly cheer and bawl.

Chorus:

Isn't she corking? You bet she is!
We said that we would beat them.
Did'nt we do it? You bet we did!
Their fondest hopes did cheat them,
And we'll always love the Chow-Chow,
We'll always love the Chow-Chow,
We'll always love the Chow-Chow best of all!

In the evening we played the foolish game of Hands, Eyes and Nose, and at 9.30 Mr. Vidi came back, and

Percy S. White.

B. 29.20
T. 70°
W. West.
Strong.
Clear and
bright.

August 23. Sunday.

Mr. Nick, and H.H.F., took their canoeing tests over again, with the wind blowing twenty-five miles an hour.

On account of the wind there was a walking picnic to the pasture back of Gleason's. After supper there were songs, particularly the Old Ark with many personal allusions, such as, "General and the shank-stick", "Captain and the strawberry jam."

Ye Professor

29.38
. 65°
. N.W.
resh,
lear and
ight.

August 24 Honest Abe's Birthday.

The first half of the water sports was held round in the bay by the lagoon, as there was a fresh northwest breeze. Nick and Clam unfortunately tipped over from the ill-starred Prince, but this was the only misfortune, and everything went off beautifully. The score will follow on the day the sports are finished. We are not sure when this will be.

A postal today from John Wagstaff.

. S.E.
ainy
ands,
Rain.
5>0.
2 at
a.m.!!
is is
el.

August 25 -

A rainy day, at least rainy all the morning, but M. Barton ran a very good Ping-Pong Tournament, which kept things full, and cheered us; we had team-bags too, and played till quarter past twelve, when all hands set the table in double-quick time.

Gradually the rain stopped in the afternoon, so we had a most Thrilling, if somewhat moist, Dromitory Game. The score follows on the next page.

	North										South								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
[illegible] 2B	1/1-3	BB		1		2/2-4		BB ◇	2/∴	[illegible] RF	1/∴	2/F-3	2/∴			1/2-3	2/∴		2/3-1
[illegible] CF	1	3/F-3		3/F1-3		3/1-3		1/∴	BB ◇	[illegible] LF	2/FF	1	2/F-			2/∴		1/◇	2/1-3
[illegible] P	2/1-3		1/F-5		∠ ◇		1 ◇	1 ◇	1	[illegible] 3B	1 ◇	3/∴		1/FF 2		BB ◇		1/∴	
[illegible] C	3/5-3		[illegible] E-		BB ◇		∠ ◇	L ◇		[illegible] T	1 ◇		1/1-3	2/FF.1		∠ ◇		1/∴	
[illegible] 1B		[illegible] E2	2/1-3		∠		L ◇	BB		[illegible] 3F	1/◇		1/∠	3/∴		1/		1/1-3	
[illegible] P. F.		1/2-3	3/5-3		1/3-3		1/F-5	3/F-1		[illegible] SS	1/◇		1/∠		1/1-3	3/1-3		3/F2	
[illegible] SS		BB 2/Hom		1/∴	2/∴		2/∴		PB ◇	[illegible]	1		1/◇		1		1/1-3	1/F-1	
[illegible] 2F		1 ◇		BB	3/∴		F/F-5		1/1-3	[illegible] C	1/3/[illegible]		∠		2/1-3		∠		1/∴
[illegible] 3F		[illegible]		2/F-2		1/2-3		∠ 3/[illegible]	∠ ◇	[illegible]		1/FF	PB		2/F-2		3/1-3		2
	0/0	2/2	1/3	0/3	2/5	0/5	3/8	3/11	3/14		4/4	0/4	3/7	0/7	0/7	2/9	0/9	3/12	0/12

clear and light; W. N. W., almost calm B. 29.40 T. 71°

August 26. T. H. T.'s Birthday.

Second day of the water sports, a huge success: the sports were the best we have had yet, and spectators were attracted from afar.

In the evening was the last, and we think the best. Sing-song. Though it heads on heads it think there are to be no more.

	Event	Winner	Second
Monday	Sr Double Standing	Hoguet + J. Robinson (Squamy)	Plummer + Carter upset
	jr. Singles (1st heat)	Beal (Hecuba)	Grant (Squamacook)
	" " (2d ")	A. Stevens (Squamacook)	S. Bennett (Hecuba)
	" " (3d ")	H. Robinson (Pink)	Carey (Squamacook)
	Sr double Zig Zag	Hoguet + Carter (Pink)	Plummer + J. Robinson (Squ)
	jr. Singles (finals)	A. Stevens (Squamacook)	H. Robinson (Pink)
Wednesday	jr Double Zig Zag (1st heat)	S. Bennett + Hubbard (Pink)	Beal + Swift (Squamacook)
	" " " " (2d ")	A. Stevens + H. Robinson (Pink)	Grant + Carey (Squamacook)
Hecuba fouled Pink at Rock	Sr Standing Single (1st heat)	J. Robinson (Pink)	Hoguet (Hecuba)
Carter in Pink fouled Hecuba	" " " (2d ")	Plummer (Squamacook)	Burgess (Hecuba)
	jr double Zig Zag (finals)	A. Stevens H. Robinson (Pink) by 6 inches	S. Bennett + Hubbard (Squamy)
	Sr Single Standing (finals)	J. Robinson (Hecuba)	Plummer (Squamacook)
	Novice Single Scull	D. Stevens (Williman)	R. Bennett (Identical)
	jr Foure	A. Stevens Hubbard / S. Bennett H Robinson } Eben	Beal Perry / Carey Swift } Abol
	Sr Single Scull (1st heat)	Burgess	Carter
	Sr " " (2d ")	Hoguet (Williman)	J. Robinson (Squamacook)
Beal Hubbard S. Bennett dejault	jr " " (1st ")	A. Stevens (Williman)	Carey (Identical)
	" " " (2d ")	Swift (Identical)	H. Robinson
	Sr Single Scull (finals)	Hoguet (Williman)	Burgess (Identical)
	jr Single Scull (finals)	A. Stevens (Williman)	Swift (Identical)
	Mixed Foure	Plummer A. Stevens / J. Robinson S. Bennett } Eben	Hoguet Beal / Carter Perry } Abol

Stern paddlers underlined

Sing Song.
Aug. 25th.

1. Chopsticks.
2. Duet. John and Harriff.
3. String Trio, Messrs Dick, Barton & Hall
4. Song. Mr White.
5th. Overture & Tannhäuser. Miss Allen.
6. Chorus. John Peel. Water Rats.

=

7. Song. "Dixie". Jack Gray.
8. Judge's Song. Mr Dick.
9. ~~Faculty~~ Faculty Song. The Faculty.
10. Song. O'Grady's Goat. Mr Barton.
11. Stunt. Messrs Nick and Bobby.
12. Mount Royal Stunt. Messrs Barton &c.
13. Lord Baltimore.
14. Chorus. Old Towler. October.

Camp Song.

W. W. left as and left.

Thursday, August 27.

Sorrow and grief! Idaney had it so this morning, raining much of our sunshine with him. The following splendid expeditions got off right after morning reading, in as perfect weather as could be had.

H. F. goes way.

As for the Stay-at-homes, L. E. R., R. R., the Doctor, Hodges, and Butler, they had the Best Picnic in the Big Pines; in the afternoon Mrs Bead, Mrs Dawnod and Mrs Thorn came to call.

Mustrat & Rocky Mt Expedition - Aug. 27th 1903

Sly Fox

B. Bennett (passenger)
~~Bent~~ A[illegible]
Carter
Perry
Swift
Burgess
A. M. R.
J. W. R
Capt. Jacks

M. R.

Rangeley

G. Robinson
Plummer
Appleton (cox)
R. Bennett (passenger)

A bol.

Mr. White
Carey
Grant
J. R.

Ebenezer.

Mrs Gardiner
S. Bennett
Hubbard
H. H. R

Camping Trip, Aug 27th

A. Stevens

D. Stevens

Marsh

H. Robinson

Gray

Mr. Barton

Long Pond

Rangeley boats

29.60
69°
calm
ear.

Friday. August 28th

We had a game of scouting in the afternoon. Two sides were chosen, the defence guarding a certain area, through which the attack attempted to pass, without being seen. The game resulted in a complete victory for the defence; none of the attack getting through within the time limit, and many of them were seen; only one of the defenders was seen by the enemy.

—

Dodo passed his Swimming Test successfully.

The Fancy Dress Ball.

B. 24.58
T. 73°
W. S. E.
Very light.
Partially cloudy

Saturday. Aug. 29th

Second scouting afternoon, a great success. Many of the defence being killed this time, which made things more even. Most of yesterday and this morning, though, were given to finishes touches on gowns, beards, armour etc, and right after supper the usual wild hurry of getting ready began, all the tents being turned into green rooms. The painting and making up was done in the boat-house, and the Vikings, in their shining armour, were dressed in the Faculty Tent.

At about 8.30 the Grand March began — It is no use, it has to be Dali! — and we were a most lovely sight. The best costume, by common consent, was Hendrik Hudson. F. M. B. who had a proper pointed hat, and cannon ball, and was bearded beyond belief — "a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind"—; the two Sea Kings. Herewand and Ranald Sigglygreen were very splendid, in shining silver armour, gold crowns and torcs and bracelets, with shield and spear and sandal. Herewand carried the White Bear for his device. Ranald the Eagle. Captain Jack made a shining Yank, with scarlet fez and sash, and white cotton (or linen?); Butler was the funniest red

woman ever seen. and everybody was "Simply Grand".

The Piazza was lighted up with the Japanese lanterns which Mr. Gardner very kindly sent, and we had a Portland Fancy, besides various round dances, and the best Reel we have ever had, the Vodin dancing all through, in spite of his broken arm.

Percy White gave us a delightful surprise by arriving on the evening train. After ice-cream and cake, all hands sang Paps in a double circle, and we broke up about 10 P.M.

Order of March.

Mr Dick, a Howling Swell.		Captain Jack, R.R	Turks.
Roger Bennett, a Ragamuffin.			
The Doctor, Clam	Vikings.	Graham	Highland Chief.
		Dodo	Ragman
Nick	Mephistopheles	Farmer	Baboon
L.E.R.2.	Marquise.	General	Clown.
Jelly Fish, Sam	Pirates	Dale, Chubbard	Chimney Sweeps.
J.R., Abe	Barefoot Friars	Chippy	A Grievous Cat.
		Chicken	A Chicken.
J.W.R.	Breton Peasant	F.M.B.	Hendrik Hudson
A.M.R.	Gypsy		
Barbara, Jack Gray	Pickaninnies.		
Butter	Old Woman		
Hobby	Statue.		
Curly, Billy Bogs	Indians.		

There was some danger of a conflagration afterwards, as several lanterns caught fire. The Vodin forgot his arm was broken, and went to the rescue, but Nick put him out instantly, and he was not even scorched

clear and bright.

August 30. Sunday. T. W. H's Birthday.

After service we changed into our fancy dresses which looked very odd by daylight, and had photographing all round, and the Doctor led Addy. Humps shod in his silver armour. There was packing, and last talks, and last paddles, and we all tried to be very cheerful. The picnic was at Hemlock Point, and it was a corker. We had a big fire, and watermelons besides the other "fixings": singing Auld Lang Syne came a little hard, but we finished off with "We all are Jolly Good Fellows", which saved the day, and we got home by eight, and had good hymns, and Many Blessings and the Puppies for the last story. The poem which the Holy Palmer read us last night - I should rather call it a sermon - was not put in in its proper place, so here it is now.

T. P.'s Stunt.

A Palmer I come from lands afar
To visit This wondrous camp;
I've swum the ocean from shore to shore
Through the frothy billows' terrible roar,
But have never been touched by the cramp.
- My splendid condition is due, I think,
To the simpleness of my food and drink —
For nice cold water and parched pease
Are the very best food for youse and mease!

- O General sweet, with blushes say,
Who feed on fish balls from day to day,

And birthday Hoggy, who eat oatmeal
Till tight as a blooming drum you feel,
Put jam-tails away! And kindly think
Of my delicious food and drink, —
For nice cold water and parched peas
Are the very best food for yonse and mease!

Miss Julia Richards, and Andrew too,
Who between them apple pies do brew,
And make Mr Barton's stomach ache
With Washington pie and blueberry cake —
Pause a moment, and with me think
Of simple delicious food and drink.
For nice cold water and parched pease
Are the very best food for yonse and mease!

August 31 - The day began at 4.45, when Sunshine Alley was waked by two huge figures H.H.R. & J.R., in yellow oil skins, clattering in to say goodbye. They reach the North East Carry tonight, and thence 9 M to Caucongomoch and the Allegash.

Captain Jack started with the Times at 7.30 (breakfast was at 6.45); there was half an hour of last strapping and packing, address-writing and last things finding, and then the blessed heathen went.

The Lieutenant - Afdief again - is gallantly staying behind with the Thinning ranks, and we are keeping as busy as we can, and thinking hard about next year.

Sept 1. September 1. H.R. went to Town.

W.A. Nielson

arrived at 3.5 P.M. It is nice to have some one coming again!

Evening on the water, with soft moonlight.

The Captain very kindly sent back a postal card, so that we felt still in touch. All the Brethren were met except the big ones, and Little Bogs and Farmer, whom he saw to their trains. The Doctor went to Augusta for the night, so the Captain was Commander-in-Chief.

Clam, Nick and Hoggy are going to drive and go to Prince Edward tonight.

A good letter from the North East Carry told of the top arrival

Sept. 2. September 2.

At 5 - with a lady named Louisa! - arrived.

J.H. Gardiner

Soft fog flowing in tonight, though not enough to hide the moon.

Letters from Charlie Hubbard and Jellyfish. Found so far, Hoggy's school books, Grahams dishes, Clams watch and guard ring, and sundry fishing suits & towels.

We had a picnic at Oak Island.

Good letter also from Nick.

Sept 3. J. W. R. went in town; H. to lay on the Bridesmaid's Dress. H. R. came back. H. go. out again tomorrow.
Letters from Rex and Percy while.
Picnic on the Skiraw Shore, with a bonfire and moonlight.
The Prawleys taken down today.

Sept 4. J. W. R. came back, reporting all the preparations going ahead splendidly. H. R. went in Town again. H. this dinner commission meeting.
Mr. Colby came to tea. Letters from Mrs Grant, telling of the generals safe arrival. from Mrs Perry, & Graham Robinson.
A walk on the hill in the moonlight in the evening.
The Sky Fox brought in.

Sept 5. Mr. Neilson went away at 9.17. Packing and putting away; the Little Tent, the Identical, and the Wattles put to bed.
Forgot what did.
On the evening Hain arrived H.R. and
J.S. Barlow.

September 6, Sunday.

Cool and bright. Walk rather cool, these days.

A drive and walk combined to Yunhsi's point in the afternoon, and thence a further walk to Snake Point. The horrid people there had killed a bittern, a king fisher, and a little green heron, and left the poor little creatures about.

We saw the eagles' very untidy dinner table, a big boulder in the pasture, and some of the [illegible] party widdled down the floor of geese, causing them to honk wildly, and fly out into the pond.

Very wonderful moonlight tonight.

September 7. Full Moon.

Clear and bright. H.R. and J.S.B. went in town in the morning: Dan was to have stayed till the Cultchi Général, but he had a telegram on Saturday, and had to go this afternoon, leaving a sad gap behind him. He has been a solid comfort all this week.

The Lieutenant Leaves us. A letter from the Doctor in the evening. He has had his arm x-rayed, and found a clean break of the bone. No wonder it hurt! The bones had been held in perfect position by the splint, which he can take off in two weeks. Hurrah for the Deputy Surgeons!

Full Moon The Faculty tent taken down today: an uncovered tent-frame is a pitiful abode.

September 8.

. 79° at
a.m.
lear and
right.

Cool bathing. We have had eddy-humps
fairly fully until today. when we we went in
after the first swim.

We drove in the afternoon to Bickford Hill.
where the view was ~~the~~ magnificent. finer
than we have ever seen it, as it has been
marvellously clear these last three days. and we
were so late in the afternoon that the
mountains were strong in shadows.

Good letters from the Lieutenant. may his
shadow never grow less!

September 9.

lear.
ydy calm.

Great work today. Andrew and Mike took
down the great tent (over on heads). washed
panting and kitchen. ran in the last boats.
and with Clive and Mr. Turbush helping,
got up the ship. and took the float
round and beached her safely.

Letters again from our Lieutenant. and
from Clem. and yesterday from John Boys.

The ladies slept in the big room. as their tent was down.

Sept 10.

oft and
loudy.

A soft grey day. heavy fog over the pond early.
The family off at 11.23. Andrew and Mike
at 2.57. Everything ship-shape and Bristol
fashion.

Auf Wiedersehen.

1904.

June 27

Arrived, first and foremost,

In the afternoon, per bicycle,
The Skipper, Henry Richards
The Supervisor, Julia Ward Richards
The chief musician, Alice M. Richards.
A glorious day, with a northwest breeze on. We found camp open, and two tents up; also the boats very gorgeous in new paint. Aboard at the big room, Andrew and Millard & Clarence taking down the raft, and furnished the tents. And after supper, in the full moon and the sunset, we launched the good ship "Ebenezer", amid the cheers of the bullfrogs. No float yet, but never mind. It was a good beginning: and "Good beginnings maketh good endings; Good endings
May it be so.

June 28 A fine calm morning; but in the afternoon the wind blew so the float rides at anchor in its winter harbour. The little tent was moved to its new place, beyond the fence, and the South Dormitory beds taken down, beaten, and put into place. Three arrivals today.
No. 1. The Piano. his signature
No. 2. Rosalind Richards
No. 3. John Burns

Camp opened June 27, see end of last volume.

2

1904.

June 30 / Cloudy :: / pouned guns / nd pitch. / ors all / the evening

at 11.03 a.m. arrived
W. F. Ladd, jr.
F. C. Ladd
Jack. Ladd.
~~W. F. Ladd.~~
at. 3.55 P. M.
Lieutenant F. M. Barton
L. A. Shaw
H. B. Barton.
R. W. Windram.
H. J. E. Perry
O. D. Russell.
L. Hemenway.
H. R. Carey.
W. A. Lawrence
W. Ogilvie Bancroft.
J. Oliver Beebe.
P. S. Howe jr.
Mrs Gammell
Caroline Stevens.
Abbot Stevens.
Ida Pritchett. (arrived - June 29th)

No mishaps, save that one G. Morison of Belgrade, seems to have acquired Caroline Stevens' heart, at least we have got his. We hope he likes it.

July 1.

T. 78°
B. 29.28
W. S., light
Cloudy, and
slightly foggy.
beginning to
clear about noon,
but raining
all the p.m.

Not much doing, because of rain. A very good game of a kind of run-around ping-pong, started by W. Ladd, kept things very lively. Item,— A trip to Pine Island, to see about Trunks. Item, a short wild straw-berry expedition in the rain. (N.B., No sane the trouble of carrying them, the company very considerably ate the berries.)

Good news at swimming. It is confidently hoped that W. A. Lawrence will swim before the summer's end! Wonders performed by P. Howe. He has volunteered to swim to the mills for the fire-crackers and maple syrup.

Hurrah! at 3.55 arrived

John B. March — 144.1

July 2

T. 72°
B. 29.2.
W. S.W.
light. cloudy.
with open
patches.

Showers the evening afternoon, four at least, one with quite violent hail, for a few minutes. (The hail stones nearly the size of J. Ladd's head.) In one of the showers there was a gallant rescue of an aged fishing boat which was seen floating by, by an prize life-saving crew, in oil-skins and sou'westers. The derelict proved of little value.

- Run-around ping-pong again, by Jenkins, and later a very wet walk.

- A dead bird found on the hill, killed by the hail.

- The Pewee is nesting in the boat house again, and it is hoped that the heathen will disturb her as little as possible.

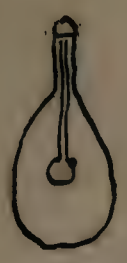
Hurrah again! at 3.55 arrived

George B. Moore — 173.5

70° (59° at 8
29. ×5
N. W., fresh.
ight e fair".

July 3. Sunday.

Instruments possessed (?) in Camp.

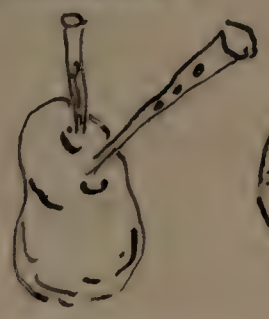


Mandolin
H. T. E. Perry

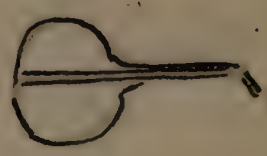
'Cello.
L. Henenway

Flute
Dr. Moore.

Drum-sticks
W. F. Ladd.



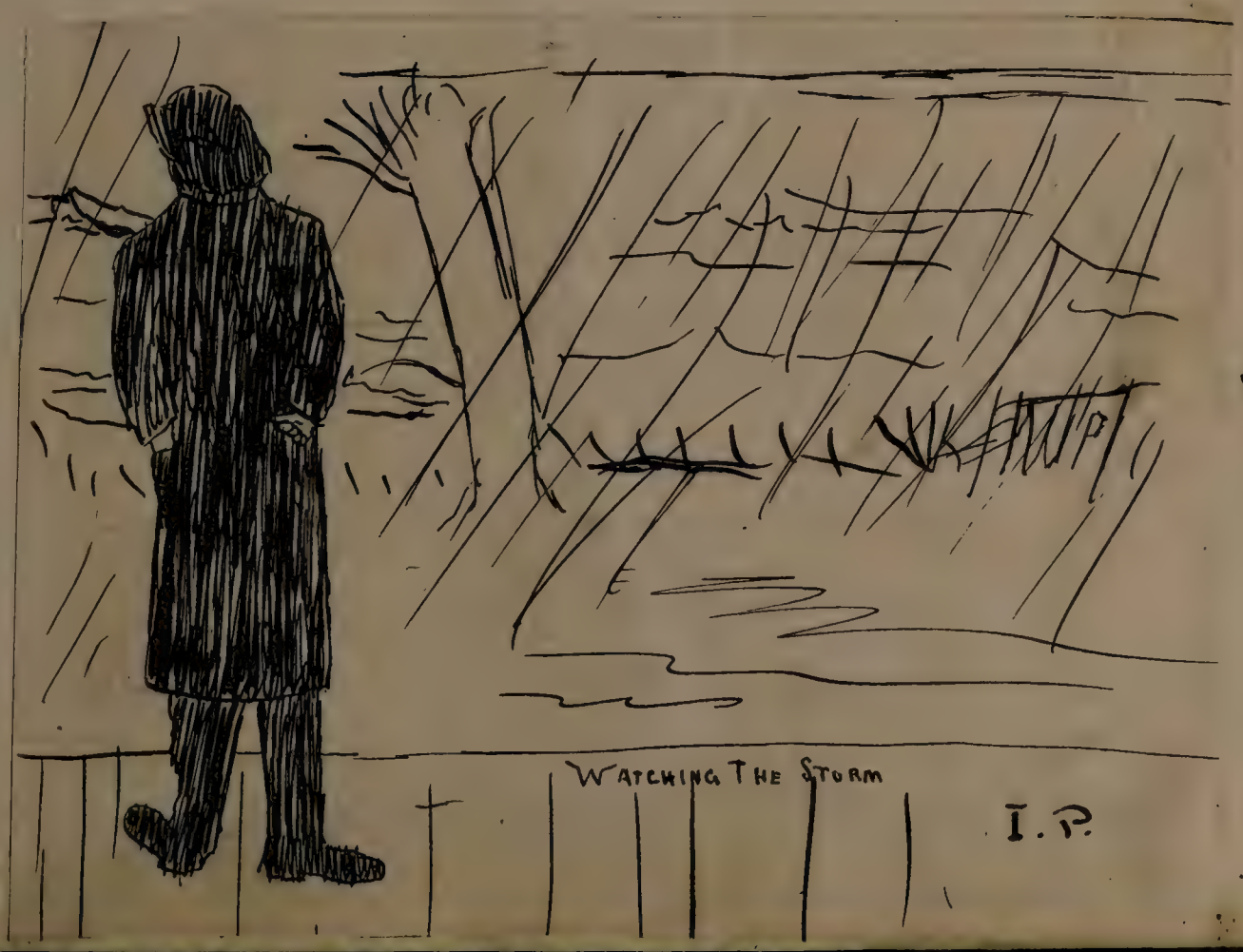
Bag-pipes.
W. A. Lawrence



Jew's Harp
R. H. I. Gammell

Swimming examinations passed:

Mr. Shaw. July 2.
L. Henenway. July 3.
R. Windram. July 3.



7th July 2.

In the evening arrived
John Richards
while we were on a picnic at Hoyle's Island.
A good picnic. We found enough strawberries
and raspberries to go round. mixed. for supper. The
Dodds, W. Ladd and H. Barton all climbed some
very fine Trees. The Shy Fox landed after Dog Work,
and the Foxes met the rest of the party up in
the field.

July Fourth.

T. 70°
B. 29.58'
v. S.W. fresh.
Bright & fair

Reading of the Declaration of Independence.
Singing of America.
Expedition in the Sly Fox to the Mills. for the crackers. with a mighty crew, making splendid time.
Much noise.
No addyhumpos.
Game between the Baked Beans & Tomato Catsups, on Sojers field.
Fireworks, The best we have had yet in the Camp. Everything went successfully (except Otis's balloon, which caught fire owing to the high wind). and the fireworks were beautiful. especially the mines and flowerpots.

Tomato Catsups	10
Baked Beans	1.

Tomato Catsups.

Marsh p.
Moore c.
Lawrence 1st
Stevens 2nd
Hemenway 3rd
P. Howe c.f.
Windram r.f.
C. Ladd c.f
F. M. Barton s.s.
Gammell l.f.

Baked Beans.

H.B. Barton p.
W.F. Ladd c.
Richards 1st
Carey 2nd
Russell s.s.
Shaw 3rd
Comstock c.f.
Beebe r.f.
J. Ladd c.f.
Perry l.f.

July 5.

T. 76°.
B. 29. 32°
N., S.W., light,
Cloudy.

Mr. Richards began a series of talks on astronomy with a very simple and interesting description of our solar system and its position in the universe.

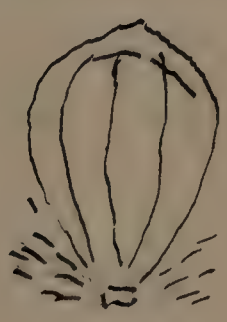
H.M. Stanley's adventures continued in Through the Dark Continent.

7 Bass
1 Chub.

P. Windram catches a chub of terrifying size & the float.

First fishing expedition. 7 bass caught, two, five and one and a half pounds respectively, caught off the point by C. Ladd and W. Boulton.

Successful ascent of Otis' Fire Balloon.



At 3.55 arrived home for him,

Arthur H. Shaw

July 6 -

T. 75°
B. 29.35
W. IV. W.
Very light,
Misty clear.

The races continued today with a simple description of the Nebular formation of the heavenly bodies. Through the laws of gravity. We were told the fact, new to some of us, that the dust from which the worlds were formed, is universal throughout space, reaching our earth in finest particles, so that the dust found on the tops of mountains has come partly from other worlds.

11 Bass
1 Hornpout

Fishing in the afternoon.

1st Sing - Song

1. Overture. — Chopsticks. L.E.R. 2nd, F.M.B., J.R.
2. The Goblin Hunt, from Peer Gynt. A.M.R.
3. Mandolin Solo. Perry. (Jellyfish)
4. Quartette. F.M.B., J.R., H.B., John Marsh
5. Choruses. The Bell
   John Peel
6. Stunt. Messrs. Barton, Ladd, and Shaw
   Announcement.

   We are the famous word-wild
   Werry meatherarians, who have
   appeared and disappeared before the
   Emperor Charles of England, her
   Highness the Grand Duchess Bridget
   of France, the Right and Left Hon.
   Heliogabalus, C.M.C., supporter of the
   National Hose, besides being seen from a distance by
   the kings and Queens of Ujiji, Timbuctoo, & Tanyanyika.
7. Songs. O'Grady's Goat, and Odd Fellow's Hall. F.M.B.
8. Choruses. Water Rats. Camp Song

July 7. Jack Ladd's birthday.

. 76° Expedition To Philips mountain.

3. H.P., L.E.P., and P. Howe (who had a slight Sash)

. S.W. light. Kept the Camp. but every one else went. It was

with clear. a little hot coming, as the wind was with us. but the whole expedition went off perfectly, and was great fun all through, especially Bill's division, which formed a tremendously steep bit of cliff, coming down by the other way, steep enough to have broken the necks of some of the party if they had been careless. We got home just in time for supper. A warm evening on the water.

Jack Ladd's birthday was celebrated by a cake with ten candles.

July 8.-

. 78° Last night we heard the terrifying news that

B. Price Island will be Ready for us on Saturday!!

S. W. light. Also Mr. Colby remarked casually that he had hardly

lear, hot. been able to make the Team! Direly bad practice all the afternoon in consequence. The boys who made two runs or more were included in the swim which followed practice, as follows:

Bass. Carey. 3 runs

Perry. 2 "

Howe. 2 "

Hemenway 2 " .

Gammell, Windram, C. Ladd, Beebe, and Comstock made one run each.

L. Hemenway caught a two pound bass fishing off Oak Island.

Two red-wings' nests found in the lagoon, and one ring-bird's

I.P.

July 8

Swimming examinations passed.

C. Ladd.

W. O. Comstock.

Song of the Sailor Cook.

Who's the first in the Camp.
When the sun peeps over the hill,
When the morning fog rolls cool and damp.
And the loon calls wild and shrill?

Chorus.

Andrew Johnson the Cook!
Andrew Johnson the Cook!
With the wind in his laugh,
And the fire in his cheeks,
And the broad bright sun in his look!

Who's the last in the Camp?
When the boys are all in bed.
A-singing still by his lonely lamp
As he kneads and sets his bread?

Chorus. Andrew Johnson the Cook! &c &c.

And when summer is past and over,
And the Camp lies empty and still,
Who were so farewell from the lonely shore,
And cheer us over the hill?

Chorus. Andrew Johnson the Cook, &c &c.

Long life to our Sailor Cook!
Good fortune still betide him!

May he have what he gives,
Good cheer while he lives,
And a faithful "Mike" beside him!

Chorus. Andrew Gohnson the Cook!
Andrew Gohnson the Cook!
With the wind in his lungs,
And the fire in his clothes,
And the broad bright sun in his Cook!

LEK

C.L.

July 9. Pine Island Game.

3. 29. 52.
T. 81°
Dead Calm, hazy, southerly wind coming up in the afternoon.

The game with Pine Island, although called at 3.00 P.M., began at 4.15, under very favorable conditions, the spectators being provided with an awning to keep off the sun.

First Inning. The Pine Islanders were the first at bat and failed to score, but the Merry weathers broke the ice with 2 runs.

Second Inning. This was the opposite of the first, the Pine Islanders scoring two and the Merry weathers failing to get around the bases.

Third Inning. This inning failed to bring any advancement in the score of either side.

Fourth Inning. The Pine Islanders failed again to score but the Merry weathers circled the bases to the tune of two runs, making the score 4-2 in their favor.

Fifth and Sixth Innings. Both sides failed to score

Seventh Inning. The Pine Islanders again failed to bring in a run, but the Merry weathers struck their gait scored five good runs, giving them a lead of 9-2 over their adversaries.

Eighth Inning. This inning saw the last run scored during the game, and the Pine Islanders added it onto the low score.

Ninth Inning. No score

Marsh's pitching and Ladd's catching were the features of the game, the former striking out 14, and the latter making many fast outs. On the whole the Merry weathers played a snappy game, and we have much hope for their future.

14

Merrimacs vs. Pine Island

At Saint Paul when July 19th 1904

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	S.H.
				C F																
				2d																
				Lead C.																
				2d																
				R F																
				Totals																

Game began h. 4 m. 15 Ended 6 h. 6 m. Time h. m. Umpire

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	S.H.
				Totals																

Earned Runs ..... Two Base Hits .....

Three Base Hits ..... Home Runs .....

First on Balls—off 2 ; off 2 Struck out—by 14 ; by 4

Left on Bases ..... ; ..... Double Plays .....

Wild Pitches ..... Passed Balls .....

First Base on Errors ..... Hit by Pitcher A. Henderson

Mr. Dick arrived in England.

It was very pleasant to meet Pine Island again (Oliver Beebe thinks Pine Island a kind of game!), and we hope this was only the first of many good meetings. A track meet, and water sports, have been suggested, and they would be great for both sides. Pine Island is much bigger, in size as well as in numbers. This year, and we shall have on hands comfortably full, to say the least, especially as one of their masters is Mr. Converse, the champion Harvard hurdler of two or three years back.

We shall of course have the yacht race later.

Pine Island was an hour late, so supper was late in consequence, but we had good charades afterwards, the best being

At 3.55 arrived. W. J. Ladd.

Billy and the boys had not seen Mr. Ladd since last autumn, and thought him at Galveston, so that it was the best of surprises.

Mr. Beebe, Oliver's father, came for a few hours.

A Scarlet Manager seen by Chester Ladd.

"Arrived; well" cable received from Mr. Dick this afternoon.

Cloudy. July 10 Sunday.

light rain in evening. Picnic at Monsey Point. We all explored to the very end of the point. part the cut through, which is now quite dry. Blue berries beginning to ripen. The Dodin, followed by most of the Bandar-log, went

Picnic at Monsey Point. up the leaning Tree, but no one went up the straight hemlock, and we missed M. Widl and M. Mose.

July 11.

Ida Pritchett and Rex Carey have been

Clear. Distant thunder shower in the p.m. a small one reaching us in the evening. appointed a committee for getting up a collection of moths, butterflies and other insects. They have made a beginning already, and we ought to get a very interesting collection.

Laurence Hemenway has been appointed to report the weather.

5 Bass Junior base ball in the afternoon, and fishing. Four good bass caught, all about two pounds, one by J.P., one by Arthur Shaw, two by R.P. A fifth two pounder was caught by Chester Ladd off the point. A great many undersized ones were hooked.

Boston in the evening. M. Ladd left us in the afternoon.

At 3.55 arrived

Alice Gardiner.

29.07
78°
th-west
ind.
Hy
oudy.

July 12.

Scouting game in the afternoon between the Algonquins and Iroquois. The Iroquois beat first 1 to 0, later the Algonquins 7 to 1. Start of the first camping trip. Spin the platter in the evening.

Camping Trip

Tuesday July 12th

Carey
Comstock
Howe
C. Ladd
Russell

Mr Shaw

ye happy jelly.

ye sad mandolin!

R.

The Scouting Game.

Iroquois	Algonquins
F. M. B.	J. R.
H. B. B.	Dr. Moore
Marsh, Hemenway	W. F. L. Shaw
Beebe, Windram	Lawrence, Gammell
Perry, Ida Pritchett	Caroline Stevens, J. Ladd.

The game began at 3.23 P. M., the Algonquins starting from the near fence and the Iroquois from the further one, there being another fence running across the course a little nearer the further fence than the nearer one. The general plan of both sides was to send one or two fast runners ahead and to have the rest ~~about~~ come along slowly afterwards. In the first game the Algonquins tried to go too fast, the result being that the more cautious Iroquois killed them all off very quickly and soon none but the Dr. were left: The Iroquois on the other hand were too slow and only one scored. In the next game the starting places being reversed both sides corrected their faults and a better game was the result. The Algonquins, however, outmastered their opponents this time, and having killed off all the enemy except F. M. B who scored they scored 7, the Dr. scoring twice. It was found out by these two games that the side starting from the further side has the advantage, and that it pays to go very slowly at first. We hope that with further games the skill of the camp in backwoodsmanship will increase.

.9.09
67°
vercast.
;-W.

July 13

It was raining in the morning, but it cleared up in the afternoon. The wind changed round a good deal during the day, and by tea-time was quite violent. It was so violent that John Boggs had to land on the other side of the point in the Hecuba, and some Pine Islanders had to land at Stony Point, and came and had tea with us. Some people from Stony Point also had to land here, and to leave their boat and provisions with us.

ve bass
ught.

— There was fishing in the afternoon; five good bass and many under-sized ones were caught in all.

The campers returned at about five o'clock, after having had a fine time. The account of their adventures follows.

Sing Song in the evening. The doctor's burlesque on "adirondacks" was by far the funniest stunt we have had this year.

Program.

1. Overture. Chopsticks.

2. Stein Song. H.B.B. and Marsh.

3. Piano Solo. Invitation to the Waltz. A.M.R.

4. Stunt. Dr. Moore, F.M.B, + C.A.S.

5. Duet for Cello and Piano. Hemenway + A.M.R.

6. Choruses. The Merryweather Boys.
October
Camp Song.

The first half of No. 4. was a take-off on eddy bumps, and the following are some of the exercises and orders

1. Attention!
2. Rest.
3. Both hands on the floor, small circles with the feet.
4. Arms out. Palms up. Right foot raised. Feet apart jump.
5. Teeth open and close.
6. Arms overhead. Left foot back. Tiny jumps on the right.
7. Left eye open and shut. Small circles with the right.

First Camping Trip of the Season.

Promptly at 2:30, after reading, the first camping party, Carey, Comatocla, Howe, C. Ladd, Russell, C. A. Shaw, left the float in two Rangeleys. A stiff quartering wind resulted in rather slow progress to the Mills. A long lift, a strong lift, and a lift altogether launched our boats on Long Pond. A shifting of the crews equalized the motive power somewhat better and with a favoring wind, our camping place near Rocky Mountain was soon reached. The tent was pitched on the same site as had been previously used by Merryweather boys. Soon we had a comfortable bed of hemlock, the camp well cleared, the fire started and a goodly supply of firewood. Our two fishermen, Carey and Ladd, returned presently with several goodly fish which cook Russell served up in great style. Hot cocoa and "fixe things" produced a satisfactory sense of fullness. Ghosts and other stories followed. Then came a retreat to the tent where we considered the bargains of "I apprenticed my son to a —".

The morning dawned cloudy and our fishermen had hardly started when a heavy downpour came. They returned, breakfast was cooked and eaten, a few games played. Then all donned rubber coats and sought the blackbass but with little success. The rainproofs availed but little in the heavy rain and our fishermen were well soaked. Shivering as they were, we stripped and rowed to a good bathing place. Our swim was hardly over when the rain ceased and it began to clear off. Our wet clothes quickly dried over the fire, and after lunch we returned to camp at 5 p.m. in good spirits.

Several names were suggested for the camp but perhaps "Slippydrizzle" received the most votes.

B. 29.44 July 14
T. 71°
S-SW
rain

In the morning we received a challenge for a base-ball game with some of the fellows from the Penn Charter School, who are staying at Firbushers' Point. We accepted, and appointed Saturday for the day. *

Start of Exploring Trips

The second camping trip started for East Pond directly after morning reading in two canoes.

In the afternoon there was a trip to the bog and a trip in the Sky Fly, up Meadow Brook to the first bridge. Both parties got many flowers and insects, arriving at camp at exactly the same time.

In the evening the Pine Islanders rescued their canoe and returned our boat. They also brought us a brand new ball, as a trophy of the last game.

Rescue of the Wounded!!!

At about half-past-nine some members of the Penn Charter School came to camp, requesting the doctor to come to their camp, as one of their fellows had cut himself quite "badly". One did not return till midnight and told us that his patient had fallen over a table, while walking down-stairs and had broken some dishes one of which had cut his leg.

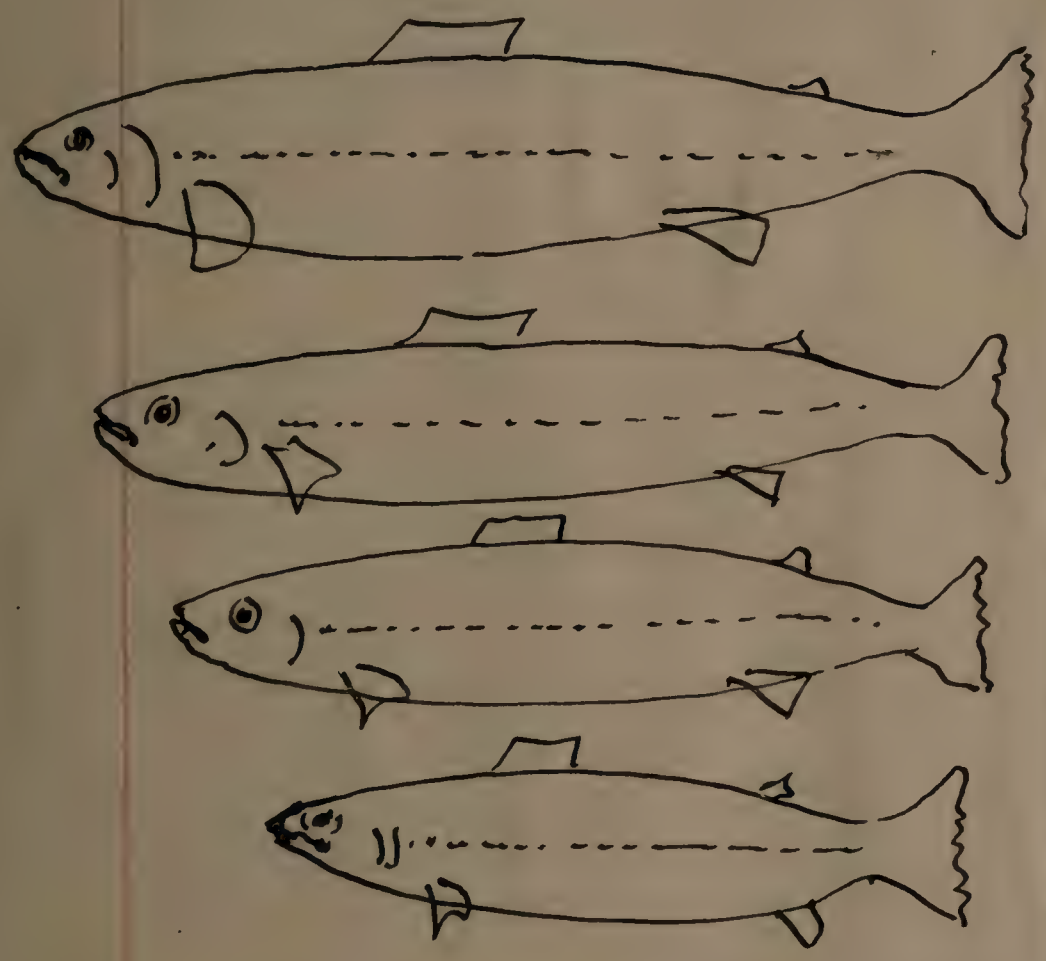
We are very glad to speak of the way in which the dormitories are being kept.

* our same score.

order is as important in Camp as on ship-board and everyone feels better for it and we are glad to think this good standard will be kept during the summer. If any camper has ever seen a badly kept yacht he will realize how much harm a little disorder can do.

Another thing, as pleasant if not as important to record, is that there are fewer mosquitos than in any year since the Camp started.

We had a great arrival to-day in four great salmon weighing 20, 26, 31, and 37 lbs. from Mr. George Richards of Grand River.



Camping Trip
July 14th 1904

Marsh
Shaw
Lawrence

Mr Barlon

D. 29 &
T. 78°

July 15. Chester Ladd's birthday.

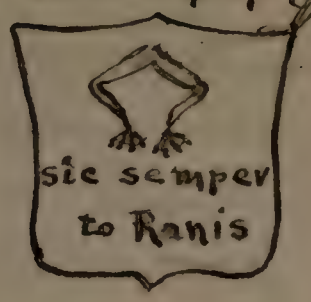
Our chief surveyor (the Doctor) measured the distance to Pickerel Rock, and found it to be two-hundred and twenty-five yards, roughly about an eighth of a mile. In the afternoon we played Pone Island (according to Oliver Rake.) The players and the following base-runners went in swimming afterwards; C. Ladd, R. Windram, Howe, Perry, & Pritchett.

The campers returned in fine style, calling their camp Corking frogslegs.

In the evening most of us played Boston, and the half-past niners had stories.

Several times during this Summer we have had straw-berries, often rasberries, and yesterday, for the first time, blueberries.

Log of the Caughgon Frogs Legs



Cheered by sorrowing friends, and snapped at by vicious kameras, we started off in the teeth of the booming gale to cross the raging Maine. We had plenty of time, as everyone had a watch, Old Sol being totally eclipsed by Young Ingersoll. It was about this time that Shay conceived the first of his Brilliant Ideas: we have forgotten what it was, but it was most unexpected and generally glittering. The paddle up Meadow Brook was good stiff work, as the water was high and the current swift. We made it in very good time — which is to say, we had a very good time in making it.

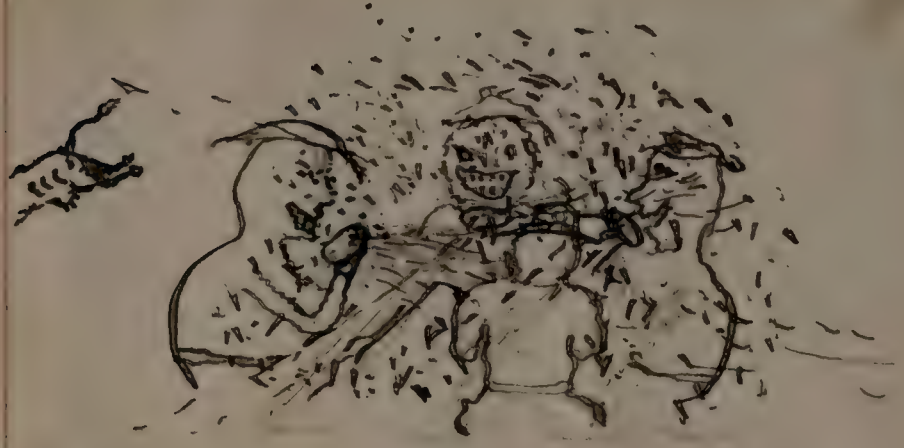
At twelve o'clock, we suddenly realized that we had a good 'Appytite and the wherewithal to satisfy said 'Appytite. By vigorously bombarding some very rude cows, we effected a landing, and under a more or less spreading oak tree, we stuffed ourselves with "Luscious-ness." That there be no doubt about what we ate, we respectfully submit

this recipe:

1 fierce round pilot cracker.
Sugar ad lib.
cocoa (dry) " " .

Retire to a sheltered nook, hold your breath, and eat, ad lib.

Our departure was delayed by an untimely jest at the crucial moment when all four were about to take a large bite at our dessert (so called from the quantities of sand in its make-up.)



Result of Shay's Joke

F.M.B.

At Smithfield, we spent our last twenty-five cents on 12 Eggs, 1 small bag of OYSTERETT and 1 stingy lemon. The lady of the store was one of the smiling, merciless variety. We barely persuaded her to throw in a paper bag.

On rounding Johnny's Island, we found to our dismay and disgust, not the good old woody, rocky, greasy shore-line, but a brand new wharf, cottage, and a clothes line. As we were going elsewhere anyway, this decided us. We made for the west shore and there we pitched our tents under a pine tree, of course.

Not a stone's throw from the camp we found three clear pools of living water. This pleasant spot was haunted by several appetizing pairs of frogs' legs; by lengthy scouting. John Boggs secured a fine assortment, and at supper we talked French and consumed jambes de crapaud.

The evening we spent floating between the stars and their reflection; then returning to camp, we made all snug and retired to a feast of strange joys and hideous song.

In the growing morning light (7:00), Mr. Barton on a voyage of discovery, found several mild-looking cows. Sounding the charge, he advanced gently up the milky way (cow-path) and with the arrival of re-enforcements, succeeded in getting the cow by the horns. Boggs, an experienced hand, then approached, and by strenuous labor got two cups of milk.

~~That breakfast dinner (the cows had been~~ That breakfast was a wonder. Milk, eggs, etc., etc. etc.

After breakfast we journeyed inland, and found that our camp was only a short distance from North Pond. Then we snoozed ate, packed, and started for home. The wind had, of course, shifted to the S.W. but little we cared, for we had had the best of times and were off again for the best of Camps.

(for further particulars, see page 35)

B. 29.31
79°
S-W wind
Partly cloudy

July 16. Dr. Moore's & Otis Russell's birthday

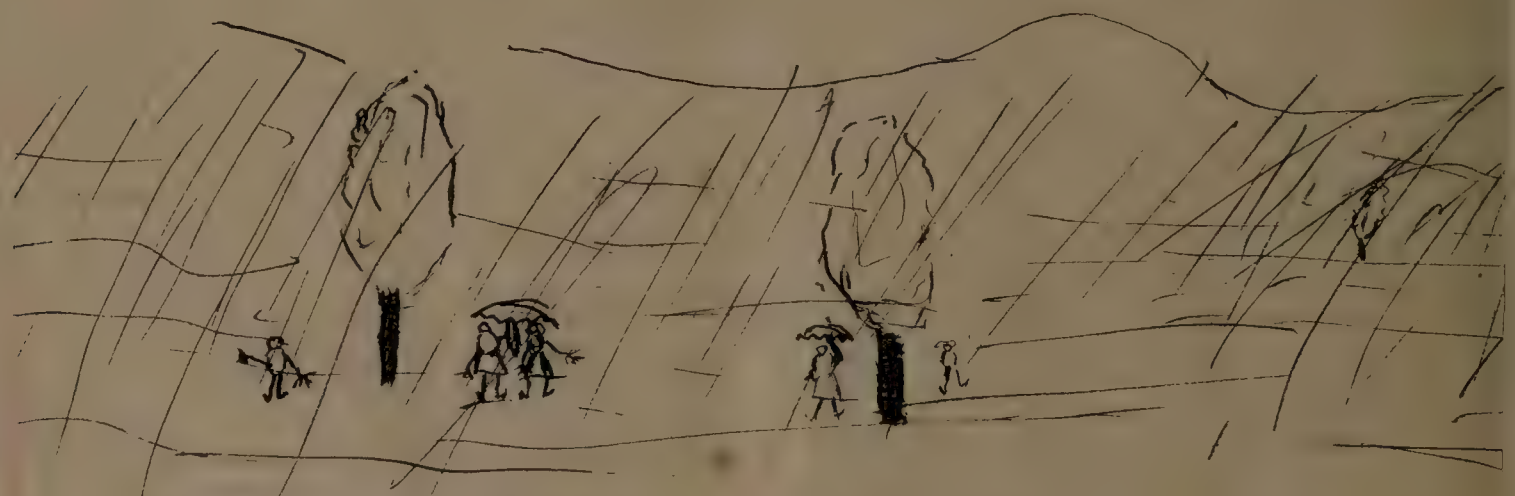
In the morning the Surveyor measured the distance to the point and found it was 15 yds 2 ft.

In the afternoon we had a game with the Penn Charter School nine an account of which follows.

Otis's birthday was celebrated not only by a gorgeous cake but also by a great deal of candy, which he got from home, and which he passed around at meals and at charades in the evening.

The Doctor's birthday, owing to a mistake, was not celebrated to-day, but will be recognized officially on the 26th.

The Phoebe's young ones have all hatched but one.



Out in the storm. E.

The Penn Charter Game.

The game with the Penn Charter school boys began promptly at 3.00 in favorable condetions.

First Inning. The Penn Charters were the first at bat and aided perhaps by a few errors besides their batting succeeded in scoring two runs, while the Merryweathers failed to connect with the ball to any purpose

Second Inning. The Penn Charters succeeded in scoring another run, and the Merryweathers two making the score 3-2 in favor of the visitors

Third, Fourth and Fifth Innings. No scoring.

Sixth Inning. The Penn Charters again failed to score, but the Merryweathers circled the bases for two runs, making the score 4-3 in favor of the home team.

Seventh Inning. The Penn Charters tied the score while the Merryweathers failed to get around the diamond.

Eighth Inning. The Penn Charters did not succeed in scoring but the Merryweathers, aided by an over-throw to first scored three.

Ninth Inning. The Merryweathers held the Penn Charters, ending the game with a double play, making the score 7-4 in favor of the former.

The nine has improved since the last game especially in fielding, and we wish them good luck in the 2nd game with Pine Island next Saturday.

[illegible] vs. Penn Charter

At Soldiers Field when July 16th 1904

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S.B.	S.H.
				Russell C.																
				M. Barton 2B																
				Ladd C																
				H.B. Barton SS																
				Moore LB																
				Marsh P																
				A.H. Shaw 3B																
				C.A. Shaw LF																
				Richards R.F.																
				Lawrence																
				Carey																
				Hardenway																
				Totals	0/0	2/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	2/4	0/4	3/1	/	/	/					

Game began h.....m.....Ended.....h.....m. Time.....h.....m. Umpire.....

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S.B.	S.H.
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				Totals	2/2	1/3	0/3	0/3	0/3	0/3	1/4	0/4	0/4	/	/					

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits.....

Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....

First on Balls—off.....; off.....Struck out—by.....; by.....

Left on Bases.....;..... Double Plays.....

Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

29.33
74°
W Wind
Cloudy.

July 17th Sunday. Mr Richards's Birthday.
There was a pic-nic to Jamaica Point in the afternoon. There were three parties. One went to Chute Island, another to Blueberry Hill, and the third stayed at home. The party to Blueberry Hill got lots of blueberries, not to speak of a very fine view, while the party to Chute Island got a great many raspberries.

(Jam-acher Point, as we now think it should be spelled.)

We fear two new diseases may appear tomorrow, Jamaïna and cheese-itis.

A scarlet tanager, and an orchard oriole have been seen near Camp.

The half-past-niners had a very fine game of Boston in the evening.

Arrivals:

Alice Gardiner
Francis A. Richards
~~Mrs~~ Henry Howard Fay Jr

A Hot Day.

July 18th. A letter came this evening from Mr Dick, telling of his good voyage. There was fishing in the afternoon. Eleven bass and two horned pout were caught.

11 Bass
2 Horned pout

The arivals were put in in the wrong place. Really the guests came to day.

The first weeks work in the butterfly and moth collecting was shown yesterday. There are thirtien specimens so far. Ida has done very good work in arranging and setting them, and they look very well. A few of the campers went out for butterflies again this afternoon, and had very good luck, getting a Hemming cloak, several wood Browns, Fritillaries and Clouded Yello

Another hot day.

July 19.

Start of 4th Camping Trip.

Camping Trip

July 19th 1904

Perry
Gammell
Hemenway
Windram
Beebe
~~F. Ladd~~

W.F. Ladd jr.

Two good Raspberry Trips in the afternoon, one in the Fox to Chute Island, one in the Ebenezer and the Cangamomoc to Hoyt's; both parties came back very hot, but with pails full.

Mrs Gammell is staying at Gleanis

Inspection was begun to day.

July 20

. high
west wind.

High south west wind, with running white caps. Mr. Moore, Otis Russell, Harry Fay and John Boggs did the canoe test, though it was a very stiff day for it. F.A.P. also did it, all but getting back into his canoe, as he made the mistake of jumping out to windward. He has only been in a canoe three times before.

Our friends from Penn Charter School came down at noon, for the Rodin [illegible] at the stitches he put in last week. They had a heavy row back, having four men and a big dog in a green fishing boat, and the wind dead ahead.

Base. ball.

A game between the Grimcrackers and the Bugeenuseers in the afternoon. The score follows.

Mrs Gammell came to supper.

splendid
turn of the
mpers.

Percy Howe has received a fine net for butterfly catching and selling. and Chester Ladd has a fine new rod. We are still made happy by Otis' candy. He has been most generous with it.

Joyous shouts in the afternoon announced the glorious return of the campers, who came whizzing past in a catamaran, with double red flannel sail drawing full. They came to beyond Hogis (the north end) in half an hour.

.....Swissvales..... vs. .....Bussmeisters.....

At..... when ..... July 20th 1907

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S.B.	S.H.
				Totals.....	1/1	0/1	1/2	1/3	1/4	2/6	3/9	/	/	/	/					

Game began ..... h.....m.....Ended.....h.....m. Time.....h.....m. Umpire.....

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S.B.	S.H.
				Totals.....	3/3	0/3	2/5	1/6	2/8	0/8	2/10	/	/	/	/					

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits.....

Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....

First on Balls—off..... ; off..... Struck out—by..... ; by.....

Left on Bases..... ;..... Double Plays.....

Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

Sing - Song

1. Overture. Chopsticks. F.M.B., J.R, & H.H. Fay.
2. Mandolin Solo. Jellyfish
3. Duet. J.R. & A.M.R.
4. Chorusses. Baseball Song
   Merryweather Boys.
5. Piano Solo. A.M.R.
6. Song F.M.B.
7. Duet. J.R., & H.H. Fay.
8. Stunt. Caughquonfroggsleggs. F.M.B, Marsh, Shaw & Lawrence
9. Chorusses. October
   Camp Song.

The Song of the Caughquonfroggsleggs.

Four little boys went out for a trip
Hoorip

(Same)
(Same)

Some were grave and some were flip

And we'll all be glad when we come paddling home.

We took a swim in Meadow Brook
Hoorook
Some cows came round to have a look
We showered them with some sticky Pure clay
They upped with their heels and they ran away.

At length in Smith field town we rest
We had a quarter to invest
The clerk she was a philanthropest
She'lowed she'd throw in a bag she guessed

~~It~~ Perhaps you think there's more of this song (3 times)
And there is.

Little Pinky in the swim
Appitite cotched hold of him
Johnny Boggs brought out the net
And then we all sat down and eat (etera)

We caught some froggies in the mire
We cooked them cheerfully o'er the fire
We cooked them extra nice and brown
And then we greedily gulped them down

We met a kind old Mooley cow
So we remarked we'll milk that cow
We held her by the horns and tail
And milked her till we filled a — cup.

Perhaps you think there's more of this song (3 times)
But there ain't.

We paddled home at a terrible pace
The knaggs were simply out of the race
So fast we whizzed the brook around
Our Ingersoll watches were terribly wound

high south-
west wind
rain.

July 21 st.

F.A.R. and L.E.R.jr. had a slight Accident in coming back from the Lagoon in the Squamacook, but their clothes will dry quickly.

High northwest wind, stronger even than yesterday.

F.A.R. and Mr. Shaw passed the course test triumphantly. and Mr. More and H.H.F. also went on the course again.

F.A.R. and A.G. went away at 2.30, alas.

First waltz. Lilies found today.

In the afternoon arrived:
Frank H. Whitmore

This afternoon we had the second Scoring Game.

1st Game	Iroquois	4	.	Algonquin	0
2nd Game	Iroquois	2		Algonquin	1

	Algonquins						Iroquois					
	Dead	Shots	Runs	Dead	Shots	Runs		Dead	Shots	Runs	Dead	Shots	Runs
Richards	x						Fitz Baird	x	1				1
Morris	x				1		Prof Shaw			0	x		
W.L.L.	x			x	2		Mr Pal-		2	0			
Fay	x					0	Marsh	x	1		x	2	
Fay 2	x				2		Perry		2	0	x		
Lawrence	x			x	1		Windsor	x			x	1	
Campbell				x			Barbe				x		
Caroline	x			x	2		Hemenway	x			x		
C. Ladd				x	1		Ida		1	0			0
Comstock	x				1		Carter	x			x		
L.M.F.		1		x			Russell				x		
C.R.R.				x			Howe	x			x		
J. Ladd				x									
	Total	0		Total		1		Total		0	Total		2
	1st game			2d game				1st game			2d game		

Algonquins

Iroquois

July 22 –
This expedition, which was the "best hitherto", got off at 10.30 a.m., H.R. and R.R. staying to keep Camp.

Muskrat and Rocky Mts

Lunch at Beaver Brook – July 22d. 1904

Sly Fox — Prof. Shaw

Doctor – F.M.B
J.W.R. – L.E.R jr.
Perry – C. Ladd
Russell – Comstock
pass. 1. Beebe
pass. 2. Howe
pass. 3. Caroline

Williwaw: L.E.R. (cox.) W.T.L jr. H.B.B. — J. Ladd (pass)

Yammerschooner. Windram (cox.) F.H.W. Shaw. — Gammell (pass.)

Identical: Ida (cox) Marsh Lawrence — Lunch (pass.)

Caughcongomock: J.R. Carey Hemenway A.M.R.

If this wont grand! at 3.40 (a disastrous) arrived
John W. Simons
Philip Simons

The only Trouble is that Harry had to go this morning, called away by a telegram, but we hope to him back on Monday.

B. 29.55
T. 69°
W. S-E.
Cloudy

July 23. 1st Pine Island game

The 2nd Pine Island began on the Pine Island field in a thick mist which during the game developed into a fine drizzle.

First Inning. The Merry weathers came to the bat first and after a considerable mix up managed to score one run, while the Pine Islanders failed to get in a run.

Second Inning. The Merry weathers scored one run, and the Pine Islanders failed.

Third Inning. Same. Score 3-0 in favor of the Merry weathers.

Fourth Inning. In this inning the Merry weathers began to bat and scored 9 runs. No score for Pine Island

Fifth Inning. No score

Sixth Inning. No score

Seventh Inning. The Merry weathers again failed to score but the Pine Islanders managed to get in their first run, making the score 12-1 in favore of the Merry weathers.

Eighth Inning. The Merry weathers this time scored another five runs, while the Pine Islanders succeeded in making another.

Ninth Inning. This time the Merry weathers got to work and hit the ball out to the tune of 13 runs while they held the Pine Islanders, making the score 30-2 in their favor.

The score shows the batting and fielding of the Merryweather In the latter Mr. Shaw especially shone, making many put outs out in left field.

Thompsonville vs. Pine Island

At Pine Island when July 2

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S.H.
			7	C A Thum	1-2 2 X	X		2 X	5-6		7-1 2	7-1 3	1-3 2							
			6		• X		• X	• X	X E		7-5 3		•• X							
			4		BB		1 E-4 BB	• X	3-6 2			1-4 1	• X							
			8	H B Barton	1 ••		2 X	• X	X			• X	• 1-5							
			3	Moore 1B	2 X		3 X	• X	2-3			• X	• 3-4	X						
			5	Simons 3B	• E X			2- D: Hit		1-2 1		1-2 2	• X	X						
			2	Ladd C		2-3 D		• XX		2-3 2		• X	• BB	X						
			1	Marsh P	5-4 5 X		•	• XX		3-2 3		• X	• X	X						
			9	Richards		2 ••		• X			D ••	• X	3-4 2	3 ••						
				Totals.....	1/1	1/2	1/3	9/12	0/1	0/12	0/12	5/17	13/21	/	/					

Game began h.....m.....Ended.....h.....m. Time.....h.....m. Umpire.....H. Richards.....

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S.H.
				3B	1-3 2		2 ••		3-2 2		3 ••									
				LF	5-3 3		3 5-3			7-5 1		D ••								
				C	3-4 3			3-2 D		2 ••		• X								
				2B		1 8-4 X		2-3 2		C X		3								
				SS		X		2-3 2		3-1 3		X								
				CF		X			2-3 1			2-7 2								
						2 ••			1-3 2		D 4-3 X		1 ••							
						3-3 3			X		X		3-8 3							
							1-3 1		X		1-3 2		3 ••							
				Totals.....	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	1/1	1/2	0/2	/	/					

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits.....

Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....

First on Balls—off.....; off..... Struck out—by.....; by.....

Left on Bases.....;..... Double Plays.....

Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

There were two accidents to the Pine Island nine. Mr. Colby, who is their best pitcher, ran a nail into his foot, which prevented him from pitching. During the game, Mr. Hillar (first base) split his nail, and could not play any more.

Going over to the game, all the nine went over in the Sly Fox, which made the other boats very weak. Coming back, however the crews were shifted, and were made more even.

During the whole afternoon, the weather was misty.

We had a fine game of Boston in the evening.

Arrivals:

Nothing to-day.

Fine beans from the garden to-day.

29.50
66°
South-East
misty.

July 24th Sunday. A. M. P's birthday.

There was a drizzling rain most of the day, so we got no picnic, but there was a good walk to Hinchsh's point. The party returned marching in double column, singing John Brown's Body, in splendid form and swing. Mr. Barton, Otis, and Arthur, ran most of the way home, so as to be here in time to re-freeze the rest of the ice-cream (raspberry) for supper.

We had a picnic supper on the piazza, lanterns hung, and the table covered with ferns, it looked very cheerful, especially after the wood and the piazza was well coated with dust.

Mrs Gammell came to dinner yesterday, and to service today.

The weeks collection of butterflies and moths was shown at dinner, and was much better than last weeks. There were over twenty specimens, but we hope to do better still.

Camp Discovery

We, Bill Ladd, Reginald Windram, Oliver Beebe, Lawrence Nemaway, Ives Gammell, and Jen Eyck Perry started promptly on Tuesday July 19th at 2.45 for the other side of Great Pond and hoisting a sail we went at a moderate rate to the north end of Hoyt's Island, from where we rowed to our camping place. We cleared away the vestiges of savages and pitched camp. Four of the campers went fishing, but got nothing and lost a phantom minnow. When they returned all hands had a swim, and then grub. We all got to bed at 10.00 P.M. and woke at 4.00 A.M. After a swim, breakfast, and a vain attempt to obtain live bait, we surmounted a hill back of us and at the summit, seeing Long Pond, we decided to descend and refreshed ourselves at a pump and in the lake. We later retraced our footsteps and arrived at camp with a few wasp stings and a camelion toad. We had lunch and started to Camp Merryweather, but a wind arising we hoisted a sail and at the rate of a mile a minute we arrived home.

July 25. The Wōdis (official) Birthday.

Camping Trip

Shaw
Lawrence
Carey
J.W. Simons
W.F. Ladd jr.
J. Richards

Bass.

Monday July 25th

This great camping trip got off in great form right after reading, in the good ships Abt and Cancongomoc.

Mr. Whitmore went to day. D.S.R. went in to Waterville with Jack Ladd. J.W.R., D.S.R. jr. and Miss Sidney went in to Gardiner for the night. Fishing in the afternoon. The rain stopped, but it was dull and lowering.

The Wōdis birthday was celebrated at supper.

Arrived
Anna Lowell Gardiner

July 26.

There was a good game in the afternoon between the Raspberries and the Blueberries. The score is on the opposite page.

Mrs. Abbot and Mrs. Stevens were here to supper.

There have been some very nice shelves put into the parlor and infirmary by Mr. Shaw's carpenter squad.

The swimming-class is getting along very well. Caroline Stevens is in the lead. She swam around the float today, and Ida Pritchett dove off the float.

There was a strong southerly wind all day, so that we watched with some excitement for the campers. We saw them at last from the baseball field at about half-past five. They came in splendid shape, though they were nearly swamped.

Raspberries vs. Blueberries

E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S.H.
		Raspberries																
		Totals.....	5/5	3/8	3/11	1/12	1/13	4/17	/	/	/	/	/					

began h.....m.....Ended.....h.....m. Time.....h.....m. Umpire.....

E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S.H.
		Blueberries																
		Totals.....	1/1	0/1	0/1	2/3	0/3	1/4	/	/	/	/	/					

d Runs.....Two Base Hits.....

: Base Hits.....Home Runs.....

on Balls—off.....; off..... Struck out—by.....; by.....

n Bases.....;..... Double Plays.....

Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

Account of Camp Cocoanut.

After morning reading, we (John Richards, Bill Hall, Appleton Lawrence, Arthur Shaw, John Simons and Rex Carey) left camp, and paddled up Mendota Brook in the van to Little Pond. We stopped for lunch near the top of the hook, in an exceedingly wet but cheerful condition. On arriving at our camping place, which was on a beautiful sandy beach, we discovered a fine wood-pile, apparently for our special use, which we used a great deal during our stay there. While we were getting supper ready, we discovered that there was no cocoanut nor provisions but Appy Lawrence luckily had a cake of chocolate, from which we made a pretty good drink. Here the name of the trip. Terrible accidents happened at least this time. Bill Hall's trousers were burned while the were drying, and Arthur Shaw burned his fingers quite a good deal. We stayed up quite late that night, however, and, after we had gone fishing, and caught one whole fish, we had a very fine night scene.

In the morning, after some more fishing, Bill Hall, Josh Simons, and Rex Carey went on an expedition to get some cows and milk them. They found two cows at last, but one was unapproachable, while the other had no milk, so they decided to herd the cows down to camp, if possible. Just as the cows were galloping along in fine style towards camp, they came plump upon a farmer, his wife, and a dog. The farmer soon learned the cows, asked them who they were. They replied that they were in search of the lost cows, and were quite sure for them not to have

we ~~[illegible]~~, & found it ~~[illegible]~~ that the paddle was all up at the house. That was the end of the paddle trip. Later in the morning we had a visit from this same [redacted] man and another ~~of~~ ^ we found the wood-pile, so that he would not notice how small it had grown. After he had gone, we explored North Pond as far as Big Brook, and we then had another very fine swim.

After dinner we broke up camp rather sorrowfully. On the way down Moose Pond we saw several ducks, as well as three canoes full of Penn) hunters who were going to camp at East Pond. When we reached Great Pond, the waves got very high, and we shipped a good deal of water, but we finally arrived safely at camp.

Fair, hot. Thunder-storm about.

July 27 Field Sports.

This was a great day, being the first of the Field Sports. The scene, with the records, will follow when they are over. Ever so many records were broken, and they were on the whole the best sports we have had, though we missed Mr. Wise particularly.

Field Sports.

The Senior & Junior High Jumps, Senior & Junior 100, and Senior and Junior Running Broad Jump were run off today, and the Junior 440. The last was a splendid race, and was won by Otis Russell, with Laurence Hemenway a close second, and Rex Carey third.

The Eight O'clock 100 yd. won by Caroline Stevens, was very pretty also.

A huge thunder storm, extraordinarily black and threatening, came up in the afternoon, and we saw a very strange sight, such as we are not likely to see again. Six great eagles, with full white head and tail, came sailing and soaring down south with the storm, some very high up, others lower down, apparently for the pure pleasure of sailing with the storm. It was wonderful to see them circling against the very dark blue-black clouds.

July 8th, continued.

In the evening, after Swig. Song, or rather at Swig. Song: the Dormitory Prizes were announced. Inspection Week has been the best since the Camp first started, and the Inspection Committee said a great deal about the beautiful conditions in which the cubicles had been kept. They were so good that there no first ~~runners~~ second and third prizes. but three first prizes, as follows:

Arthur Shaw	Compass
Rex Carey	Bird Pathfinder
Otis Russell	Fountain Pen.

J.R. in the South Dormitory won the Faculty competition. The condition of the dormitories has been really up to the standard of a military Camps.

Oh! Reginald Windham!!!

	North			South			Pigs	Faculty North	Faculty South
Tuesday	Shaw	Comstock	Perry	Russell Laurence	Carey	Howe		F. M. B	J. R.
Wednesday	Shaw	Comstock	J. Ladd	Carey Russell	Marsh	Laurence		F. M. B.	J. R.
Thursday	Shaw Perry	Beebe	Comstock	Carey Russell	Marsh	Laurence		F. M. B.	J. R.
Friday	Shaw	Perry	Gammell	Carey Russell	Marsh Laurence			F. M. B.	J. R.
Saturday	Shaw	Comstock	Perry	Carey Russell	Laurence Marsh	Hemenway Howe		F. M. B.	J. R.
Sunday	Shaw	Comstock Perry	Beebe	Carey Russell	Laurence	Hemenway		F. M. B.	J. R.
Monday	Shaw	Perry	Comstock	Carey Russell	Marsh	Laurence		F. M. B.	J. R.
Tuesday	Beebe Comstock	Perry	Gammell	Carey Russell	Marsh	Howe	Windham	F. M. B.	J. R.

Sing - Song

1. Senior Chopsticks Overture.

2. Song. The Pale Young Curate. J. R.

3. Choruses. Lynn of Preston.
Sly Fox

4. Corkadoodle Duet. J. R. and F. M. B, assisted by a clog by C. Ladd.

5. Semi - Chorus Now to the Banquet, etc.

6. Stunt. R. R., J. D. R, T. E. R 2nd, and Miss Stickney.

7. Choruses Drink, Puppy, Drink
Forty Years On
Camp Song.

July 28. Field & Rubber Sports.

The second days of the field Sports was even better than the first. The Pole-vault was one of the best events, and was very close. The Doctor finally beat Shaw by a very little. W. Ladd. Mr. Pat and the Lieutenant holding on till near the end.

The Potato Race was grand. Like a frantic scrimmage among excited Wordle-hugs, the Faculty distinguishing themselves particularly.

The Obstacle Race was much the best we have ever had. It started with a short dash. Then climbing in and out of the wire fence. Then everyone had to dig a hole (teeth and feet forbidden). and hunt a good sized stone completely out of sight. This was frantic work. but Otis kept, and held, a long lead, with Beebe second. and Carey third. Next came a wild heave for the flow-cloth, pegged tight to the ground, and a wild scramble ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ under the same, then a race along six of the table horses, placed end to end, and then the cracker eating. The order was the same up to this point. but while Otis kept his long lead by eating methodically in small bites. Oliver and Rex fell way behind (the former by putting in nearly a whole cracker at once. which left him helpless), while Jelly came right up to second by his magnificent skill in Tiny Bites. The last thing was a heel and toe dash, and the winners were Otis — Jelly-Windham. Otis showing great judgment and cool-headedness throughout.

The Doctors judging of whether the cracker was entirely swallowed was masterly.

Sports

Field

	Winner	Second	Third	time	Former Record	Record	Points North	Points South	
100yd Dash 2d Class				13 2/5	13 3/5	13 2/5	6	9	
" " 1st Class					12 2/5	12 2/5	3	6	
High jump 2d C.				9½	4'1"		1		
100yd Dash 3C.							3	1	5
High jump 1C				10 2/5	4'9 3/4"	4'10 5/8			
440yds 2C				1.6 3/4					
440 " 3C				1.17 2/5			6	3	
Broad jump 1C					17'3½"		4	4	
Broad jump 2C					13'8½"				
Base ball 3C									
Base ball 1C									
Base ball 2C									
Pole vault 2C									
Pole vault 1C					6'10 1/5"				
3 Legged 2C					19 1/5				
3 Legged 1C					18 3/5				
Potatoe Race 2C									
Potatoe Race 1C									

FIELD SPORTS.

	Winner	Second	Third	time	former Record	Record	Points North	Points South
3 Legged Race 2C								
3 Legged 1C								
Junior Pole 2C								
Senior Pole 1C								
Base ball 2C								
Base ball 1C								
Potatoe 2C								
Potatoe 1C								
Obstacle Race								

Scoring Game.

The third scoring afternoon was equal to the first two, which is saying a great deal. The game was played without watches this time, which of course made it more difficult, as it was hard to know how long to die in order before trying for a run, but it also gave a chance for much more careful judgment and skill.

The first game had no runs on either side, so depended on the number killed, the Algonquins gaining by 5 men killed to 9.

In the second game the Iroquois scored fright fully, making 15 runs to 1 (W. Ladd) of the Algonquins. Part of these runs, it seemed, could be traced to a shot not carrying far enough, or to the wounded squaw not realizing that she was dead, and by her escape bringing about the deaths of four of the Algonquins, besides bringing in at least four runs for the Iroquois.

The very untidy condition of the score is owing to the lively, not to say heated, discussion concerning these contested runs, which nettled the score-keepers' nerve. The argument was carried on ably on the field by two of our ralued Editors, and later gone through in full, with brilliancy and power, by two of our Grotonians. They hardly ate any supper through the rapid fencing of the debate.

The third game was the best, the runs being a tie, 1, (J.W. Simons) to 1, (W. Ladd.

July 29.

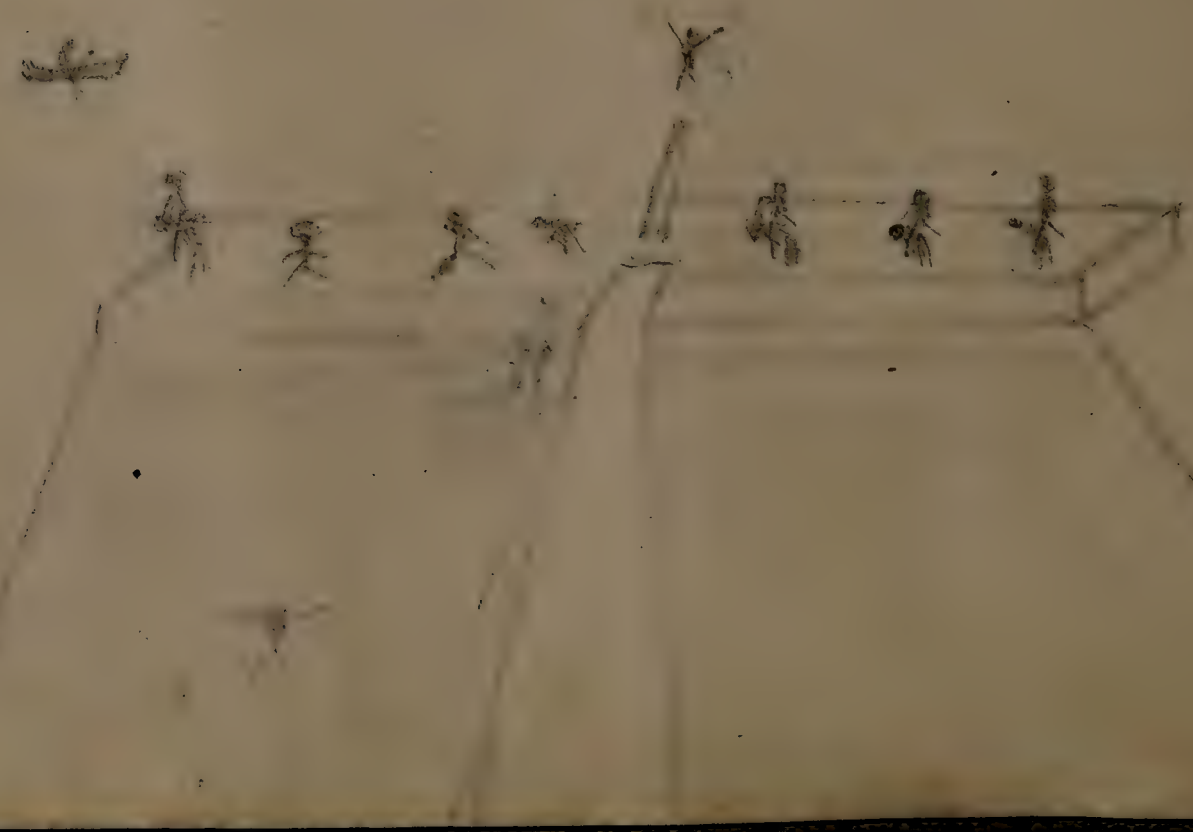
Miss Alice went away in the morning. Ida Pritchett and Percival Howe went with her to the station and caught several butterflies

There was a scouting game between the Iroquois and the Algonquins in the afternoon, an account of which is on the opposite page.

The Hermit Thrush is still singing, which is unusually late for it.

In the evening there was canoe practice for the races. There was such a strong northwest wind that the practice had to be in the bay by the lagoon. Coming back several canoes had to be beached, and the non-swimmers had to be landed the other side of the point. Shay and Anna Gardiner were driven almost to Gleason's and had to land there and walk home.

Algonquins	Dead	State	Runs	Dead	State	Runs	Dead	State	Runs	Iroquois	Dead	State	Runs	Dead	State	Runs	Dead	State
J. R.		1		X			X	1		F. M. Baston					3	1		1
J. W. R.	X			X	1			2		Ruf Stout	X					1	X	
Moore							X	2		J. W. Simons	1	1				2	X	1
W. Ladd				X	2			3	1	Miss Stebins	X			X	2		X	
J. Evans		4		X			X			L. E. R.	X				1			
Laurence	X	2		X			X	1		Howe	X			X			X	3
Tannell				X			X	1		Beebe	X			X			X	
Jenkins				X			X	1		Ida	X	2		X		1	X	2
Ladd	X	2					X			Marsh		2		X			X	1
Comstock				X			X			Henriemus						2	X	
J. Ladd				X	1			3		Russell	X			X			X	
P. W. Simons	X			X			X			Carey						2	X	
De Tuscan	X			X				1		Windsor	X			X		4	X	
										Perry	X					2	X	
	1st game	2d game	3d game								1st game	2d game	3d game					



J. W. Simons

29.30
7.0
N.W
fair

July 30. Water Sports

= =

John Simons, alas, alas, left us this evening. Mrs. Ranlet went with him, to bring back the August brethren.

Hamlet J. Kenney.
Francis Ranlet, Jr. } arrived at 8.30.

In the afternoon we had the water sports which were the best we have ever had. The committee of arrangement should be especially praised for its arrangement of the races. The senior single paddle, and the four paddle races were especially close. In the four paddle, the Ebenezer lost in the turn as much as the Abol gained by it, but the Canpanoosuc gained on the home stretch.

In the evening came a great event. Mr. Ranlet presented the Camps with a silver cup to be raced for by the annual miniature, a beautiful little model of the America's cup, about ten inches high. There was great applause for this delightful and generous gift. The Regulations, under which the Cup is to be raced for, follow on another page.

presentation of the Cup.

Miss Kenney left us this afternoon.

Events	Winner	Second	Third	time	Seniors	Doubles
1st heat Jr. Single Scull	Lawrence	C. Ladd	Hemenway	1.20 2/5	Marsh Shaw	Lawrence Hemenway Gammell cox
Jr. Single Scull 2d	Comstock	Russell	R. Simons	1.17 4/5	Juniors Lawrence	C. Ladd Comstock Howe cox
Jr Single Scull 3d	Carey	Perry		1.19 3/5	Carey Perry Hemenway	Carey Simons J. Ladd cox
Jr Single Scull Finals	Carey	Comstock	[illegible]	1.19 2/5	Windham Comstock	Russell Perry Beebe cox
Sr. Canoe. Standing	Marsh	Shaw		2.13 3/5	Russell C. Ladd	Four Paddle Crews.
Jr. Double Scull 1st heat	[illegible]	Howe J. Ladd Comstock		1.17 2/5	Simons Gammell	Carey C. Ladd Perry Simons Campion.
Jr Double Scull 2d	Gammell Lawrence Hemenway	J. Ladd Carey Simons		1.14 4/5	Howe Beebe	
Jr Double Scull Finals	Gammell Lawrence [illegible]	Beebe Russell [illegible]		1.11 2/5	J. Ladd	Lawrence Gammell (a tot
Zig Zag Mixed Double Canoe	Russell Marsh Sq.	Lawrence [illegible]		9.2 3/5	Mixed Pairs	Howe Comstock
Jr 4-paddle Canoe	Comp. Simons Windham Perry Carey	Abbot Comstock Gammell Howe Simons	Eben Hemenway Beebe Russell	2.44 4/5	Marsh Russell	Russell Windham Eben
	[illegible] 200yds To Hemenway				Shaw Lawrence	Beebe Hemenway

Boat & Canoe Races - July 30th 1904

Events

1. Junior single scull - from Pickerel Rock to float - 3 heats & final
2. Senior canoe race - single paddler standing - Round Pickerel Rock
3. Junior double scull - from Pickerel Rock to float. 2 heats & final
4. Mixed double canoe race - Round Pickerel Rock - zigzag -
5. Junior four-paddle canoe race - Round Pickerel Rock

Seniors

Marsh.
Shaw.

Juniors

Lawrence
Carey
Perry
Hemenway
× Windram
Comstock
Russell
C. Ladd
Simons
× Gammell
× Howe
× Beebe
× J. Ladd

Mixed pairs

{ Marsh / ~~Lawrence~~ Russell
{ Shaw / ~~Russell~~ Lawrence

Doubles

{ Lawrence / Hemenway — Gammell (cox)
{ C. Ladd / Comstock — Howe (cox)
{ Carey / Simons — J. Ladd (cox)
{ Russell / Perry — Beebe (cox)

Four paddle crews

Augcon. { Carey, C. Ladd, Perry, Simons
Eben. { Russell, Windram, Beebe, Hemenway
Abol. { Lawrence, Gammell, Howe, Comstock

Philadelphia, Pa.

May 17th, 1904.

Henry Richards, Esq.,

Dear Sir:-

I present to you herewith a silver cup, as a trophy to be raced for by toy boats on Great Pond. May I ask you to hold it upon the following conditions:

1. The cup to be raced for but twice in a season, that is to say, between July 1 and September 1.

2. The races to be open only to members of "Camp Merry-weather".

3. No boat to exceed twelve inches in length over all.

4. Each boat must use paper sails.

5. Each boat must be made entirely by its owner; any owner may enter two or more boats, properly qualified, in any race.

6. No boat to have more than one hull.

7. Any person challenging for the cup to give at least two weeks' notice to the custodian.

8. No winner to hold the cup longer than to the end of the season, when it shall be returned to the custodian.

Very truly yours,

Francis Rawle, Jr

29.32
79°
South
air

July 31st

Sunday
which was,
The picnic, under the Walrus Tree, was the best one we have had. Before tea, we walked along the shore and sat on the rocks there. We played I Spy after supper and sang on the way home.

This being the last day of the month we have decided to annex some statistics.

Weights During July

	Weight July 1st	Weight July 31st	Amount Gained
H. M. Barton			
H. B. Barton	149	156	7 "
Oliver Beale	65½	70	4½ "
W. O. Carruthers	71	74¼	3¼ "
Rex Carey	93¾	95	1¼ "
Ives Gammell	68½	71	1½ "
Percy Howe	67½	69½	2 "
Chester Ladd	90	95	5 "
Jack Ladd	53	53¼	¼ "
W. Ladd	153½	154½	1 "
Appleton Lawrence	112	111¼	− ¾ "
Jen Lyell Perry	111	113¾	2¾ "
Otis Russell	79½	82¼	2¾ "
Reginald Windham	76½	80½	4 "
J. R.			
Dr. Mose			
Mr. Shaw.	139	148	9 "
Lawrence Hemenway	70½	71¼	1¾ "
John Marsh.	144¾	151.5	6¾
Chilton Shaw	139½	138.	− 1½

Statistics For The Month July.

Number of Bass caught:

July, 1900,	1901	July, 1902.	July, 1903,	July, 1904.
51.	31.	14. (not all recorded)	59.	47.

Rainy Days

1900	1901	1902	1903	1904
none, 3 showers	2	3	6	5

Camping Trips

1900	1901	1902	1903	1904
				5

Expeditions.

1900	1901	1902	1903	1904

August First.

A day of mixed joy and sadness. Arthur went away, with Mrs Hemenway, at nine, and Appy went by the noon train. We had a quiet afternoon of base ball practice, and about half past four joyous whoops announced the arrival of the August Fathers as follows:

Charles P. Burgess.
Arthur Sweeney.

[illegible]

Mr. Barton had come with them from Portland, after spending Sunday at Chebeague. It was hot and shell, and they were quite black when they arrived, so there was a great swim for all hands.

Caroline Stevens passed her swimming examination. This is splendid work, and puts her ahead of all the eight - o' doclers.

Poor Mr. Pat! He has been stung in the eye by a hornet! You can see nothing but a fringe of lashes, and the sting is very hot and painful.

B. 29.40
T. 73°
Wind, None
ondy. light
in for an
n in late
m.

August 2.

Arthur Sweeney and Thomas Leech passed their swimming tests. Oliver made a good try, but failed; better luck next time!—

Chester cut his foot badly in swimming, making a pretty deep, and very painful, cut. The Doctor had three stitches in it, Chester very pluckily deciding to stand the pain, rather than have the cut merely plastered, which would keep him lame for a much longer time.

M. Pat's eye is a little better, though he must have passed a miserable night.

Great doings in the dormitories! The Camp being flitted to new flooring, there is dumping up in some of the cubicles, and Bill's study has been filled up with a very handy and convenient folding table. We have an unusually good cricketing squad this year.

Hamlet, Hall Roosevelt, Radford Abbott, and Wade Stevens, among the August Freshmen, have not yet passed their swimming examination.

At Addlehumps:

The Doctor: "Beate, stand out, and stay for five minutes after time!"

Oliver, meekly, "Yessum!"

Anna Gardiner left us this afternoon.

ng Barton
nd Hornets.

M. Barton, in full martial panoply of war, gallantly attacked and tore down the strong-hold of the Hornets, a gallant and heroic feat of self-sacrifice.

Game with the Fire Island second nine.

B 29.86
T. 73°
W. W. W.,
light.
Shower rain with
a.m., clearing
about 9.30

August 1st

Last night Mr. Shaw conducted the solemn initiation of Ives Yarnall, Ogilvie Comstock, Frank Finch, Laurence Hemenway, and Reginald Windram into the Shaw Trinity of the "Merry Weather Mystery." Mr. Shaw made a very good conductor, and although all the victims except O.G. knew of the initiation, it was great fun for the spectators, especially in the case of Reginald Windram.

In the afternoon we recieved an unexpected visit from a well-known member of Quotore school, who rowed over from Belgrade Mills, and as we persuaded him to stay over night, we have

Initiation.

Philip Little, Jr Salem, Mass.

for a guest.

In the afternoon we also had the best game we have ever had with the Fire Island second nine, an account of which follows below.

In the evening Miss Alice returned in time for an exellent Sing Song.

The great event of the day

THE FIRE

will be described

on the following page.

Game with the Pine Island second Nine.

The first game between the second nines of Morgenwalter and Pine Island took place about two o'clock on August third.

First Inning. The game promised to be very exciting, as neither side scored anything.

Second Inning. No score.

Third Inning. In this inning Pine Island scored four runs, and Morgenwalter three.

Fourth Inning. Pine Island shut out the opponents and scored three runs.

Fifth Inning. The inning ended with the score to five in favor of Pine Island.

Sixth Inning. Morgenwalter took the lead, making five runs to Pine Island's two.

Seventh Inning. Five runs were added to Morgenwalter score, and two to the Pine Island.

Eighth Inning. Morgenwalter kept the lead, and added one more to her score.

Ninth Inning. This was the most successful inning in the game. In the first part of the inning, the Islanders made ~~two~~ three runs, thus tying the score, but in the last half, our captain, Hale Oaks, brought in the winning run, making the score stand to Sixteen in favor of Morgenwalter.

Sing - Song

Programme.

1. Junior Chopsticks — John Boys, Caroline.
2. Song. — John Boys.
3. Disquisition on Classical Music, with illustrations. — The Ladies.
4. Chornses:
   Robin Hood, John Peel.
5. Senior Chopsticks, (with magnificent variations) — J.R. L.E.R. jr. F.M.B.
6. Table. Serving Song — Faculty
8. Chornses:
   Camptown Races, Old Towler.
   Camp Song.

2d Nemours Team vs. 2d Pine Island

At Sojus Field when August 3d 1904

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	S.H.
				Simons 2B	D	2		2		2	2	BB 3								
				A Stone 3B	X	3		3		X/E	X/E		X/E							
				Russell P	BB		X		D	BB	X		D 1-3							
				Sweeney LF	5		X		X	X/E	X									
				French RF	BB		X 3		X/E	X	X									
				D. Stone CF	3		D 2-1		2 6 / X	3 2-1 / X	3									
				Carey SS		1	2 1-3		3		BB	1 1-3								
				Hennessey C		BB	3 2-3			BB	D 1-3	BB								
				A Platt LF		X		D		1	BB	2 1-3								
				Keenan RF / Connor																
				Totals	0/0	0/0	3/3	0/3	2/5	5/10	5/15	1/16	1/17	/	/					

Game began h. 3 m. 5 Ended h. m. Time h. m. Umpire W. F. Smith

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	S.H.
				Curtis SS	1 1-3 / D		3 1-3	X		1 / BB	3 1-3		X							
				Lowe 2B	2 1-2 / X		X	2 1-2 / X		1 1-3		2 1-2 / X	X							
				Hennessey 1B	2 1-2		X	1 1-3		3 1-3		1 1-3	X							
				Stone C		1	2	3 1-2			X	3 1-2 / X	5 1-3							
				A. Carey 3B		X	X		5 1-3 / 1		1 1-3		BB							
				Shannon P		3	X		3 / BB		BB		1							
				Ringo / Mowatt C. F.		X	3		3		X		X							
				Tilton 1B		2		BB		BB	2		BB							
				P. F.			BB	BB		BB	PI		4 / BB							
				Totals	0/0	0/0	4/4	5/7	0/7	2/9	2/11	0/11	5/16	/	/					

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits.....

Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....

First on Balls—off Russell 12; off Simons 9 Struck out—by Russell 6; by Shannon 15

Left on Bases.....; Double Plays.....

Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

THE FIRE.

The Junior Base-ball game(Merryweather and Pine Island,)was over,and all hands trooped down the hill.Bill Ladd and Phil Little were the first to reach the Camp,and running through the north dormitory,they ran into a cloud of smoke,and saw flames issuing from the floor. They gave the alarm instantly;next moment everybody.was shouting"Fire!fire!" and Merryweathers and Pine Islanders came rushing to the spot.There was some confusion at first,though no panic."Water!" was the first thought with everyone;~~and~~ men,boys and girls came running with buckets,pitchers basins,dishpans,and the water came sousing not only on the fire,but on the men who fighting it,so that they could not see what they were about.But this was only for a moment.A word from the Skipper checked the frenzy of zeal;in another minute Dr Moore(the last to leave the hill,but one of the first to get to work,)had formed a line,heading it himself,and the buckets were passing swiftly and steadily to and from the lake,pouring an almost continuous stream on the fire.Meantime the Skipper and ~~&~~ Captain John,aided by several stalwart"brothers",were tearing up the floor,and found the timbers beneath in flames for a space of some nine by four feet.All hands worked like Trojans,or troopers,or--Yankees! Every Merryweather boy,big and little,did his very best,and the Pine Islanders worked as if the Camp were their own;as for our ~~&~~ Faculty,Samson and Goliath were nowhere in comparison with them. ~~Ten minutes' hard work brought~~ The buckets flew,(one of them hitting a gallant Pine Islander Dr. erred on the head,and making a cut that Dr Moore had to sew up afterward!) the water poured,the axes crashed.Ten minutes' hard works on all hands,and the fire was under control;a few minutes more,and it was out,only charred timbers and splintered beams remaining to tell the tale.

On the whole,as Mr Dooley says,"An enj'yable time was had;" indeed,it was over too soon to please the taste of all the campers,for one ardent soul was heard to exclaim--"Darn!if those fellows had only held us ten minutes longer,(meaning at the game,) this would have been perfectly Corking!!" But if they <u>had</u> held us ten minutes longer,there would have been no Camp left,so perhaps things were just as well as they are.It was really a very narrow escape,for in perhaps less than ten minutes the fire would have been beyond control.As it is,"All's well that ends well," and let us hope that the first Merryweather Fire will be the last!

Pine Island! in our hours of play.
A former eager for the fray.
A pitcher swift, a catcher true.
A batter tirible to view.
When darkly frowns the hour of need,
Oh! then thou art a friend indeed!

B. 29.43
T. 70°
V. S. fresh.
Fair.

request ✗.

We shall feel slight flutterings of excitement over the events of yesterday afternoon, and several of us were on the look out for wood smoke in the night.

Splendid work was done by the carpentering squad on repairing the hunt floor. our guest, Mr. Little, being with his weight in gold. The Skipper and Mr. Shaw stayed at home from the expedition, and worked all the afternoon, so that by night the floor was as good as new, barring paint.

Mr. Little had to leave us this afternoon, we are sorry to say.

Fishing. 20 Bass!!

There was a shy at Expedition to Philip Mountain, an unusually good one, as they went up an untried side of the mountain, so steep that at one point the Doctor had to stand half way up the rock, and swing the party up, one by one.

Philip Mountain.

There was the best fishing we have had for a good while. Johns boat caught 11 fish, Bill's did about as well, and only one boat caught one. About fifteen of the party stayed out to supper, and jelly fish and Caroline each hooked big fishes just as they were in the middle of their ham sandwiches. Persimmons and chicken felt a little Odd (there was a heavy sea on) and came in early, and Chippy in the Pet thought P. P. face from the identical, so as to be in time for supper, marking a lightning change in the Temper of the sea, but otherwise there were no adventures.

B. 29.51
T. 73°
W. S.
Partly cloudy

Aug. 5th

In the afternoon there were Sundry Stunts, camp Rivington divided into six parties. Mr. Barton's party sailed in a Rangeley boat & Firbrusher's Punt; Mr. Shaw's climbed Howland Hill, the interpreted specimen; Austin's & Captain Jim's attempted to capture a hornet's nest, and later started digging a spring; Mr. Bill succeeded in getting several specimens of clematis (?), while Bill's Aunt butterflying.

In the evening there were games on the hill and later the raptors & the previous Easter Tea time and the half-past nine had refine to attend

(missed

Thursday Aug. 6th

Wilmot Hill

The Wades was perhaps the most glorious trip, straight down the pond in the teeth of a heavy southerly blow (so heavy that a Pine Island canoe, with four paddlers upset, on the way to the Mills! No damage). But all were good. Mr. Shaw's trip to Howland Hill being made in very quick time. Mr. Barton's boat sailed up the pond with such furious speed that it could hardly be stopped, even by the shore, and came near opening up a new bay in the north shore.

Mr. Barton's party were the Buccaneers, the Wades the Hiwans, Johns, the Forty-niners, Mr. Shaw's the Mountaineers, Bill's the Bog-trotters. Illustrations follow.

Sundry Stunts

7. M. B.

D. Stevens
Perry
Comstock
French
Russell

C. A. S.

Gammell
Appleton
Hemenway
Beebe
Abbott

Doctor

Marsh
A. Stevens
Sweeney

J. R.

J. W. R.
F. G. jr
Carey
Burgess

M. B. B.

L. L. R. jr
Caroline
Simons
~~J. Dent jr~~

M. F. A. jr

A. M. R.
Fox
Minturn
Roosevelt

F. Fadd,
C. Lodge ~~and~~ Percy ~~Lowell~~
at home

Adventures of Yᵉ Forfyniners Augᵉ 5ᵗʰ 1909

1

F. 68°
B. 29.30
W.S.E.
Rainy.

August 6th

We have sad news this mid day. There was a heavy Thunderstorm, with one particularly loud and close Thunderclaps, this morning, and we were shocked to hear soon afterwards, that it had struck Pine Island, injuring the buildings very much, and instantly killing one of their number, the pitcher of their team, whom we had all got to know and like. Medicine were sent out at once, but there was nothing to be done. There is very little to be said about such a Tragic Thing. They have our deep sympathy for their loss, and it has been a saddened day for everyone.

– The shrieking of the buildings was so extraordinary, so many places being hit at once, and the force of the shock so violent and far reaching, that Mr. Richards has written an account of it, which follows below.

In the afternoon there an exciting ball game between the Wanguwas and the Wanyamuezis, the score follows. There were charades in the evening which were unusually fine, the words are as follows;

Mascarade
Adipose
Cascade.

Wayne [illegible] vs. [illegible]

At Soldiers Field when August 5th

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S.H.
				Simons C 7																
				H. T. C. C																
				W. T. I. 1st																
				Carr 2d																
				Swe[illegible] SS																
				J. R. 1 3B																
				A. St[illegible]																
				Z. M. 3B																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				Totals	1/1	1/2	2/4	0/4	0/4	1/5	0/5	1/6	0/6	3/9	3/12					

Game began h. 3 m. 20 Ended h. m. Time 6 h. 0 m. Umpire [illegible]

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S.H.
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				[illegible]																
				Totals	2/2	5/5	1/6	0/6	1/7	4/11	2/11	0/11	1/12	0/12	/					

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits.....

Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....

First on Balls—off.....; off..... Struck out—by.....; by.....

Left on Bases.....;..... Double Plays.....

Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

8.27.24
T. 76°
W. west
Fair.

Aug. 27th

There was a picnic in Gleason's pasture under the big tree in the afternoon; a few going in boats, but most of us walking. We had a fine time playing "I spy" and bending birches. On the way home we marched in lines of four, singing all the way, and arrived in time to get the Pine Islanders.

We had wanted very much to have Pine Island join us for an afternoon or evening, feeling that the strain and sorrow of their loss must be very great, and that perhaps a little heart would help them, so yesterday the Skipper and L.E.R. went down and asked them to spend this evening with us. We are so very glad they came. We all had a quiet helpful evening that we shall not forget, and it is a great pleasure to have got to know our friends and neighbors better. L.E.R. read The Deacons Week aloud, and then we all sang hymns. J.W.R. had made a quantity of fudge, and we gave each other cheers as the fleet of canoes sailed off, and swung our lanterns in salute.

Ives Gammell passed his swimming examination.

29. 39.
62°
Calm.
Rain in the morning.

Rain in the morning, with one sharp spattering shower.

Mr. & Mrs Hill left us in the afternoon. and Mr. Rawle, but later we heard the delightful sound of well-known voices, and our three guests appeared.

Margaret Vickery.
Lillian Gurney Carlton
Tent 6. Hotel.

There were two expeditions, one to north Bailey-Menders, to Belgrade Hills, also the Fox, and a more frivolous one, in quest of the fleet, to Blueberry Hill. Just before they came back, a real Williwaw set in, coming up almost in a minute. The water crisped and seemed almost to harden under the wind, and in a minute the white caps and white drift were flying past, and the wind very strong. The canoe and boat fleet got in just as the squall was getting to its worst, but the Fox was still beyond Owl Island when the gale struck her. She had a hard and long fight, right in the throat of the sea, and we thought once or twice that she was gone, but her Captain brought her in most gallantly, among cheers from the whole camp.

The Blueberry Hillers were not favored by a very clear view, but they found plenty of blueberries and some blackberries. Mr. Barton and Otis had a competition to see who could string the most blueberries on a straw, and swallow them without bending the straw as they put it in their mouths. Otis accomplished twenty-five, and Mr. Barton twenty-four.

B. 29.78
T. 68°
W. N. W. moderate
Fair.

Aug. 8th

Start of
th. with
a fine
trip.

Camping Trip - August 9th

— .. —

Gammell
Perry
D. Stevens
Roosevelt
Abbot

Mr. Pat

After afternoon
reading the sixth
a fine trip started
In the afternoon
three
games, which were
somewhat broken into
by a barber.
First Game. This
game was a combination
fast running and
hiding.
Second Game. This game
was very exciting, as
the running was
best we have had
ever had. Mr. Stevens
in particular was very

ood, running sitting to—fast of making his re
ber. time was called.
Third Game. This game was a strong contrast
to the second, being a game in which mostly
everybody lay low. There were at least ten
people in the sweat-form at once.
"Dutch" came over to see us after
dinner, and said that she was ready for a
game of baseball with us

	Arrivals	Departures	Total	Meales
August 1	9 {H.M.B. Chippy A. Sweeney Abe. Wale. Radish Hazel Hench Hazel Swanday	3 {A. Shaw Appy Mrs Hemmenway	39	0
2	0	1. Anna Gardner	38	0
3	2 P. Little (antigde) A.M.R.	0	✕0	0
✕	0	1. P. Little (tigde)	39	0
5	2. {A.D. Hill H.M. Hill	0	✕1	0
6	0	0	✕✕	0
7	0	0	✕1	0
8	3 {M.G. Hoggy M. Vickery	2. The Hills	✕2	0
9	0	0	✕2	0
10	1. M. Hammond	0	✕3	0
11	1. G.H.R.	0	✕✕	0
12	1. M. Howe	1. G.H.R.	✕✕	0
13	0	1. M. Howe	✕3	0
1✕	0	0	✕3	0
15	1. Phil Beebe	2 {Hoggy Miss Vickery	✕2	0
16	0	0	✕2	0
17	1. M. Miller	0	✕3	0
18	0	1. Miss Hammond	✕2	0
19	0	0	✕2	0
20	1. L.G.R.	1. L.G.R. (Miller day)	✕2	0
21	0	0	✕2	✕, the Hamden party.
22	0	0	✕2	✕ "
23	1. Lydia Bunting	0	✕3.	

	Arrivals	departures	Total	Meales
2✕	0	1. Miss Bartin	✕2	0
25	1. M. Stevens	2. P. Rooke M. Miller	✕1	0
26	1. M. Carey (8 man)	1. M. Stevens	✕1	0
27	1. Clam.	0	✕2	0
28	0	0	✕2	0
29	0	2. M. Carey (8 man) M.G.	✕0	0
30	0	0	✕0	0
31	0	1. M. Shaw	39	0
Sept 1	0	2. {Wodo Swanday	37	0
2	0	0	37	0
3	0	1. Hazel Hench.	36	0
✕	0	0	36	0
5	0	0	36	2 M. after Sperry
6	0	2✕!!	12	0
7	✕ {H.H.R. J.H.G. Yeary	0	16	0
8	1 a.m.R.	1 a.m.R.	15	0
9	1 C.M.H	0	15	1. M. each
10	0	1. R.H.R.	1✕	0
11	✕ (antimobile)	0	18	0
12	0	✕ (antimobile)	1✕	0
13	1. M. Cabot	0	15	0
1✕	0	1. J.H.G.	1✕	0
15	0	5 {Peninsula Yeary C.M.H M. Cabot	9	0
16				
17	0	1. L.G.R.	8	0
	0	We whole shooting match.		

	Arrivals	Departures	Total	Meales.
July 18	0	0	34	0
" 19	0	0	34	0
" 20	0	0	34	Mrs Gannett. Supper.
" 21	1. Y.H. Whitmore	2 {Alice Gardiner, Francis Richards}	33	0
" 22	2 {John Simons, Phil Simons}	1. {Wanny Fay.}	34	0
" 23	1. Mary Stickney	0	35.	Mrs Gannett. dinner.
" 24	0	0	35	0
" 25	1. Anna Gardiner (L.G.R. & walk ville) at Ladd from	4 {Y.H. Whitmore, Mary Stickney, Julia, Betty (L.G.R. & walk ville) Ladd meet}	32	0
" 26	3. {J.W.R. Betty, Mary Stickney}	0	35	Mrs Abbot, Mrs Stevens } supper.
" 27	0	0	35	0
" 28	0	0	35	0
" 29	0	1. A.M.R.	34	0
" 30	2 Mrs Hemenway, Prawle	3 John Simons, Mary Stickney, Mr. Barton.	33	0
" 31	0	0	33	0

August 10th.

First day of work on the yachts. Shavings flying. fingers out. Tools ground (and lost). a lively time in the boathouse and on the ship. The Chow-chow has been put into commission, and took her first sail today, making splendid time. The heroic Jolly-cum-Pop is being re-filled. the Pandora and the Flying Spud are having some alterations on their hulls. We hope to see all the swift ~~fairyites~~ of last year. and the new boats are already showing brilliant promise, especially the Bent Pin, the Idem-pant. and the Double-myth.

In the afternoon arrived

Thery P. Hurnewell — Wellesley-Mass —

SING SONG.

August 10th.

I.	Chopsticks.		The Merryweather Choppers.
2.	Concertina Solo.		Frank French.
3.	Stunt.		Messrs Richards and Barton.
4.	Choruses.	The Bell.	Camptown Races.
5.	Song.	Miss Alice.	
6.	String Duet.		Messrs Barton and Bogs.
7.	Song.		Mrs Richards. *
8.	Choruses.	Old Towler.	In the Morning by the bright light

Camp Song.

* [illegible] Brink (illegible)

The Disaster at Pine Island.

Saturday, Aug. 6th.

The morning began with rain. During the morning reading it rained hard, and thunder began to growl, though at first we saw no lightning, and there was no appearance of a regular thunder-storm. Suddenly there came a flash, and a short and sharp report that sounded more like a cannon shot than a thunder clap. A few minutes after came another and brighter flash, followed immediately by a tremendous burst of thunder that seemed to come from all parts of the sky at once. We thought little of it, merely pausing to listen, and remarking that "Nature was illustrating the battle" of which we were reading in the "Conquest of Granada." A third report followed presently, much fainter, and that was all. But half an hour later, a boat came over from Pine Island, bringing dreadful news. The Camp there had been struck by lightning, (probably the second flash we saw,) and one of the boys, Chester Morrison, a fine lad of sixteen, pitcher of their senior baseball team, instantly killed, and one or two others slightly injured. The boat had come for our good Dr Moore, who went over at once. They had had some faint hope that young Morrison might be merely unconscious; but Dr Moore thinks that death must have been instantaneous. Later, H.R. and L.E.R. went over, and found them all in great distress. The shock had indeed been a terrible one. The lightning entered the living-room, the effect being as of several bolts striking at the same instant. Chester Morrison was standing on the centre-table, taking down the hanging lamp to fill it. The fluid struck on his temple, and came out at his foot; he fell without a cry. Mr Colby, who was standing beside him, was thrown down, and rendered deaf for some hours, but was otherwise uninjured. Another boy was sitting on a bench, leaning his head against the wall: the lightning ran down the wall behind him, blackening the timbers, wrenching off a piece of one, and actually singeing the boy's hair, without doing him any other harm. The flames ran crackling and hissing about the room, but though there were several other boys in it, only one other was hurt, and he slightly, in the hand. ~~The lightning ... The four corners of the building~~

One of the glass panels of the door was smashed, the other untouched; round holes were punched in two windows. Running into an adjoining room, the fluid ran across one bed, leaped over the next, ran through a third, tearing and burning the mattrass, but not touching the boy who was lying on it; and finally escaped through the window.

The four corners of the main building were burst apart, as if by hands; four trees close by were struck and partly destroyed; the lightning seemed to have left its mark on every part of the building: yet, strange to say, practically nothing caught fire. Mr Colby attributes this partly, if not wholly, to the fireproof stain on the roof and walls.

Altogether, it was a terrible happening, and one that we shall never forget; we hope that our good neighbors realized how fully and deeply we all sympathized with them in their trouble.

August 11.

Camping Trip - August 11th to 17th

— " —

A. Stevens
Sweeney
Burgess
Howe
Russell

Prof. Shaw

In the morning the Seventh Company started out for East Pond.

In the afternoon most of the company went fishing, except a few who stayed home to work on boats and a crew, which went in the stranger for the mail.

Just before we started fishing a williwaw came up which blazed over fishing, but soon passed off.

In the evening we had a sing-song and a smoking game, in the half-light afternoon.

In the afternoon arrived:

[illegible]

The williwaw was a good one, though not of the most tremendous kind, and four ship-wrecked, & rather storm-bound, Travellers, put in for shelter.

Hot in the afternoon.

Work on the yachts went on briskly, with only three fingers (& rather thumbs!) cut so far. Miss Ridley cut her Thumb, Radford made a long cuss quite deep cut in his, and Ida cut hers right through the nail. The hulls are getting beautifully smooth, sand-paper is going every where, and many of the ship-builders have got as far as masts and spars, most beautifully whittled.

Mr. Howe, Percival's father, arrived in the afternoon.

There was a splendid canoe trip, the Doctor in charge, to Anstis's Bog, in the afternoon, and Miss Hemmenell and R.T. had a most useful and industrious trip to Oak Island.

Late in the afternoon the Campers returned in splendid form, with the first Cardinal flowers we have seen this summer. Their account of their journey, with their dangers in the Wilderness, will follow.

- There was silence, for at least $\frac{1}{10}$ seconds, during dinner!

There were most delicious peaches for dessert, given by Rex Carey, Mr. Gardiner, and Mr. Howe, have also given candy to the Camps.

Camp Echo.

On August ninth, one of the best days we have had this year, Gammell Perry, D. Stevens, Roosevelt and Abbot under the guidance of Mr. Pat started for the north shore of Great Pond to camp. As the wind was dead against us and the cox of each boat was somewhat inexperienced we had a slow but delightful trip down. On the way down the bay which lies at the foot of the steep west slope of Blueberry Hill we ran across a most perfect place for camping, which later was our camp. But in order to be sure of the best place we skirted the shore the whole way down and finding no better place returned to our point opposite to Crooked Island. We found signs of this place being camped in before and taking advantage of this we pitched camp in an open space, a great tall poplar backing up the tent and a most glorious old fire place in front.

Next we naturally thought of supper, and taking account of stock decided that a dozen eggs and a quart of milk obtains from what was thought by the Fish to be an "Old Settler"

Home" on the opposite shore would give us for supper: fried bacon and eggs, cocoa with milk, boiled potatoes and crackers. When Jelly and Dale returned we found them loaded down with luxurient cucumbers. In the meantime while as we were pitching camp and making our beds Roaish Abbot was bitten by a yellow jacket, but by applying cold water externally and cucumbers internally we avoided having a precise dublicate of Mr. Pat's sad two days.

After supper while it was still twilight half of us went fishing, having no luck, while the rest put the camp in ship shape order and had a glorious as well as hot time washing the mush which was to be fried the next morning. When we had turned in a great ghostly set of stories were told which lasted for about two hours, accompanied by frequent spurts of yelling. But the real reaction came later when a strenuous rough-house was started by Smouch and gradually taken up by all the camp. The tent was pitched on somewhat sloping ground which we hoped to fix by building with hemlock boughs but it resulted in a terrible congestion into one corner and was only relieved by every once in a while one fellows getting up and starting on top ago

At five o'clock we got up, built the fire and went fishing, but the fog came in so thickly that we came back and decided to have the same things for breakfast as we had for supper adding the most delicious fried mush. Burns were rarely at this meal as the fat was spattering and red hot tin cups eager to be picked up and tipped over.

About the middle of the meal a lumbago twinge seized Mr. Pat's back laying him out for a little while, but by the help of considerate campers this was relieved up and we were off in two rangeleys for Little Pond. As we were rowing slowly down the shore right near the steepest part of Blueberry Hill one boat by chance called loudly to the other and the most astonishingly clear echo responded. After playing with the echo for a good long while we continued to the mouth of the brook up which we had corking fun, going away up to the first road. The map which Mr. Moore had lent us came in mighty handy here and we followed the road to a farm house on the hill from which we got perfect directions. The walk was a beautiful one and made interesting by talkative farmers' wives along the

day.

After having a rousing swim one one of the sand beaches on Little Pond we returned the same way we came. On the way back we stopped at two or three farm houses and inquired if we could buy any pies. There was nothing doing in the pie line so we had to satisfy ourselves with a box of sardines, a dozen bananas and a dozen more eggs. The wind had been rising steadily, and by the time we were ready to get back to "Echo" we were confronted by a fierce old south wind. We at last reached camp and lingered long and joyfully over our last meal! scrambled eggs, bacon and fried mush sardines and crackers, cocoa, cucumbers bananas and ~~[illegible]~~. After dinner the dishes and cooking things were washed and packed. Then we heaped high a huge bon fire and sat back in our tents to ~~[illegible]~~ dreams and cat nuts. The time came too soon for us to break camp and leave our Echo behind us, but the Trip home was a great sport and ended with a bang. We are all glad to be back in the mother camp again.

August 1st

The great event of the day was the third [illegible] game, as record-(which is on the next page). The game ended very early, and [illegible] was continued in the house that [illegible] was left.

In the evening we had some very good charades. The words were:

master-don,
jaw-pa-knees,
catarrh-wall,
shore-cue-pine.

(There was also a great game of Scrub after swim between the Dingwalls, and the Come-at-a-bodys! This important event has somehow been overlooked by the editors! The score follows:

Dingwalls 5
Come-at-a-bodys 2.)

Mr. Howe went away this evening.

Third Game Island Park

First Inning. Marquette[r] came to bat first, and was put out in one, two, three order; one of the outs being caught skillfully by their left fielder. The Islanders scored one run, and Mr. Shaw caught two flies in this inning.

Second Inning. In this inning Marquette[r] made one run, thus tieing the score.

Third Inning. No score.

Fourth Inning. Score 3 to 1 in favor of Marquette[r]

Fifth Inning. Marquette[r] hit Pine Island and made four runs.

Sixth Inning. Neither side scored, but this inning was remarkable for the catch of a foul fly made by J. Richards, their third baseman, of that inning.

Seventh Inning. Pine Island scored three runs, and Mr. Hillar, their catcher, caught two foul flies.

Eighth Inning. No runs on either side, but J. Richards repeated his catch of the sixth inning, and Mr. Colby gave the only base on balls that he gave in the whole game.

Ninth Inning. Boggs gave his only base on balls, and the game ended with the score 7 to 4.

Monumenths vs. Pine Island

At ..... when August 13th 1911

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S. H.
				Totals.....	0/0	1/1	0/1	2/3	4/7	0/7	0/7	0/7	0/7	/	/					

Game began h. 2 m. 16 ... Ended 4 h. 47 m. Time h. m. Umpire H. Richards

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	S. H.
				Totals.....	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	3/4	0/4	0/4	/	/					

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits.....

Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....

First on Balls—off..... ; off..... Struck out—by..... ; by.....

Left on Bases..... ;..... Double Plays.....

Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....

First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

August 14th

Hemlock Point was the place chosen for our usual Sunday picnic, before supper we played "I spy" and took a ramble in the woods; after supper we sang many songs including a new version of the "Mercy green fields of England." Coming home the boats maintained an excellent order.

The work done by the morning squads is now of a most interesting and varied nature. Idogby and J.P. have continued work on the spring found by the forty-niners. It is really a herculean task, they have dug with spade and crowbar, through four feet of clay, and at last come to sand. The water is very clear and good.

The U.S. Geodetic Survey Commission (Mr. Shaw and J.B.) are continuing sounding the pond, and have now covered the space included between Oak, Hoyt's, Chuté and Otis Islands. They have found a depth of 67 feet in one place. This promises to be a great help in fishing for bass.

A Facility Bath Hut is being excavated at the shore by the Prawley. Every one bathing in it is expected to remove one stone from the bottom, and Wag Island is expected soon to emerge from the water.

The vegetable squad does much appreciated service every day.

Camp Patentweather.

August thirteenth saw the departure of a camping trip, composed of Prof. Shaw, Arthur Sweeney, Abbot Stevens, Otis Russel, Percy Howe and Charles Burgess. The expedition went in two canoes, as they were bound up Meadow Brook, through North Pond and thence into East Pond. Very good time was made up Meadow Brook, and the party lunched on a sand beach on North Pond, near the head of the brook; after lunch they paddled over to Smithfield and started up the brook leading to East Pond. A violent thunder squall overtook the conoeists, who stripped to nature's garb, in order to keep their clothes dry; the rain driven by the fierce wind stung like hailstones, and when the rain abated it was bitterly cold. The campers landed as soon as the rain stopped and tried to get warm, one of the party being almost frozen; then they took up their paddles again and proceeded to their camping ground at the further end of East Pond. After the tent was pitched two of the party went to a nearby farm house, and procured some milk and eggs, and also apples. A supper of potatoes, bacon and eggs was much appreciated, after it supper it began to rain and kept it up all night, so the campers retired to their tent, and

told stories until ten o'clock; Arthur Sweeney and Charles Burgess discussed the rottenness of the weather, and proposed that the weather be arranged according to a different order of things; hence the name of the camp.

There was an early rise in the morning, and the weather began to improve; the eggs were finished at breakfast, Arthur Sweeney cooking them in the most approved style. After breakfast camp was broken, and the party started on the return trip, up East Pond against a fresh wind, that made steering difficult; going down the brook to North Pond the canoeists were too eager to cut corners on the many bends, and got aground several times. At Smithfield the campers refreshed themselves after the exhausting carry around the mill, near the mouth of the brook. Then five energetic paddlers, not content with the sixteen mile paddle back to Camp Merryweather, went to Bog Brook at the head of North Pond, and paddled a mile and a half up that, to the head of navigation, the upper part being beset with snags and shoals. The expedition proceeded back to where they had lunched the day before, and after a swim and

lunch turned their prows homeward down Meadow Brook, where the paddlers were kept hustling to get round the bends and avoid snags, they all decided that Meadow Brook was the crookedest brook in the country, but accomplished its ~~forty~~ miles in an hour and a quarter. The forty arrived at Camp Narragansett at half past five, having paddled over forty miles, and had a most interesting trip.

August 15th

A sad day of departures. Hoggy went away at 9.17, and Miss Videing at 2.17. There are compensations, though. nice large long ones! At 11. a.m. arrived: [illegible]

[illegible] expedition to Bridgeend [illegible]

[illegible] Tarn [illegible] Tarn [illegible] Tarn [

Work on the yachts went on all the afternoon. The Wiz and the Rolling Pin have got as far as rigging. The hull of the Succonsarras is finished, the beautiful lines of the Go-Go are now complete, and the whole fleet is coming on very fast. Bill Ladd's boat is a particular, fine piece of work.

The Caughcongomoc and the Abel went to the North west end of the pond, the Wodin as Commodore, to discover the two islands shown on the map of the pond. We found them with little difficulty. The Eastern most is very beautiful, flowing through woods, much like Meadow Brook

Start of 8th Camping Trip.

Frank the Frenchman
Persimmons
Hank the Henchman
Oliver Babe
Radish
Mr Barton

} started this afternoon for parts unknown.

August 11.

There was an expedition in the afternoon to [illegible] and great Pond. [illegible] to find we found a [illegible] [illegible], visiting Mr. Gardner's last year's [illegible] after a short walk. To [illegible] we came back, [illegible] to the [illegible] to meet the man [illegible] the further side of Hall's [illegible] [illegible] just finished [illegible] dinner it [illegible] went to [illegible] first [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] account of their late meal, [illegible] [illegible] something for supper.

[illegible] and accordingly [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] morning [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

A large and varied number of pictures [illegible] for [illegible] were put up on the door, the best of which were made by [illegible] Hall Roosevelt.

The [illegible] [illegible] usually very [illegible] evenings, the [illegible] [illegible] especially [illegible].

[illegible] good time [illegible] the float, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SING SONG.

August 17th.

1. Chopsticks.
2. Song, Miss Alice.
3. Piano Solo. Mr Nutter.
4. Choruses. Drink Puppy. Merryweather Boys.
5. Ladies' Quartette.
6. Eight O'clockers' Drill.
7. The Ballad of Lord Bateman.
8. Choruses. October. Bonny Dundee.

Camp Song.

Miss Hammond left us this morning.

After morning reading the Campers got 71, as follows:

Arthur Sweeney
Constables
Dale Stevens
Smoochy
Jack Sadd
} Bill Sadd, Commodore.

The Scoring Game, as usual, was quite different from any of the others we have had. The Algonquins had a very strong home guard, and beat all three games. The Iroquois were trying gallantly for runs, but only made two, in the second game. Mr. Barton, the invulnerable, was shot at last.

	1st Game			2nd Game			3rd Game															
		3						2		Pay				X	2		X					
	X			X					•	McNutt		X					X					
		2		X		•		2	•	Maude		X			2		X					
		1			3			1		Burrell		X	1		X							
				X	4					Cosby					X							
				X			X		•	Hamilton		X			X		X					
				X		•	X	14		Perry		X	2		X		X	2				
	X	2		X			X	5		Windsor			2		X							
	X						X			Howe					X	1						
	X			X			X			Burke		X			X		X					
				X				1	•	Abbott		X			X							
	X	1		X	1.					Ida		X	1		X							
	X		•	X			X			J. M. B.					X	2						
	6	9	1	10		2	9	4				7	6	0	2		0	10				

B. 29.58
T. 70°
W. west
Fair

August 19th

A boat-building day!! The morning work hour was devoted to boat-building; which was continued in the afternoon. The fleet is getting along very well and the average of speed ought to be much higher than that of other years.

The half-past eighters played "Spin the Platter" the first part of the evening; while the half-past nixers went out on the water.

The camping trip, Camp Sunnyweather by name, arrived just before supper, bringing home a green turtle shell which they had found.

The were two expeditions besides the boat-building in the afternoon; one a down trip to Oakland, the other a paddle to Ellis and Mcgraw ponds.

29.5
60°
South East
raining!

August 20th

Mrs Richards went in to Gardiner for the day.

The first raining day that we have had. It poured all the afternoon, so that the Junior Pirie Island Game was not on the question. Fortunately there was (and is) still a great deal to be done on the boats, and Mr. Shaw ran a splendid Ping-Pong Tournament in the afternoon, so that we got through gratifyingly, with every one in lively spirits; in fact, our behaviour at supper was so frightfully bad it is to go on record!! But there has to be some reflow on a raining day.

8-goods
ainment.

There was a fine, though small, faculty swim, out in the white caps. A.M.R., R.R., Mr. Shaw and the Doctor.

rades.

Laurence Hemingway has been feeling a little under the weather today.

Charades in the evening, preceded by the semi-finals and finals of the Ping-pong Tournament.

Charades:

Duel. (a quarrel between T.R. and John Boyd.)

Lion. (Mr. Gardner as Waiind.

Caterpillar. (Mr. Shaw as chief of the Tonsaine, Mr. Barton as Samson.)

Ping Pong Tournament.

First Round	Second Round	Third Round	Semi-finals.	Finals.
P. Beebe / Mr. Shaw	Mr. Shaw 3-2, 3-2.	Mr. Shaw. by default.	Mr. Shaw 3-2, 3-0	French 3-0, 3-0.
Ida / Hemenway	Hemenway 3-0, 3-0.			
Howe / Windram.	Howe 3-0, 3-2	D. Barton. 3-0, 3-0.		
D. Barton. / W. Ladd.	D. Barton 3-0, 3-1.			
D. Stevens. / French.	French 3-1, 3-0	French. 3-2, 3-2.	French. 3-0, 3-0	
P. Simons. / A. Stevens.	A. Stevens. 3-0, 3-0.			
J. Richards. / C. Ladd.	Richards. 3-0, 3-0.	Richards. 3-1, 3-1.		
Mr. Nutter. / J. W. R.	Mr. Nutter			
Appleton. / Roosevelt.	Appleton 3-0, 3-1.	Perry 3-6, 2-3, 3-0.	Marsh 3-1, 3-0.	H. Barton 1-3, 3-2, 3-...
Perry / Comstock	Perry 3-0, 3-0.			
Marsh / Abbot	Marsh 3-0- 3-0,	Marsh. 3-0, 3-1.		
Caroline / L. E. R.	L. E. R. 3-1, 2-3, 3-2.			
J. Ladd. / O. Beebe.	J. Ladd by default.	H. Barton 3-1, 3-1.	H. Barton 1-3, 3-0, 3-1.	
H. Barton. / Dr. Moore	H. Barton 3-2, 2-3, 3-2.			
Mr. Gardner / O. Russell.	Russell 3-0, 3-1.	Russell. 3-1, 3-0.		
A. R. / Carey.	Carey 3-0, 3-0.			

9.3r
72°
N.W.
air

Aug. 21st

The picnic to-day near the mouth of Hundred Mile Creek is given time we had. Before tea we took a walk up a steep hill which had a capital view. We [illegible] had singing & then [illegible]

ic at
North-
Beach.

Laurence stayed in bed to-day, having a good deal of a cash, with a little fever and more or less uncomfortableness. This makes the first time this year that the Ensign many has been occupied for more than a night, and we hope it will be the last.

onlight.

The picnic was one of the best we have had at all. It has been a brilliantly clear day, and from the top of the big hill we saw the full sweep of mountains to the north and north west. We had a good fire and much toasting, and the fleet kept in line all the way home. It was perfectly still, with the moon about at half, and hardly a cloud, when we reached home we found

Mary Gore Hamber
Evelyn W. Hamber
Emmie Johnston.
R. M. Johnston

just arrived in canoes from Long Pond, an

Heavy Southerly wind

Rain in the night.

Lawrence is much better today, but still in bed, where, alas, are Chippy and the Chicken also. Chippy with a miserable combination of rheumatic pain and rash. Chicken with rheumatism in his back and side. This was to have been the day of the race, and it seemed too horrible to have three of the brethren, one of them our chief yachtsman, unable to sail their own boats. But after a morning of most strenuous work all up and down the ship-yards, the race was called off, as the wind had got so heavy that it was impossible for the boats to be started. The Rangeleys, even with very strong crews, had hard work pitching up the boats that had capsized on their trial trips. Hamet Benchs went nearly over to Norfolk!!

Two cases of plemisy.

In the afternoon there was a good game between the Penitmas and the 241s, and a Rotten Game between the Stitchings and the Garters.

There was a good moonlight walk for the mail, and Boim in the evening.

Mr. Colby came up from Pine Island to manage for the Junior Game, but we cannot settle a date till the cup race is over. We hope now to have it on Saturday. There will still be a great deal of work, as all the fleet had to put on storm sails for today's heavy weather, and will have to be re-fitted.

Mr & Mrs Hamlen and their party went on to camp on Gleason's shore this morning

August 23.

Lawrence is up today. and looking hale and hearty. Chicken is much better, but will to be kept in bed. and the Infirmary has been turned into a regular hospital ward. with two patients. Chippy was a good deal worse this morning. in pretty sharp suffering. which he bore splendidly. Dr. Reese came last night. and again this afternoon. but we hope now that he will not be needed again. as by dinner time Chippy began to grow easier. and has gone steadily ahead all day. about supper time he went soundly to sleep. and we feel very thankful.

The Doctor, H.R., L.E.R., and Mr. Barton kept camp. and saw to the invalids. while all the rest went on a great expedition. to the first bridge in Meadow Brook, and then for a good walk. getting a full view of the mountains, and having supper on the North west Beach. with a big camp-fire. Coming back was most beautiful, crystal clear air. sharp and cool and still. and the moon almost full.

A great camping trip went off this morning. to the round trip through the ponds:

Abe. Phil Beebe.

French. Hank.

J. Boggs. J.R.

We got back, as I said, to find Chippy comfortably asleep. and to find a welcome guest arrived.

Lydia Maria Partin, Worcester

Honest Abe's Birthday

Mount Royal.

[illegible] 4.

[illegible] rose in the morning & [illegible] expedition started for mount royal. Before climbing the mountain they had dinner on the shore & long road, for it was up, not their way. While resting on the top, they found a spring of clear water at which they drank. After a short stay on top they came down, had supper at the same place we dined and returned to camp at half-past seven.

In the afternoon we made two excursions; on one of these we took a long tramp and after much fatigue and trouble, which always to obtain a much desired useful purpose.

The campers entertained in camp fire, giving a [illegible] for "Catfield" as they marched to supper.

There was a fine "sing-song" in the evening. "Return of Corporal Catfield" was the best entertainment that we have had for years.

Miss Barton went away at 12.30.

There were cheers in morning reading, when Chippy appeared, up and dressed, though still dressing pretty white. The other "invalid yents", as Andrew calls them, are still kept in dropped eggs and dip is out, but are doing finely.

Uncle Abe's birthday was celebrated at supper, with a cake and sixteen candles, and much cheering. It was especially nice to have a birthday celebration when every one is feeling so much better.

Aug. 24th

Mt Royal 11. a.m. sharp

Sly Fox

C. Ladd D. Stevens

Sweeney Perry Simons

Beebe

Mr G. J.W.R.

A.M.R. W.F.L

Prof.

Caucomgomoc

Mr. Nutter

Russell Comstock

Doctor

'Long Shore p.m.

Ida Caroline

Wmdram Roosevelt

Abbot Howe

F.M.B.

Oakland

Gammell Hemenway

J. Ladd.

H.B.B

Sad departures! Mr Nutter went this morning, and Phil Beebe at noon, to our great sorrow.

This was a kind of "go as you please" afternoon, as there was a really fierce southerly blow. The campers, who got off after 11th Camping Trip. reading, for the Southern Beach, were forty-five minutes in getting to the Manse. Yaps!

Wind very strong!!

Radish Periwinkle Persimmons Mr. Pat. Mr. Barton

The Wodin and Bill Ladd, with crew and passengers, went down in the Canghamgomoc and the Eben to anchor with Pine Island about the coming events. It was a tremendous paddle, dead against the heavy wind, in about as high a sea as we often get. We had a most pleasant call, and arranged Monday for the Tournament and Yacht Race. The Junior Ball Game has had to be called off, as Pine Island heads up on the 1st.

Full Moon.

Start of 11th Camping Trip.

We fear terrible things from the Pine Island Champion!!

There was a great deal of work on the yachts this afternoon. Mr. Shaw has made a beautiful white Malay kite, which took her first flight this afternoon, and sailed beautifully. and Otis and Laurence built and launched the Pie-Plant II nd, a notable vessel, now riding at anchor near the Fox.

Mr. Stevens, to our great pleasure, arrived this afternoon.

We had a very peculiar accident this evening. Hank Kent was stepping over to Bat Yard, when Yank jumped up, in a kind of mixture of fright

and affection, and his teeth caught Frank in the lower eyelid. The wound bled a good deal, and the Doctor found that he had to take two stitches in it. Frank behaved splendidly, not so much as grunting, and we feel proud of him.

Mr. & Mrs Hamlen, and Mr. & Mrs Johnston, came to tea, and Mr. Hamlen gave us a delightful recitation, the Man with the Wooden Arm.

One of the Rangeleys broke loose tonight in the gale. A skiing crew, J.R., Abe, and John Boggs, went after her when we found she was gone, about 10 p.m., and found her, quite unhurt, on the Stony Point Beach. They had a tremendous row back.

Sing-Song Programme
(Wednesday night.)

Overture, Chopsticks,	F.M.B., J.R., L.E.R.
Piano Solo	A.M.R.
Stunt.	F.M.B., H.B.B.

Choruses:

Camptown Races, Drink, Puppy, Drink, etc.

Piano Solo	Mr Nutter
The Glorious Itchfield Stunt,	J.R. Phil Beebe, J. Boggs, Hank the Hench, Frank the French.

Choruses:

John Peel, October.

(Words of the Itchfield Stunt on the next page.)

.29.32.

August 26th

In the afternoon we had three very exciting scouting-games. The plans of the games were almost entirely for defence, and no runs were scored during the afternoon. The Algonquins won all three games; the first two by having one less man killed than the Iroquois, and by having, in the third, two less killed.

During the last scouting-game, the campers returned, towed home by the Pine Island sail-boat. There was quite a strong wind, and the help of the Pine Islanders was very acceptable to the campers.

At the close of the third scouting-game arrived:
Arthur A. Carey.

In the evening we had a walk for the mail, and, though the ~~line~~ company was small and select, we had a fine time.

ind W.,
ng, high
l clear.

oon still
!!!

nderful
er and
nrise.

	1st Game			2nd Game			3rd Game		
	Shots	Hand	Base	Shots	Hand	Base	Shots	Hand	Base
	1	X		X			X		
				X					
		X		1.					
				3. X			X		
	3.			X					
	1. X			/			1		
	—	X		X					
				2.					
	1	X		X					

m. Shaw.

	Shots	1st Game Hand	1st Game Base	Shots	2nd Game Hand	2nd Game Base	3rd Game Shots	3rd Game Hand	3rd Game Base
Thursh		X					1	X	
Thursh				1.	X			X	
Carey				1.					
Hamm	3	X			X			X	
Pat	1	X		1.	X				
Mack		X		1.	X				
Bath		X			X				
L.S.K.				1.	X				
Ida				1					
	1	X			X				
					X				
		X			X			X	

116

Aug 27

R. 29.52

T. 71.

Lib. 3.

fair.

The Cup Races.

Heats	Semi-Finals	Finals.	Champion
1st Smouch. Go-Go. Quicksilver. Good Gracions Miz Sueeasaurus	Quicksilver Good Gracions		
2nd Mary Ann McGee. Bobo. Giddigig!. Rolling Pin. Ventura B. Bent Pin.	Bent Pin. Rolling Pin.	1st Bent Pin. 1st 2nd Jolly-cum-Pop Rolling Pin 2nd	
3rd. Tux After thought. Bobolink. Hornbeam. Pooh Bah. Jolly Cum Pop!!!	Jolly-cum-Pop. Hasty Helen.		Sikidi-y-ki.
4th. Dodo. Limit. Woodchuck. Pie Face. Periwinkle. O'Grady's Goat.	O'Grady's Goat, Horn beam.	2nd O'Grady's Goat. 3rd Bent Pin.	
5th. Fierce Thing. Ponderosa. Horned Pout. Wingless Victory. Joekey. Flying Spud. Sikidi-y-Ky.	Flying Spud. Sikidj-y-Ky.	1st Sikidi-y-ki 2nd O'Grady's Goat	
6th. Shag. Bogler. Par. Doodle-bug Anomaly Water Baby. 241	Anomaly 241.		

Moon just past full, most beautiful

First Heat; called at IO a.m.

Entries.	Go Go;	Mr W.A.Gardner.
	Smouch,	Hall Roosevelt.(Smouch")
	Quicksilver.	Radford Abbott,(Radish.)
	Good Gracious!	Ives Gammell.
	Miz.	Rex Carey. (Chicken.)
	Ventura 2d.	Dr Moore.

Starters, John Richards and John Bogs in one Rangeley, Prof. Shaw and Arthur Sweeney in another: clerk of the course, Dr Moore, in the Rob, with the megaphone.

The starters took the six boats out to the starting-point; the whole Camp gathered on the float; the signal was given; they were off. Breeze light westerly, sky clear. Starters and clerk accompanied the boats, the latter roaring official bulletins at us through the megaphone, which we heard, but did not always understand.

Alas! for the gallant Go Go! Her top-sail was too much for her; she became the Went Went, and we saw her no more. The Ventura went-"up in the air," the Doctor said; at all events she vanished. It was a close and exciting heat, and all the boats upset except

Quicksilver, I!
Good Gracious! 2.

Second Heat.

Entries.

Mary Ann Magee ;	Chester Ladd.
Giddigei-gei.	Dale Stevens.
Bobo.	Jelly-fish.
Rolling Pin.	Ogilvie Comstock. (Cornstalks.)
Bent Pin.	Prof. Shaw.
Saccasaurus.	C.P.Burgess. (Chippy.)

A great start. The Saccasaurus went ahead like a streak. "See dem goin' like a shootin' star!"---

Alas! over she goes. Pick her up! start her off again'.--Wild excitement. Bent Pin!. Bent Pin!

Bent Pin I. Rolling Pin 2. Giddigei-gei 3.

Triumphant finish.

~~Bent Pin~~

Third Heat.

Entries.

Jollycum Pop?	J.W.Richards.
Afterthought.	W.A.Gardner.
Hornbeam.	A.A.Carey.(Miss Vickery's boat,re-modelled
Tux.	Frank French.
Bobolink.	Caroline Stevens. (Bobby.)
Poo'Bah!	Arthur Sweeney.

Wind freshening,horth by west.
"The breeze was a kiss from heaven",and a pretty hearty smack'. The Jolly takes a short trial trip.Will she carry so much sail ?could she carry nore ?

A false start.Professor Shaw's head probably turned by his victory;a fine mind,but could not stand the strain. Sad! Confusion. Boats taken in;some had upset,and wet their sails,broken masts,etc. "Shift the boats!So said,so done.

Third Heat,re-arranged.

Jollycum Pop.	J.W.Richards.
Poo Bah.	Arthur Sweeney.
Afterthought.	W.A.Gardner.
Tux.	Frank French.
Limit.	A,M.Richards.

It proved that Prof.Shaw did not hear the Skipper's directions;mind uninjured,fine as ever.Rejoicing! All's well that ends well.
Fresh start. Ditto wind.Jolly leading,Poo Bah second,-----
"Oh'. if I had only put on my topsail!" cried the Jollycumpopperess.
"The Jolly catches the breeze!"
"The Poo Bah is going off for Pine Island!"
"The Hasty Helen catches the breeze!"
"The Jollycumpop wins! hip! hip! hooray!"

Jollycumpop	I.
Hasty Helen	2.
Poo Bah	3.

A great heat.

Fourth Heat. (Called at 3 p.m.)

Entries.

Dodo.	Henry Appleton.	(Dodo.) (Hank.) (Hanky Panky.)
Woodchuck.	P.W.Simons.	(Woodchuck.) (Per.)
Pie Face.	Percival Howe.	(Pie Face.)
Periwinkle.	Reginald Windram.	(Periwinkle.)
O'Grady's Goat.	Abbott Stevens.	(Uncle Abe.)
Bobolink.	Caroline Stevens.	(Bobby.)
Hornbeam.	A.A.Carey.	(Thisdale Margaret Vickery Mrs Carey.)

Starters, John Richards and Chippy, Prof. Shaw and Arthur Sweeny. Start at 3.I4. Wind W.S.W.

Dr Moore's first bulletin. "Boo wah WOOH!!!" very thrilling, but we did not understand it. Im fact, his roars were all unintelligible till he got within a certain distance. Then we heard--

"Hornbeam coming on!

"Go it, Dodo!" "Periwinkle is over!" "Bobolink is off for the Point!"

During these afternoon heats, the sun lay full on the course, so that we on the float could not see the boats till they were well on toward the finish. Gradually all dropped off except O'Grady's Goat and the Hornbeam, and the Point-going Bobolink. It was a close race between the first two, and the finish showed

O'Grady's Goat	I.
Hornbeam	2.
Bobolink	3.

Fifth Heat.

Entries.

Fierce Thing.	Lawrence Hemenway.	
Ponderosa.	John Richards.	
Horn Pout.	Ida Pritchett.	(Bridget.)
Wingless Victory.	Otis Russell.	(Tiss.)
Jockey.	Jack Ladd.	
Flying Spud.	L.E.Richards 2d.	
Skiddy i ki.	Bill Ladd.	

The course still a weltering glitter (or glittering welter) of wave and sun. The Doctor roared nobly, remarking "How wow BOO!" with other observations of the same nature. Finally we learned that

"The Flying Spud is over!" The Flying Spud is picked up, and starts again!" Skiddy-I-Ki is coming on finely!" The Spud is gaining!" the Soud is leading once more!"

Finally, the gallant little Spud won the heat, the finish showing

Flying Spud	I.
Skiddy-i-ki	2d.
Victory	3d.

Sixth Heat.

Entries.

Anomaly.	C.P.Burgess. (Chippy.)
Water Baby.	Oliver Beebe, (Babe.)
Shag.	L.E.Richards 2d.
Pat.	H.B.Barton. (Mr Pat.)
24I.	F.M.Barton. (Mr Don.)
Boglet.	John B.Marsh. (Bogs.)
Doodlebug 2d.	R.Richards.

The trouble about this heat is,that I have lost the rest of my notes.The bare record says that it was won by

Anomaly	I.
24I.	2.
Shag.	3.

And that is all I can remember about it,save that it was wildly exciting,as all the heats were.

Now we came to the semi-finals,which were sailed in two heats,by the two foremost boats of each heat;the result being the following list for the finals.

Finals.

Entries.

Bent Pin.	Prof.Shaw.
Rolling Pin.	Cornstalks.
Jollycumpop.	J.W.R.
Skiddy-i-ki.	W.F.Ladd.
O'Grady's Goat.	Uncle Abe.

This was really a breathless heat,and if the Doctor was again more forcible than clear in his remarks,it may have been from agitation. Some of us had set our hearts on the dear old Jollycumpop,the winner of so many victories;but this was not to be her day.Newer models had been planned,newer theories worked out;she must rest on her laurels. Before long,the Doctor's roars warned us that the race was between two boats,the Skiddy-i-ki and O'Grady's Goat;and soon we could see them, far in advance,speeding along at a wonderful rate,while the others kept well together in a very respectable second class.If I had not lost my notes,you should hear the very yells and shouts of the Camp,as it danced and panted on the float;the Skipper's"Keep back from the edge!" pealing like a thunder-tone,and my"Keep out of the water!"(to the ex-invalids,)forming a running accompaniment to the cries of the Brothers. At last,amid wild outcry,the Skiddy-i-ki crossed the line,the Goat following close behind.The race was over.

Skiddy-i-ki	I.
O'Grady's Goat	2.

Hurrah for the Champion!

The races went off perfectly, without a single hitch. having been the best managed we have had at all; and the very best of them was the arrival at the end. (oh shame, we forgot to meet him at the station, which we hope he will forgive!) of the original and only Clam,

Leander Allen Plummer Esq.

Potomska, Mass.

The Doctor has been kept so dreadfully busy lately That a list of Camps Injuries had better be poted.

Cut Toe	(three stitches)	Chester.
" "	(much plaster)	Mr. Pat.
" "	(a little plaster)	John Bogs.
Cut Eyelid	(one stitch)	Frank French.
Cut Finger	(two stitches)	Otis.
Broken Toe		Mr Barton.
Cut Eye brow	(one stitch)	Dr. Converse. (Pine Island, but our Doctor mended him.)
Cracked Nose		Lawrence.
Cut Thumb	(much plaster)	Radish.
Bruised leg	(prety bad)	Cornstalks.
Crushed nail		The Doctor.
Bruised leg	(much bruised)	

Ten stitches in all.

A Painful Injury, probably not fatal, in the Toe, Mr. Shaw.

Cut leg. three stitches. A Penn Charter Boy.

The ~~boy~~ boys drove in the flow yesterday, and was rescued by the Head. the Rot Boy today. No injuries.

Charades
- Marathon.
- Williwaw.
- Antidote.

Sunday
July 28.

Bright and
Still, clear,
cool.

Mr. Shaw found
deer tracks, of
a buck and a
doe, on the
beach

Picnic - Aug 28th
Monkey Point

Sly Fox

W. F. L. jr.

W. A. G.	L. E. P. jr	J. Ladd
Roosevelt	French	Windram
Howe	Abbot	
Ida	Gammell	

Identical	Yammer	Williwaw
Burgess (cox)	~~L. L.~~ R. Carey (cox)	R. R.
F. M. B	H. B. B.	Clam.
D. Stevens	Perry	A. Stevens
grub (pass) ~~Carey (pass)~~	Carolina (pass)	Russell (pass)

Cauermgamon	Abaljaonamegus	Ebenezer
Doctor	Prof.	J. R.
Hemenway	Beebe	Appleton
Simons	Comstock	C. Ladd.
J. W. R.	Sweeney	A. M. R.

Ping - Pong Tournament
Yacht Race
} Pine Island.

August 29 -

Strong wind cloudy.

Yesterdays picnic was a grand one. Bill, Chester, Chicken and Lolly, (the Sand Brigade) stayed on the point, while the rest went for a most beautiful walk, with Mr. Shaw as Captain. We went through very heavy woods, a swamp, and then along a most beautiful wood road. While we were gone a sail-boat came past, and seeing the beauty and charm of the S. Brigade, marooned on Monkey point, took them for a fine sail. Chicken lost his supper in consequence, but says it was worth it.

Frank did get four games out of them.

When we came home, we were greeted with a call of "The Doctris boat win first", which, in after all the dashes, was startling. Old Mr. Staples had been taken suddenly ill, and the Doctor went up instantly. We glad to hear today that he is out of danger.

Alas, alas, Mr. Gardner left us this morning, with Mr. Carey.

Skid-i-y-Ki Forever!!

We must say much about the Ping-Pong Tournament. They beat us, handsomely and thoroughly, all round. How about the Yacht Race, though? In spite of the heavy wind, we heard the cheers as the triumphant Defenders returned to the camp. The cheers grew deafening, and Bill flushed a beautiful flaming crimson, as the party came in, dripping and glorious, and held up the

Ping-Pong
Mr. Shaw.
Frank French.
Arthur Sweeney

Skid-i-y-Ki

for the admiration of all. Ider new balloon mainsail had carried her like a kite, leaving Pine Island out of sight and gasping.

Expeditions - Aug 30th 1904

— " —

Hampshire Hill - Doctor capt.

Aboljackamegus	Caucomgomee	Ebenezer
J.R.	Prof.	Doctor
Clam - Jellyfish	Ida - D. Stevens	A. Stevens - Simons
A.M.R.	J. Boggs	J.W.R.

Hornbeam Hill - F.M.B. capt.

Sly Fox F.M.B.

L.E.R. jr.	Dodo	
C. Ladd	Radish	Wmdrain
Beebe	Grammell	
Howe	Hemenway	

Williwaw:	Yammer:	Identicul
Russell (cox)	R.R. (cox)	Burgess (cox)
H.B.B.	W.F.L.	Sweeney
Comstock	Smeaton	French
	Caroline (pass)	

J. W. R.'s Birthday.

!!!!

North west, high, clear, cool and still. Moon at the last half.

The Hampshires.

[illegible] clock two [illegible], the other to Hampshire Hill. The Hampshire Hill expedition started at quarter before ten and arrived at the foot of Rocky, where we had lunch and started for Hampshire Hill, but not before John Richards had fallen into Rocky Mountain brook and nearly lost his 'Ingersoll dollar.' We finally reached Hampshire Hill, after following the bed of the stream, going through the woods, following a road, pulling the jellyfish up a sand bank, tearing holes in Miss Alice's and John's clothes, eating apples, and drinking ice-cold water.

(The Hampshires account heads 91 here, for swim. Apparently they had a gorgeous view, Washington on one side, and Katahdin, they think, on the other, with glimpses of the Kennebec, and of even so many lakes, names unknown. The trip was about ten miles (the land part of it), up an easy slope of road, with no actual climbing.

The Homebeams

We had one of the best ever. A perfect paddle down Long Pond, a swim (for the gentles) a good dinner, and then a walk we shall not forget, through huge hemlock and beech woods, to a

the deserted farm. and then on to Mr. Wall's delightfully prosperous farm in Mount Vernon, where we drank delicious water from the well-sweep well, picked hops, and wanted to, but were good and didn't, pick apples.

The view from Hornbeam Hill (a small high isolated hill, very steep, but good walking) is splendid, Washington showing finely, and Old Blue towering up in front.

In Long Pond we saw the flash of paddles pretty well up toward Rocky Mountain Brook, and knew it was the Hampshire party returning. We rowed our best, and took the easy on the dead run, all four boats, part in in scrambling haste into the stream, and tried our hardest to at least keep out of sight ahead. We played that they were the destroying Iroquois, and that we were safe if only they could be kept out of rifle range. They gained on us, and saw, they say, one flash of Nan's paddle in the stern of the fox, as we left the stream and they put in, but we beat them, and had the boats run out before they landed, partly because the wind suddenly freshened to quite a blow, and the heavy sea bothered them more than it did us. A exciting time was had.

Log of the Stay-At-Homes. Aug.30th.

It was over;and for the first time we dared to look one another in the eyes.We were a strange-looking band.Pale,breathless,with wild eyes and disordered dress,we stared at each other.At first we could think of nothing save the awful events of the past hour;but gradually,as our agitation subsided,as our pulses,that had throbbed so wildly,resumed their usual measured beat,other thoughts came.The first was,naturally, one of thankfulness.We were alive;we were safe.But presently the Skipper spoke;his voice still sounded strained and harsh,as if the echo of that hideous---but no more of that!He was still pale as death,and his strong hand trembled as it rested on the table."The others!" he said. "What shall we say to them ?"

For a moment no one answered.Then Chicken,our heroic Chicken,who had shown himself thrice a hero in that dreadful hour,said, "Tell them all! let know what we have suffered,what we and they have escaped.It is best that they should know." Andrew and Mike nodded;they were not yet able to speak,brave fellows! and Jack,(the gallant child was still trembling like a leaf,yet his voice was firm and bold,)said "Yes! let us tell them."

But I said,"No! my friends,think again;think what you would do.In the first place,they would scarcely believe our tale.Only the eys that have seen what we have seen can be expected to credit it in its full horror;only the ears that have been filled with that hideous din--but I cannot go on. Why,why should we grieve and distress our dear ones,why should we change their cheerful mirth to sorrow and anguish,by the recital of our sufferings!They would never forgive themselves for having left us.The good Doctor--how could he sleep tonight, if he knew ? the kind Liftinant--would he ever go to a party at Oddfellows' Hall or anywhere else,if he realized what things might occur in his absence ? Our genial John,our tender Professor---no! no! my brave comrades,steel yourselves to be silent! let us wash off these traces of---but not even to you will I dwell on this again.Let us,I say,remove the evidences of what we have been through;let us put on a calm and cheerful front,and meet them,on their return,with a smile. Gay holiday-makers,let them end their day happily,as they began it; for us,the consciousness of what we can never forget while life endures!"

The Skipper rose;his eye flashed;he held out his hand."Let us swear," he cried,"never to reveal the events which make this day the most memorable one in our lives.Comrades,fellow-victims,fellow-conquerors, swear with me!"

And,raising hands and eyes to heaven,--we swore!

Mr G.

(Air: "County Guy".)

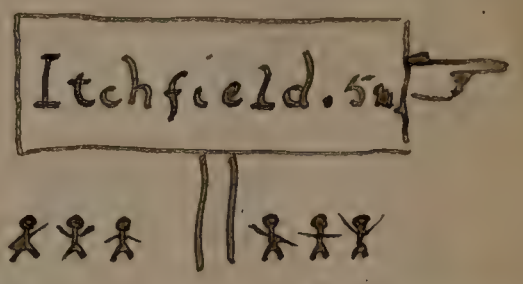
Ah! Mr G. the hour is nigh,
  The scouters seek the hill;
The sunlight burns amid the fern,
  The Captain whistles shrill.
The rumors creep, and glide, and leap,
  The guard roosts in the tree;
A merry play, a joyous day,
  But where is Mr G.?

Now evening spreads her starry shades,
  The silver moon rides high;
The light canoe glides swift and true,
  The shining paddles fly.
The Camp is afloat: from boat to boat
  The song goes ringing free;
On one and all the spell doth fall,
  But where is Mr G.?

L.E.K. Aug. 30 '11.

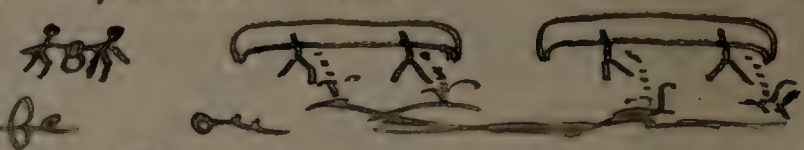
"Camp" "Itchfield"

Bright and fair was the morning upon which the Itchfielders started on their now world-famous trip. All through the morning they paddled bravely against regular "chow-chow" weather till at last repose and luncheon were found at the head of Macgratte. After a hearty consumption of food the campers went on a tour of inspection during which the great expedition was christened for Phil Beebe seeing a rather twisted Smithfield sign cried out "Ah! Ha! Itchfield"! And



now came a long and arduous carry of 1½ miles to East Pond over a steep and mountainous road. Abe and J.R manned the Skeet, J. Boggs and Phil Beebe the Canoungomoc. Shades of Hercules!! What a job that was! Slowly and painfully the canoes crawled up the hill, each on its four tottering legs. Rivers of sweat poured down the gutters by the road-side and the panting of the tired men

like the pulsing of great engines. Still the campers persevered till at last the



canoes were safe on the edge of East Pond. And where had Frank and Hank been all the time? With titanic efforts they had dragged the Grub basket across. It was a blissful feeling to paddle slowly up the pond after so much hard work. When the camping place discovered by the "Canoe-frogs-leggers" had been reached, the tent was soon up and the fire going. Bogs and Phil were the excellent cooks, serving up eggs, bacon and cocoa till even Abe the Hungry lay back and admitted that he had a warm and friendly feeling in his little stomach. Later, as we lay dozing under the moon, our slumbers were made uneasy by the wild groanings of Hank and the love-songs of Frank until a special committee quelled them..... The breakfast was large and filling so the siesta was long! At last, however, camp was broken

and the travellers were paddling
toward Mahfield. At that dear town
they paused long enough to buy
eggs and then, away for North Pond!
Pleasant was the swim on the
edge of the lake, good was the
grub, made ready by the skillful
fingers of Abe and the Frenchman;
but ~~this~~ log must be ended.
After a good paddle down
Meadow brook, we reached camp
tired and happy and the trip
was voted a rousing success.

clear, shell. August 31st.

col. wonder- Mr. Shaw went out at 9.17 this morning. Good luc
fully clear. with him! We saw a fox cross the road on the Stevens hill,
and a goshawk in the wood beyond.

A good game between the Skid-i-y-Ris and the
Chow. Chows.

Skid-i-y-Ris.

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	A.B.	R.	1 B.	S.L.
					3				3									
					3		3					3						
										BB		BB	BB					
								BB				BB						
						3				3								
									BB									
				Totals.....	0/0	0/0	2/0	1/1	0/1	/	9/10	3/13	/	/	/			

Chow. Chows.

				Totals.....	1/1	0/1	1/5	2/7	0/7	2/9	0/9	/	/	/	/			

Ranks Thinning fast; eyes front!

Last Sing-Songs.

I. Chopsticks. F.M.B., L.E.R., J.R.

II. Record of Travel. A.M.R.

III. Song, "The Pale Young Curate" J.R.

IV Choruses:

The Merry Merryweathers, Song of The Water Rats.

V Acrobatic Stunt, Dr. Moore, introduced by J.R.

VI Stunt, Imitation Sing-Song. (A naughty one.)
F.M.B., J.R. Boggs, Chippy, Abe, H.B.B., Arthur Sweeney, etc.

VII Young Lochinvar, J.R., F.M.B., Chippy, R.R, L.F.R. and, J.W.R., etc.

VIII Choruses:

Fair Harvard, Merry weather Boys.

Camp Song.

Mr. & Mrs Sweeney came over from Belgrade Mills, and made us a very pleasant call this morning.

~~Aug~~ Sept 1st.
Cloudy, warm.
light wind.

Field Sports.

Dodo went this morning, and dear Smouchy this afternoon, in some agitation, owing to our not knowing when his tutor was coming.

Dodo and Smouchy leave us.

The field sports went off very well. The Senior 100 was the best, a tie between Arthur Sweeney and Johnny Boggs, with Sam close to them. The senior 440 was a funny thing. Harold led by thirty feet till nearly home, but he had set a little too fast a pace, and just before the line tumbled over, while the Doctor made a tremendous spurt and came in second.

Abe fell in off the wharf while washing his hands for supper. We are sorry they were as dirty as that!

A red-eyed vireo was singing cheerfully in the beech wood on the road to the station. This is later than we have ever heard one.

Pine Island went this morning; they were at the station for the 9.17, when Dodo went, and it was pleasant to have a little friendly word with them. They were feeling very flat at going, but looked in very good shape, and cheered Mr. Colby from the last platform.

Sept 2
weather
same as
yesterday.

The Editor in chief really is the limit as to weather, but she hopes to reform. This expedition was a great one, though we miss those who are gone more and more every day.

The canoes were half way down Little Pond when they heard the shouts of the foxes, coming through the woods. A neat fit!

Poor Mr. Pat had to stay behind with the fox herself, having a miserable sash.

We surprised some city sports in Meadow Brook. As the second canoe slipped down, they called out, "How many canoes are coming, anyhow?"

"Only seven", Bill answered cheerfully.

- Mrs Ames came to see us.

Meadow Brook

Sept. 2d 1904

Sly Fox - start at 11 o'clock

Simons - Hemenway
Beebe - Ida
Abbot - Comstock
French - H.B.B
F.M.B.

J. Ladd
Howe
Windram

Canoes - start at 9.45

Pink	Hecuba	Squaw
Marsh	A. Stevens	Sweeney
L.E.R. jr	D. Stevens	Perry
Russell	Caroline	

Abol	Ebenezer	Cowcowgon
J.R.	Doolor	W.T.R jr.
J.W.R.	Clam	C. Ladd
Burgess	R.R.	Ganimell

Birch
H.R.
A.M.R.
Carey

Sept 3

Grand Fancy Dress Ball.

Morning work today was spent in sewing, cutting out, etc, and general work on the costumes for tonight, and the afternoon in putting a last polish on the cutlasses, pistols, rifles, shillalahs, cimetars, dirks, and other weapons needed for the occasion, also in trimming the camp with hemlock boughs. A full description of the grand event follows.

FANCY DRESS BALL.

Sept.3d,1904.

I	Grand March.	The Merryweathers.
~~2.~~	~~Sailor~~	
2.	Two Step.	" "
3.	Sailor Dance.	F.M.B.,W.F.L,Jr;Clam.
4.	Family Dance.	J.Ladd,O.Beebe,I.Gammell.
5.	Two Step.	The Merryweathers.
6.	Sorcerer's Song.	J.Richards.
7.	Indian Dance.	L.Hemenway,P.Simons.
8.	Portland Fancy.	The Merryweathers.
9.	Pirate Song and Dance.	H.B.B.,~~A.Sweeney,A.Stevens.~~ C.Ladd. O.Tiss Russell.
IO.	Eastern Dance,	J.W.R.
II.	Two Step.	The Merryweathers.
II.	Tartar Tragedy.	J.Bogs,A.Sweeney,A.Stevens.
I2.	Virginia Reel.	The Merryweathers.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Sept.3th,1904.

The final preparations were over; the last touches were put to the making-up" by the Skipper and Miss Julia in the boat-house; and at eight o'clock the grand march struck up, played by a beautiful sailor-boy, all in white, which his initials were F.M.B.(which some think stands for Full Moon Beauty.) In another moment the Merryweather Procession entered, and marched round the room in great glory. I cannot remember the order of march, but here is the list of characters.

Miss Alice, and Caroline Stevens, Gipsy lasses.
Miss Rosalind and Miss Betty, Lily-white maids, dressed all in green, oh!(see old Carol.)

Miss Julia, Oriental dancer; suppose we say Saracen!
Mr Barton, Bill Ladd, Clam, sailor-boys; a lovely trio.
Dr Moore, Roman Noble; (and he looked it, every inch of him.)
John Richards, John Wellington Wells, the Sorcerer; in full necromantic rig, and a moustache; an awe-inspiring figure.
John Bogs, Agib, Prince of Tartary.(See Bab Ballads.)
Uncle Abe and Arthur Sweeney, Tartar minstrels,(starving. See ''.))
Chippy Burgess, Methodist Parson.(Goodness! I should think he was!
Rex Carey and Dale Stevens, Cowboys.(Very ferocious!)
Lawrence Hemenway and Persimmons, Indians.(Still more ferocious.))
Ida Pritchett, a Lady of Holland, or Little Dutch Gretchen .
Jellyfish, A Jellyfish.(What else should he be ? dear Jelly!))
Radford Abbott, a Radish, of course.
Reginald Windram, Little Girl.
Ives Gammell, Baby.
Oliver Beebe, Baby's Papa.
Jack Ladd, Baby's Mamma.
Mr Pat, John Silver.
Otis Russell, Ben Gunn,
Chester Ladd, Jim Hawkins. } straight out of Treasure Island

I ought to have put Cap'n Silver last, for he came last, a splendid figure, with ruffles and great silver buttons on his coat, a scarlet handkerchief round his head, and the famous wooden leg, on which he stumped along in fine style, keeping up with the procession.

Well, they marched round, and round, and round again; and then they began to dance, as per programme, given below. The pirates balanced to the parson, the Indians capered with the Prince; the sorcerer smiled upon the Gipsy maid; it was a merry sight. Miss Alice and Mr Barton took turns at the piano. The character songs and dances were all excellent. The sailor-lads gave us a spirited hornpipe, and then, with all the breath they had left,(and rather more!) carolled "Hooray for Baffin's Bay;" and Cap'n Silver, hauling at the ropes, while his men brought in the treasure-chest, roared out "Fifteen Men on the Dead Men's Chest" etc,

doing wonderful things the while with that wonderful leg.

The Indians,(presumably either of the Tocka-whoopo or Tusca-roarer tribe,) whooped and swooped,brandishing their tomahawks in a manner dreadful to behold,in a grand war-dance,and finally ending by slaying and carrying off their prey. The Saracen lady danced a really beautiful dance,"of woven paces and of weaving hands"; and the Happy & Family sang a funny little song expressive of their mutual affection. The Tartar Tragedy of Prince Agib was presented with great dramatic power, L.E.R. reciting the affecting ballad,while the actors enacted the grim and terrible scenes therein related. As for the Sorcerer,he sang his famous song in such a manner that it is only to be wondered at that we were not all turned to stone,so great was our terror,so awful the power of his incantations.

Altogether,it was a merry time;and when the dancing was over,we all ate lemon sherbet till--till there was none left!.(and Andrew made a GREAT DEAL!) and then we had a great and glorious "Taps", with three circles,eight -'clockers in the middle,then half-past-eighters,while half-past niners and Faculty made a great ring around them.

"Go to bed!
Put out the lights!"

And the Event of the Season was over.

L.E.R.

Duplicates of this account have been sent to Commodore, to Mr. Shaw. Mr. Gardner. and, I think, to Stanley French and Wade. We were thinking very hard of all the absent ones. There was a heavy shower in the evening. but as we were all indoors. none of our fine feathers were hurt.

Clearing about 7 a.m. sft. clear, still and warm

Sept 4th Sunday.

Everything cleared 11 wonderfully clear and clear, so that we could take the photographs in great shape. They were taken up by the ice-house, the sailors in a group together, the Yanks, etc, etc, and we ought to have some cricket. Some strangers from the Stevens were watching us from the fence. We wonder what they thought!

Picnic at Stevens Shore.

There was a picnic on the Stevens shore, with a walk to Bideford Hill first, with good singing, and afterwards hymns. It is a great thing having Camp Heath on Tuesday instead of Monday. This doesn't seem a bit like the last Sunday.

We forgot to record that Frank French went yesterday morning. We are very sad to have no Frenchman for our party.

" Frank, the Frenchman, Frenchman,
Frank, the Frenchman, Frenchman,
Frank, the Frenchman ——
— Plays on the Concertina! "

A WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

(The following unpublished chapter, found among the papers of the late Sir Henry M. Stanley, will be of interest as throwing a new light on the hitherto-unexplored regions of the globe. The date and place are unfortunately doubtful, and the manuscript is evidently a fragment; but we feel sure that the public will welcome this last word from the great explorer.)

After crossing the lake, we landed on the further Shaw, which presented a fair and pleasant aspect. We beached our boat under the shade of a spreading Persimmon, whose leaves gave forth a cool and pleasant Russell. The only fauna that we observed were, a new variety of Periwinkle, which wriggled, and gave forth curious squeaks; and a remarkably fine Clam. Leaving the beach, we came upon a calm and peaceful Dale, where we caught our first glimpse of the inhabited part of the country. It was a religious community, and the stately Abbott received us courteously. He also presented us to a distinguished guest of his, a portly Burgess, who came from Chester. The Abbott entertained us at dinner, where the chief dish was a remarkably fine and tender Chicken, which was served with a peculiar variety of Radish. We were to have had some Jelly, but our host explained that it had been lost in a very dangerous and bristling Bog, which lay near by. Fortuntaely, he said, he had not yet paid the Bill for it. The building in which we dined was a spacious Hall, well thatched with Cornstalks. In the four corners of the room were statues of the four patron saints of the community; St. Ives, in pink robes; St. Bridget, in blue; St. Lawrence, with a newly-gilt halo; and last but not least, a fine large figure of St. Patrick. All these were in perfect condition except the last, which had lost a toe.

While we were at supper, a strange thing happened. A shepherd came to the door, (I guessed that he was a shepherd, because his name was Baa-ton!) nringing a poor little Babe, whom he had found on the wild and breezy Moore. A small Pie-faced Puppy trotted at the shepherd's heels, barking loudly, while a very small Ladd carried his crook. Our host had the infant put to bed, and then took us out into the garden. He had two gardeners, one Irish and the other French. Among the flowers wandered the pets of the establishment, a great Dodo and a small brown Bobolink.

By this time it was growing late, and we went down to our boat. As we pushed off, from the hospitable shore, I shouted to our host, "What do you call your country ?"

I could not be sure of the answer, as we were already nearly out of hearing, but it sounded like--"Merryweather!"

A. M. R.

Scouting Game.

Cloudy. wind | Sept 8th.

The last Scouting afternoon, and a perfectly thrilling one. The games last week were played with such 3
obse grounding that the Faculty were questioning whether it would not be better to limit the number of guards by rule, but decided it would be much more interesting to let the game develop itself, and they were certainly right. Both sides to day decided on the plan of throwing nearly all their men in one line, against one guard, sacrificing, of course, a great many men, but hoping to kill the guard at last; and bring in runs. The only runs made were in the second game, when a slip of Abt's and Chippie's brought in seven for the Iroquois, but huge new possibilities of development have been opened up. It seems possible that with a skilfully planned attack any guard may be broken. M. Parker did some most beautiful running, right in the open, and Laurence showed very good general skip.

	1st Game			2nd Game			3rd Game				1st Game			2nd Game			3rd Game		
Scouts	Dead	shots	Runs	Dead	shots	Runs	Dead	shots	Runs	Iroquois	Dead	shots	Runs	Dead	shots	Runs	Dead	shots	Runs
J.D.	X			X						F.M.B.		1		X					
Lawler	X	1					X	2		H.B.B.	X	3				2	X		
H.F.L.	X			X			X	2		[illegible] R.jr					1				
J.W.B.							X			Marsh				X	1				
[illegible]		2		X	1			2		Sweeney		1		X			X		
Burgess				X						Russell	X					1	X	1	
Cartlidge	X			X			X	1		Carey				X			X	1	
[illegible]	X	1								Hemingway					1	1	X	3	
[illegible]	X									A. Stevens	X						X	1	
Stallard	X	1		X	1		X	1		Perry	X				2	1	X	1	
[illegible]	X				1		X			Howe	X			X	2		X		
[illegible]	X			X			X			Bube									
[illegible]	X				1		X			Abbot		6				1	X		
[illegible]	X				1		X			Ida						1		2	
	11	5	0	5	0		9	8	0		5	11	0	5	7	7	9	9	0

THE"Ingersoll Dollar."

There's watches of silver and watches of gold;
There's watches whose number can never be told;
But the very best course for a camper to foller,
Is to pin all his faith on an Ingersoll Dollar.

They tick in the morning, they tick in the night;
They're still within hearing, when far out of sight;
For a watch that will carry two whoops and a holler,
You just go and purchase an Ingersoll Dollar.

Miss Julia let hers drop right into the kettle,
When talking with Andrew, the dinner to settle;
But it ticked as it boiled there, with comfort and ease,
And came ticking to dinner with the beans and the peas.

John Bogs has an Ingersoll too, but alas!
The poor thing has come to a terrible pass.
He pulled off both hands, and he busted the face,
And about all that's left of it now is the case.

Mr Pat dropped his Ingersoll off of the float,
When just leaning over to hitch up a boat;
You'd think with such treatment a watch would be drowned,
But it ticked on the bottom until it was found.

I meant to stop there, but he's done it again!
So the following principle seems to be plain;
Just throw your watch in where the cool water flows,
For the wetter you get it, the better it goes.

The Walthams and Elgins may shut up their mills,
And Switzerland mourn 'mid her mountains and hills;
For they say that the Sun-god, old Phoebus Apoller,
Now starts every day by an Ingersoll Dollar.

A.M.R.

We had the Bonfire, and it was splendid. We all sat round and sang, cuddled under sheets, for it was cold, and Silas sent up his fire Balloon, which sailed off splendidly. Then we came in, and read Andy Coggin around the fire in the kitchen.

Mr. Abbot, and George, Radish's little brother, came to supper and spent the night at Gleason's.

DOUGHNUT SONG.

(Sung by John in the character of Andrew Johnson the Cook.)
Air; "Delia."

A rascal and a robber
  Is in de camp dis day;
He stole my batch of doughnuts
  And took dem all away.
Dey am gone, dougnuts, gone!

Oh, de man what stole my doughnuts
  Came creepin' in de door;
He filled his pockets and he filled his mouth,
  And den he come back for more.
Dey am gone, dQughnuts, gone!

Oh, de man what stole my doughnuts,
  He might be Dr Moore;
He might be Bill, or Mr Pat,
  Or hex might be Mr---Sh--!!
Dey am gone, doughnuts, gone!

Oh, doughnuts, doughnuts, doughnuts,
  Dat lubly batch I fried;
When I found dey all was gone,
  I sot right down and cried.
Dey am gone, doughnuts, gone!

L.E.R.

Northwest clear, cold, still and brilliant. Too good to go away!

Sept 6th

The less said about today the better. But it was clear and bright. The packing and general "unpack and pack"-ing went off like clockwork, much more easily and quietly than ever before. Thanks to the Skippers splendid planning. Every had a kind of sad and splendid beauty, in the melancholy glory of "store clothes". The Hay-rigging was stuffed with hay, and went easily. We had time for good and cheerful talk at the station. There was much singing on the way over, and we had a car to ourselves. We gave such a Merry Weather cheer as made the whole train jump, and so the dear Brothers went away. Mr. Morse and R.R. went as far as Winthrop with them, thence taking the electric car as far as Gardiner, and the Doctor going by boat to Boston. We cheered at the stations on the way to Winthrop, to the great alarm of nervous people, and sang Baffin's Bay in between whiles, and then waved Handkerchiefs till the last minute. Till next year!

Left in Camp:

H.R.	L.E.R.
A.M.R.	R.R.
J.W.R.	J.R.
L.E.R.2.	Billy
Chester	Jack
Ida	Periwinkle

Andrew.

Mike.

Gains in weight of 2 lbs or more

Beebe	5.2
Comstock	3.3
Gammell	2.7
C. Ladd	8.
J. Ladd	2.
Marsh	8.
Perry	2.4
Russell	4.
Wineram	5.3
Simons	2.7
H.B.B.	11.
W.F.L. jr.	2.5
Abbot	3.5
Burgess	2.5
Appleton	2.25
French	5.
Roosevelt	2.5
A. Stevens	4.2
D. Stevens	5.
Sweeney	3.5
C.A.S.	13.5 !!!

Aug 21st 1900

l grey
lay, cold.

Sept 7th

Arrived, at 2.57
Robert H. Richards.
J. H. Gardiner
at 3.57
Julia Lawrence Terry.
Arthur Terry

R.R. also came, having spent the night in Gardiner, rind of picking up the pieces, and settling down. A most welcome note tonight from the Lieutenant, saying that all arrived safely. Children got off at Portsmouth, the Stevens' at South Lawrence, the rest at Boston, and so the dear Brethren have scattered till next summer.

I forgot to say that we have had good letters from Mr. Shaw and from the Yeoman, but none from naughty Dodo. Mr. Shaw sailed south last Friday, the 2nd.

Itchfield Stunt.

Aug 23 - 24

We sailed the canoes for fifteen miles -
- Merry green fields of Itchfield! -
With an "hgh, hgh!" here, and an "hgh, hgh!" there,
Here an "hgh!", there an "hgh!"
Here and there an "hgh, hgh!"
- Hi! for the next one, come along with me!
Merry green fields of Itchfield!

Chorus:

Hurrah for Itchfield, and the carry, too —
Our backs are black and blue,
Our shirts are all worn through! -
- The greatest trip there ever was, 'tis true,
It must be so, you know,
Because we knew!

I

O we campers did surmise
To devise,
Exercise
- Did we do it? Well I guess we did!
For fifteen miles, yes Sir, we sailed the two canoes along.
And we all of us must thank
Frenchman Frank,
Henchman Hank,
For they helped us out tremendously
As they walked beside to cheer us with their song.

Chorus.

II

O the Frenchman in the night,

Sleeping tight,

Woke in fright —

- Did he holler ? - Well, I guess he did!

For a great big angry red-eyed bat had frightened him quite stiff;

So he jumped up out of bed,

On his head,

Filled with dread,

And he hit the bat a corking swat,

But, alas, 'twas only Dodo's handkerchief.

Chorus:

III

O Phil Beebe had a wish.

For a fish;

In a dish, —

- Did he catch it ? - Well, I guess he didn't!

(You'll please excuse this joke, for it is getting rather old!)

For he went out with his line —

- Morning shine, -

Feeling fine,

And he fished for seven hours or more,

And he caught a great big monstrous four pound cod!

Hurrah for Itchfield, and the carry, too —

- Our backs are black and blue,

Our shirts are all worn through! —

- The greatest trip there ever was, 'tis true,

It must be so, you know,

Because we knew!

J. R.

cold and grey. 44° at 7 a.m.

Sept 8th

R.M.R. and Jano went in this afternoon. We had a drive in Milland Gleason's big three seater, up over Bridford Hill and beyond. View of the Mountains the best ever, , wonderfully clear and near, so that the air looked like shell crystal.

In the afternoon arrived:

Caroline Mentzer Hall
Plainfield N.J.

Boston in the evening. We had a splendid letter from the Doctor. He is almost sure of a fine position in the Providence Hospital, just what he wanted, and we feel very glad.

grey, not quite so cool.

Sept 9th

Expedition to Philips Mountain; a cooler very still, view beautifully clear. Three columns of smoke going up among the woods, Beaver Pond like a little jewel. Pretty nice to have R.M.R. with us again. He took good photographs from the top. There were huge quantities of blackberries on the way down, and having us paid we gallantly ate till we could hardly move.

Mr. Colby came to supper, and most kindly brought us a great basket of splendid tomatoes; we had a pleasant cosy evening round the fire, talking Camp, and Mamma read the last two R.M. stories. Mr. Colby is probably going to Switzerland for the winter.

Sept. 10th

T. W. T. left us at noon, after having a grand sailing exhibition from the Sicid-y-iki. Alas, though, the wind failed suddenly, and she went over, Though she was only under a moment: alas for the champion, but she is all right except for her sail.

Bill and John have put up a splendid rack to hold the yachts, along the rafters in the big room.

Letters today from Jelly-fish, chicken, and clam.

A walk to Yurbush's Point. Mushrooms.

Sept 11th, Sunday.

Servia this morning, for the last time this summer. Our guests arrived with a whizz and a clang, in a gorgeous great strong machine, and all went in swimming. Then we had a grand walk, a picnic with a big fire at the Stevens' Shore, and then hymns and reading aloud in the evening.

Arrived; per automobile,
Elliot C. Lee
Anna L. Gardiner
Katharine L. Putnam
Alice Gardiner.

Mrs Cook has a third little son, born This afternoon, at the Stevens'.

There was an exhibition of C.W.W's pictures this morning, which we enjoyed ever so much.

Another good day.

Sept 12 -

Varied and various canoeing in the morning, and a grand swim, with stunts. After dinner the Battle appeared, but for some reason didn't feel quite like starting till we had been standing round and feeling its pulse for a full hour and a half, when at last it was ready, and went off like a bird.

The children have built a delightful miniature Sugar Camp in the Pine Parlour, with sugar houses, wells, with acorn buckets that lower with a crank, well sweeps, cellars, and little houses, none of them more than six inches high. It is very pretty, and we hope to get a photograph of it.

Cool and overcast clear.

Sept 13.

We had a good picnic at Hoyt's Island. We walked up the field, picking apples and a few dew berries. Bill shinned a tall tree, and we went quite a way in into the tall woods to the North. Mr. Cabot came at 3.54, and he and H.R. paddled L.E.R. over in the Canoe-mouse, coming just in time for supper. We had a splendid big fire, and then came back in time for a good evening round the fire at home.

R. Elliot Cabot

Wind S.W. Cold. Rain in the afternoon.

Sept 14 - The rascal, with the jam, knives etc. was forgotten yesterday, oh shocking, so J. H. Grand M. Cabot, Mrs Mrs Yeats over in the Canoe to get it.

M. Cabot and J.W.R. went over in the Rob Roy for the mail, the others had a good rainy walk in the Sand-Slide, and rolled the great hoops down the big hill.

A magnificent game of Boston in the evening, enhanced by J.E.Y.'s shrieks!

There have been hot-water bottles all round for these last evenings. It has been pretty cold.

J.W.G. left us this afternoon.

Wind N.W. raining with rain, strong wind in the night. B. 29.0 ☔

The Equinox!!

Sept 15. Billy's Birthday.

Pouring rain this morning, so that our guests, M.& Mrs Yeats, Miss Hall, and Mr. Cabot, had to be wrapped up in mackintoshes and oil skins, when they went at 8.15, and we are afraid they got dreadfully wet, even at that. Dear Billy's birthday celebrated mostly with presents, were all round, but in the afternoon it came on N.W. with a whoop, and cleared cold and blowing, and we had a good walk in the Park Alta for the mail. At supper we had his presents on his plate, and Jacky had made him some taffy, and there was a cake with candles, and then we had a most cosy evening, Mamma reading the Bandits and the Bear.

Billy's Birthday.

Good letters. The Doctor has started in on his hospital work, Mr. Shaw on his work at Glazer City, and Mr. Wild has had a delightful trip down the Wye with Mr. Chung.

& Peninsula!

B. 29.5x
There's a rise for you!

Sept 16.

Clear withered this morning. Biggest rise of the Fortnight & the season; wind shifting to South west in the afternoon.

L.S.B. went in at 9.17.

Packing, and cheerful grubbing of all kinds. Faculty lent, Box, Prawleys, and Jent all down, boots packed, etc. No starvation rations yet, a splendid supper, scrambled eggs, boiled potatoes, raw tomatoes, bread, and honey.

Sept 17.

Calm, warmer, grey but clearing.

Inspann and Nell. We found that Ida's bathing cap was tight and close enough to be quite safe, so the Ladies were in in Turn, and all had a last heavenly dive. Tide and Racing.

Andrew is staying behind, to have a week's holiday with the Stevens', and so the tents in Sunshine Alley can be left up, and the platform needn't be put up yet, and we can go 'll most gradually.

A wonderful red moon last night, just the half, setting about the usual. Loons calling last night and this morning.

Auf Wiedersehen.

FAREWELL.

The autumn wind is singing shrill,
The lake lies dull and gray;
And every heart is a weary heart
For them that's far away.
Close the door and strike the tents,
And let the fire burn low;
For the Pleiades are over the hill,
And it's time for us to go.
   Time for us to go,
   Time for us to go;
When the little stars swing over the hill,
It's time for us to go!

A.M.R.

NORTH	Saturday	SOUTH
1. Comstock 2. Sweeney & Perry 3. Gammell		1. Carey 2. Russell 3. Roosevelt

	Sunday	Hon. Men
1. Comstock 2. Perry 3. Beebe	1. Carey 2. Russell 3. A & D. Stevens	Simons Marsh

	Monday	
1. Sweeney 2. Perry 3. Gammell	1. Carey 2. Simons 3. Marsh & Russell	

	Tuesday	
1. Comstock 2. Perry & Gammell 3. Sweeney	Hon Men Gammell Abbot	1. Russell 2. Marsh & Simons 3. A. Stevens

	Wednesday	
1. Comstock 2. Sweeney 3. Perry	1. Carey & Russell 2. Marsh 3. A. Stevens	Hon Men Simons D. Stevens

	Thursday	
1. Sweeney 2. Perry 3. Comstock	1. Russell & Carey 2. Marsh 3. A. Stevens	Hon Men Simons

	Friday	
1. Sweeney 2. Perry 3. Comstock	Hon Men Howe	1. Carey 2. Marsh 3. Russell Hon. Men. French A. Stevens

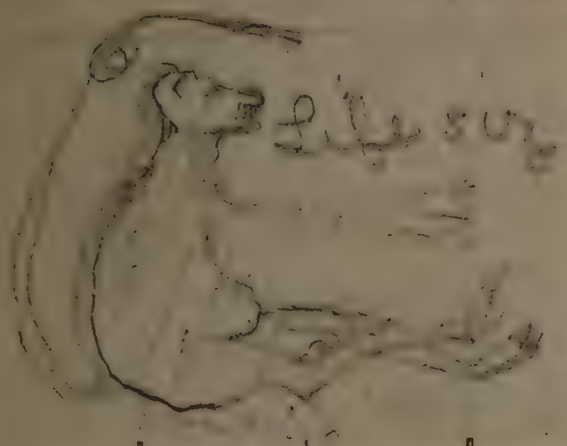
	Saturday	
1. Comstock 2. Sweeney 3. Perry	1. Carey 2. Russell 3. Marsh	

Base Ball Game
between
Apes and Baboons

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
bbard-	0	/	/		/	/			
all —	1-3	BB.	/		/	/			
ichards	B.B.	/	/		L	L			
arton	L	L	0 3 /	2	L				
oguet	04-3	0 ++2		①	L	0			
erry	0	BB	10	② 5-3	③ B.B.	0			
ennet S.			0 2 /	③		77 2			
ift		①			①	07-3			
otal	3	3 6	2 8	6 8	6 14				

PITCHER 1.
CATCHER 2.
1st base 3
2nd base 4
short stop 5
3d base 6
L f. 7
R f. 8

BABOONS



ussell	1	04-3			02-4				
n. Moor	2		0² by 60						
. Shaw	0 9 11		① FF by 2			BB 0 77 G 1			
n. Morse	3		③ F F by 6						
arey	4			0 1 2 3					
R. Bennett	5			04-3					
Grant	6	0 3·3		04-3					
Rocker	7 10	0 0	0	0	0	0 2-4 0			
TOTAL	10	10	10	10	10	10			

11th. Outs

August.

	Arrivals		Departures		Total	Meals.
Aug 1st.	9	T.M.B., Chippy. A. Sweeney, Atk. Dale, Radish. Hans Hench. Hans. Smindy	3	A. Shaw Appy Mrs Hemenway	39.	0.
2nd.	0		1.	Anna Gardiner.	38.	0.
3.	2	P. Little (on bicycle) A.M.R.	0.		40.	0.
4.	0		1.	P. Little (on bicycle).	39.	0.
5.	2	The Hills.	0.		41.	0.
6.	0		0.		41.	0.
7.	0		0.		41.	0.
8.	3.	Miss Ridley. Mr. G., Hogg.	2,	The Hills.	42.	0.
9.	0.		0.		42.	0.
10.	1.	Miss Hemenway.	0.		43.	0.
11.	1.	G.H.R.	0.		44.	0.
12.	1.	Mr. Howe.	1.	G.H.R.	44.	0.
13.	0.		1.	Mr. Howe.	43.	0.
14.	0.		0.		43.	0.
15.	1.	Phil Beeke.	2.	Hogg, Miss Ridley.	42.	0.
16.	0.		0.		42.	0.
17.	1.	Mr. Miller.	0.		43.	0.
18.	0.		1.	Miss Hemenway.	42.	0.
19.	0.		0.		42.	0.
20.	1.	L.E.R.	1.	L.E.R.	42.	0.
21.	4.	The Hamlen party.	0.		46.	0.
22.	0.		4.	The Hamlen party.	42.	0.
23.	1.	Lydia Barton.	0.		43.	0.
24.	0.		1.	Lydia Barton.	42.	0.
25.	0.		2.,	Phil Beeke, Mr. Miller.	40.	1. Mr. Stevens
26.	1.	Mr. Cary (& man)	0.		41.	1. Mr. Stevens

	ar. 1	dep 1	ar. 2	dep 2.	hr. 1	hr 2	hr tot.
June 27	4				4		4
28	2				6		6
29.	3				9		9
30	18				27		27
July 1	1				28		28
2	1				29		29
3	1				30		30
4	0				30		30
5	1				31		31
6	0				31		31
7	0				31		31
8	0				31		31
9	0		1		32		32
10	0		1	1	32		32
11	0		1		32		32
12	0				32		32
13	0			1	31		31
14	0				31		31
15	0				31		31
16	0				34		34
17	0		3				

3558 3